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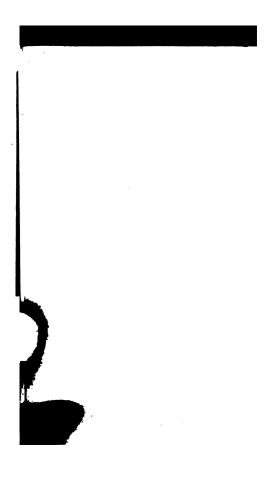


From the collection
of the
VERSALIST HISTORICAL
SOCIETY





RSALIST COLLECTION



UNIVERSALIST SOCIETIES AND FAMILIES.

BY HOSEA BALLOU, 2d.

NINTH EDITION.

BOSTON:
BENJAMIN B. MUSSEY.
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PREFACE.

THE following Collection contains a greater number of hymns, and probably a greater variety of topics, than any compilation hitherto made for the use of Universalist churches in this country. I will not say that it excels also in the character of the selections. It is hoped, however, that in this respect it will be found equal to other works of the kind, justly approved among us.

It has been my aim to furnish, 1. a good supply of hymns for exercises purely devotional; 2. hymns adapted to every special occasion that may be observed in our churches, or occur in the labors of the ministry; 3. hymns on all the subjects commonly urged from our pulpits, so far as they are compatible with the spirit of sacred song; and, 4. hymns for private and domestic use.

In selecting for these purposes, I have paid particular attention to what I deemed correctness of sentiment on all of the important points; allowing, however, free scope to poetle figure and imagery, in the form of expression. With regard to character, style, &c., it has been my wish to exclude, on the one hand, all effeminate, insipid nicety — every thing in which cordiality and fervor are sacrificed to formal correctness; and, on the other, all downright awkwardness, fondling endearments, puerile sentimentality, and rant. It should be observed that not every species even of good poetry, and of the religious kind, is suitable for hymns. They should be

as plain as possible, easy in their versification, and yet full of vigorous or moving spirit. On very impressive subjects, the austerest simplicity is doubtless preferable to the more brilliant style, which is too often sought after. I cannot say that I have not, at times, erred in some of these respects. There may be a few pieces too wild and sparkling for hymns; and others, again, that sink down towards prosaic fiatness.

The names of the authors, so far as I have been able to ascertain them, are prefixed. I had wished to insert the hymns just as their authors left them, only omitting such stanzas as were superfluous or objectionable. But after spending a considerable time in tracing them back to their original state, and finding that many, which were excellent on the whole, did absolutely require some changes, I concluded to take them in the best form in which I could find them, and sometimes to venture my own hand at their improvement. But in every case of known alteration, (except bare omission,) I have been scrupulous to signify the fact by prefixing a star [*] to the author's name. As for the anonymous hymns. I could seldom determine what was their original state; and in them, changes have been admitted or made, without notice. The alterations, after all. will be found, I think, to be much less, than in some compilations which make greater professions of adhering to the originals.

The book is now humbly submitted, with an earnest prayer that it may prove an efficient aid to the spirit of devotion both in public and in private.

HOSEA BALLOU, 2D.

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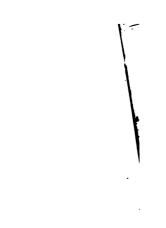
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.

He can create, and he destroy.

- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men; And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed, He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,— Our souls and all our mortal frame: What lasting honors shall we rear, Almighty Maker, to thy name?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs; High as the heavens our voices raise; And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command,
 Vast as eternity thy love;
 Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

	PUBLIC WORSHIP.
	TO WORKER
	PUBLIC WORLD MONTGOWERY.
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	God, all ye mess and and mirus
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	1 BE joylus him with series with draw new of serve him with love and devotion draw new with love and devotion draw new with love and genovah alone. 2 Jehovah is God, and Jehovah serving are his people his septre we own creator and Ruler of his septre we own.
	O sen his preside devotion End in his preside devotion With love and dehovah alone Jehovah is God, and ro'er all; Creator and Ruler o'er all; Creator and Ruler o'er all; And we are his people And we are his people His sheep, and we follow his call. His sheep, and we thanksgiving and song; His sheep, ales with thanksgiving;
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	Creator re his peop follow riving and ser o
	And we are and his thanks relaim; reglong;
	His sheet with mole procedance pro-
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0.	2 Jehovah is God, and Ruler o'et his sceptul. Creator and Ruler o'et his sceptul. And we are his people follow his call. And we are his people follow his call, and song; His sheep, and we follow his gain and his sheep, and we follow his proclaim; O enter his gaies with thanksgiving and your yows in his temple proclaim; Your yows his nodorable name.
W	And we are his pear such thanksgiving and we are his pears with thanksgiving and we follow the such thanksgiving and we are the with thanksgiving and we are the work of his hand; To good is the Lord, inexpressibly good, and we are the work of his hand; To good is the Lord, inexpressibly good, and we are the work of his hand; To good is the Lord, inexpressibly good, and we are the work of his hand; To good is the Lord, inexpressibly good, and we are the work of his hand;
W	His praise his address in maxpression and head is the Lord, inexpression and is the Lord, inexpression and is the work of his hand; 4 For good is the Lord, inexpression and is the work of his hand; And we are the work of his hand; And shall to eternity stand. And shall to eternity stand.
М	Jig me, wolk storm
M	A For good are the from and
IΝ	His mercy and thermity state. His mercy and thermity state. *Tark & Brady
w	His merchall to etc.
м	4 For good we are the truth from even. And we are the truth from even. His nercy and truth from even. And shall to eternity stand. *Tatz & Brady
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w	Pa. 93. Pablic Worship. Pa. 93. Pablic Worship. Pa. 93. Pa. 93. Pa. 94. Pa. 95. Pa. 9
м	Public Worship. Public
и	loud anthon almignish raise
	O COME, loud anthems let us King, i O COME, loud anthems let us King, i Loud thanks, to our almightly arise. Loud thanks, to our almight should raise. For we our voices high shock we praise. For we our salvation's Rock we praise. When our salvation's Rock we praise.
1	1 Joud thams voices me Rock "
	Loud mour volucion's Roomer For we our salvation's Roomer For we our salvation's Roomer For when our salvation is layors past; 2. Into his presence let us haste favors past; 3. Into his presence let us haste favors past; 4. Into his presence in joyful songs, To thank him for his name belongs, To thank him for his name od in state.
	When our sance let us vors past,
	his present for his lating songs,
	2 Into thank him and name below state
	For we our valvation's us haste When our salvation's let us haste When our salvation's favors past; Into his presence let us have past; To thank oldress, in joyful some belongs, To him along that to his name belongs, To him along that to his name introduction state.
	When our was researce let us favors pass; Into his presence let us favors pass; To thank him for his favors pass; To thank address, in joyful songs, To him address, in joyful songs, The praise that to his name belongs. The praise that to his name belongs. The form of the Lord, enthroned in state The King eternal over all The King eternal over all.
	"The Cod, the Lot glory file
	g For the unrivalled over all call.
	s For God, the glory all s with unrivalled ever all Is with unrivalled ever all The King eternal ever we call. Whom by the title gods we call.
	The hand the und 8
	SITHOID DJ

of earth are in his hand —
wealth at his command;
rength of hills that threat the skies
acted to his empire lies.

we rolling ocean's vast abyss

by the same sovereign right is his;

Tis moved by his almighty hand,

That formed and fixed the solid land.

6 O let us to his courts repair, And bow in adoration there— With joy and fear, devoutly, all Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

8. M.

WATTS.

The same of the sa

Public Worship. Ps. 95.

- 1 Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing: Jehovah is the sovereign God, The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown; He gave the seas their bound; The watery worlds are all his own, And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne; Come, bow before the Lord.
 We are his works, and not our own:
 He formed us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
 Nor dare provoke his rod;
 Come, like the people of his choice.
 And own your gracious God.

6s, 6s & 4s M. Anonymous. 5.

Invocation.

- 1 COME, thou almighty King, Help us thy name to sing Help us to praise. Father all-glorious, O'er all victorious, Come and reign over us, Ancient of days.
 - 2 Come, thou eternal Lord, By heaven and earth adored, Our prayer attend. Come, and thy people bless; Give thy good word success; Make thine own holiness On us descend.
 - 3 Be thou our comforter; Thy sacred witness bear In this glad hour. Omnipotent thou art: O, rule in every heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of power!
 - 4 O Holy One! to thee Eternal praises be Hence, evermore. Thy sovereign majesty May we in glory see, And to eternity Love and adore.

with awe and holy fear,
feach us, O our God, to feel
All thy sacred presence near.

2 Check each proud and wandering thought When on thy great name we call; Man is nought—is less than nought: Thou, our God, art all in all.

3 Weak, imperfect creatures, we In this vale of darkness dwell; Yet presume to look to thee Midst thy light ineffable.

6 O, receive the praise that dares Seek thy heaven-exalted throne; Bless our offerings, hear our prayers, Infinite and Holy One!

JERVIS.

7. C. M.

Homage and Devotion.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

4 While in thy house of prayer we kneel

With trust and holy fear, Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,

8.

And lend a gracious ear.

5 With fervor teach our hearts to pray, And tune our lips to sing; Nor from thy presence cast away

The sacrifice we bring.

*TATE.

C. M.

Going to Church. 1 O'TWAS a joyful sound to hear

Our tribes devoutly say,

. Up, Israel, to the temple haste, And keep your festal day.

At Salem's courts we must appear With our assembled powers,

In strong and beauteous order ranged Like her united towers.

3 'Tis thither, by divine command, The tribes of God repair,

Before his ark to celebrate

His name with praise and prayer. 4 O, ever pray for Salem's peace;

For they shall prosperous be, Thou holy city of our Goa.

Who bear true love to thee. 5 May peace within thy sacred walls

A constant guest be found With plenty and prosperity

Thy palaces be crowned.

6 For my dear brethren's sake, and No less than brethren dear, Ill pray, May peace in Salem's

A constant guest appear.

C. M. WATTS.

ng to Church. Ps. 122.

. my heart rejoice to hear ., ...ends devoutly say, \(\alpha \) Zion let us all appear, And keep the solemn day!'

- I love her gates I love the road;
 The church, adorned with grace,
 Stands like a palace built for God,
 To show his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown, The holy tribes repair: The Son of David holds his throne, And sits in judgment, there.
- 4 Peace be within this sacred place, And joy a constant guest; With holy gifts and heavenly grace Be her attendants blest.
- 5 My soul shall pray for Zion still While life or breath remains; There my best friends, my kindred, dwell; There God, my Savior, reigns.

10. S. P. M. WATTS

Going to Church. Ps. 122.

1 How pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
'Come, let us seek our God to-day!'
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.
2 Zion, thrice happy place,

Adorned with wondrous grace,

And walls of strength embrace thee round In thee our tribes appear

To pray, and praise, and hear The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son Has fixed his royal throne;

He sits for grace and judgment there: He bids the saint be glad,

He bids the saint be glad, He makes the sinner sad,

And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate, And joy within thee wait,

To bless the soul of every guest.

The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,

And wishes thine increase, A thousand blessings on him rest.

5 My tongue repeats her vows — 'Peace to this sacred house, For here my friends and kindred dwell: And since my glorious God Makes thee his blest abode,

My soul shall ever love thee well.'

11. L. M.

Blessedness of Public Worship. Ps. 84.

1 How pleasant, how divinely fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are! With long desire my spirit faints To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode; My panting heart cries out for God: My God! my King! why should I be So far from all my joys and thee?

Blest are the saints who sit on high Around thy throne of majesty: Blessedness of Public Worship. Ps. 84.

1 Lord of the worlds above, How pleasant and how fair

The dwellings of thy love, Thine earthly temples, are! To thine abode

My heart aspires, with warm desires
To see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest:
My spirit faints

My spirit faints
With equal zeal to rise and dwell
Among thy saints.

3 To spend one sacred day Where God and saints abide, Affords diviner joy Than thousand days beside. Where God resorts,

I love it more to keep the door
Than shine in courts.

4 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they that love the way
To Zion's hill!

5 They go from strength to strength Through this dark vale of tears, Till each arrives at length — Till each in heaven appears. O glorious seat,

When God, our King, shall thither bring Our willing feet.

13. L. M. *WATTS. Delight in Public Worship. Ps. 84.

1 GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings The joy that from thy presence springs. To spend one day with thee on earth

Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun — he makes our day; God is our shield — he guards our way From all th' assaults of hell and sin, From foes without and foes within.

All needful grace will God bestow, And crown that grace with glory too.

- 3 Here we supplicate thy throne; Here thou mak'st thy glories known; Here we learn thy righteous ways, Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.
- 4 Thus, with festive songs of joy, We our happy lives employ — Love, and long to love thee more, Till from earth to heaven we soar.

15. C. M.

The Jouish Temple and Christian Church. Ps. 13

1 THE Lord in Zion placed his name:

His ark was settled there:

To Zion the whole nation came
To worship thrice a year.

41

WATTS.

- 2 But we have no such lengths to go, Nor wander far abroad: Where'er thy saints assemble now There is a house for God.
- 3 Arise, O King of grace, arise,
 And enter to thy rest:
 Lo, thy church waits with longing eyes
 Thus to be owned and blessed.
- 4 Enter with all thy glorious train,—
 Thy Spirit and thy word;
 All that the ark did once contain

All that the ark did once contain Could no such grace afford.

- 5 Here, mighty God, accept our vows; Here let thy praise be spread; Bless the provisions of thy house, And fill thy poor with bread.
- 6 Here let the Son of David reign— Let God's Anointed shine; Justice and truth his court maintain, With love and power divine.

16. S. M. *E. TAYLOR.

Call to the House of Prayer.

1 Come to the house of prayer, O ye afflicted, come: The God of peace shall meet you there—

He makes that house his home.

2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;

In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3 Ye aged, hither come, For ye have felt his love: Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb, Your lips forget to move.

- 4 Ye young, before his throne, Come, bow; your voices raise; Let not your hearts his praise disown Who gives the power to praise.
- 5 Thou, whose benignant eye
 In mercy looks on all—
 Who see'st the tear of misery,
 And hear'st the mourner's call—
- 6 Up to thy dwelling-place Bear our frail spirits on, Till they outstrip time's tardy pace, And heaven on earth be won.

17. L. M. ANONYMOTE

House of God.

- 1 Lo, God is here! Let us adore, And humbly bow before his face; Let all within us feel his power; Let all within us seek his grace.
- 2 Lo, God is here! Him, day and night, United choirs of angels sing: To him, enthroned above all height,

18.

L. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

Offering of the Heart.

1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day, Man comes to meet his Maker, God, What rites, what honors, shall he pay? How spread his Sovereign's praise abroad?

- 2 From marble domes and gilded spires Shall curling clouds of incense rise? And gems and gold and garlands deck The costly pomp of sacrifice?
- 3 Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord Thy golden offerings well may spare; But give thy heart, and thou shalt find Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

19.

L. M.

*STENNETT.

L. M. The Lord's Day.

1 Another six-days' work is done— Another sabbath is begun. Enjoy, my soul, the sacred rest; Improve the day that God has blest.

- 2 Come, praise the Lord, whose love assigns So sweet a rest to weary minds -Provides an antepast of heaven, And gives, this day, the food of seven.
- 3 This day may our devotions rise
 As grateful incense to the skies;
 May heaven that peace divine bestow
 Which none but they who feel it know.
- 4 This holy calm within the breast Is the dear pledge of glorious rest, Which for the sons of God remains— The end of cares, the end of pains.

Emplem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies multiplied each hour
Through the week our praise demand;
Guarded by almighty power,
Fed and guided by thy hand,
May we not forgetful be,
Nor ungrateful, Lord, to thee.

3 While we seek supplies of grace
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame.
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

4 Here we come thy name to praise:
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

45

5 May the gospel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints; Make the fruits of grace abound; Bring relief from all complaints. Thus let all our sabbaths prove, Till we join the church above.

21.

C. M. *MRS. BARBAULI

The Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 Again the Lord of life and light Awakes the kindling ray, Unseals the eyelids of the morn, And pours increasing day.
- O, what a night was that which wrapped
 The heathen world in gloom!
 O, what a sun which broke, this day,
 Triumphant from the tomb!
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid, And loud hosannas sung; Let gladness dwell in every heart, And praise on every tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join To hail this welcome morn, Which scatters blessings from its wings To nations yet unborn.
- 5 Jesus, the friend of human kind, Was crucified and slain: Behold, the tomb its prey restores; Behold, he lives again.
- 6 And while his conquering chariot wheels
 Ascend the lofty skies,
 Broken beneath his powerful cross
 Death's iron sceptre lies.

22.

L. M.

*Doddridge

The Heavenly Sabbath.

- 1 LORD of the sabbath, hear our vows, On this thy day, in this thy house; And let our songs and worship rise, Like grateful incense, to the skies.
- 2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love: But there's a nobler rest above: To that our laboring souls aspire With ardent bope and strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress, Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place; No grouns shall mingle with the songs That warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms, no raging foes, To interrupt the long repose; No midnight shade, no clouded sun, To veil the bright, eternal noon.
- 5 O, long-expected day, begin; Dawn on these realms of death and sin. Fain would we quit this weary road, And sleep in death, to rest with God.

23. L. M. 6l. Mrs. Strell.



PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Omniscient God, thy piercing eye Can every secret thought explore: O may thy grace our hearts refine, And fix our thoughts on things divine.

The word of life dispensed to-day Invites us to a heavenly feast. May every ear the call obey; Be every heart a humble guest; O bid the wretched sons of need On soul-reviving dainties feed.

Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart; O may thy word, with life divine, Engage the ear, and warm the heart; Then shall the day indeed be thine; Then shall our souls adoring own The grace which calls us to thy throne. syes and ears no more; ose shall all be slain, sak my peace again. see, and hear, and know, i or wished below; ower find sweet employ all world of joy.

C. M. Anonthous.

t on Earth, and in Heaven.

BT the day of God returns ad its quickening beams; how slow devotion burns! anguid are its flames! rur faint attempts to love; allties, Lord, forgive; ild be like thy same above,



26. S. M. *WATTE

Rejoicing in the Lord's Day.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

- 2 The King himself comes near,
 And feasts his saints to-day:
 Here we may sit, and see him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
 Where my dear Lord hath been,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days
 Of folly and of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 Till called to leave this house of clay
 For everlasting bliss.

27. H. M. *HAYWARD.

Invocation, for Lord's Day Morning.

1 Welcome, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest!
We hait thy glad return:
Lord, make these moments blest.
From low delights and mortal toys.
We soar to reach immortal joys.

 Now may the King descend, And fill his throne of grace;
 Thy sceptre, Lord, extend. 3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Savior's love,
And bless these sacred hours.
Then shall our souls new life obtain,
Nor sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

28. C. P. M. MERRICK.

The Lord's Day Morning. Ps. 122.

1 The joyful morn, my God, is come, That calls me to thy honored dome, Thy presence to adore. My feet the summons shall attend, With willing steps thy courts ascend, And tread the hallowed floor.

2 Hither from Judah's utmost end The heaven-protected tribes ascend — Their offerings hither bring; Here, eager to attest their joy, In hymns of praise their tongues employ,

And hail th' immortal King.

3 Be peace implored by each on thee,

O Zion, while with bended knee To Jacob's God we pray. How blest, who calls himself thy friend! Success his labors shall attend, And safety guard his way.

4 O mayst thou, free from hostile fear, Nor the loud voice of tumult hear, Nor war's wild wastes deplore; May plenty nigh thee take her stand, And in thy courts, with lavish hand, To bless thy loved abode? How cease the zeal that in me glows Thy good to seek, whose walls inclose The mansions of my God?

29. H. M. Anonymous.

The Lord's Day Morning.

1 AWAKE, our drowsy souls!
Shake off each slothful band:
The wonders of this day

Our noblest songs demand.

Auspicious morn, thy blissful rays

Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise.

2 At thy approaching dawn
Reluctant death resigned
The glorious Prince of life,
In the dark tomb confined.
Th' angelic host around him bends,
And, 'midst their shouts, the Lord ascends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!

Heaven with hosanna rings,
Whilst earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings.
Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

4 Gird on, great King, thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car,
Whilst justice, truth, and love,
Maintain the glorious war.
Victorious thou thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and death in triumph lead.

5 Make bare thy potent arm, And wing th' unerring dart, With salutary pangs, To each rebellious heart. ag souls for life shall sue, as as drops of morning dew.

/. C. M.

WATTS

Jevetien in the Lord's Day Morning. Ps. 5.

- LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
- My voice ascending high:
 To thee will I direct my prayer.
 To thee lift up mine eye—
- Up to the hills where Christ is gone To plead for all his saints, Presenting at his Father's throne Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight The wicked shall not stand; Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight, Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- But to thy house will I resort To taste thy mercies there; I will frequent thine holy court, And worship in thy fear.
- 5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet In ways of righteousness;
 Make every path of duty straight
 And plain before my face.
- 5 The men who love and fear thy name Shall see their hopes fulfilled: The mighty God will compass them With favor as a shield.

31.

L. M.

WATTS.

Communion with God. Ps. 63.

- 1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim; Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest; The glories that compose thy name Stand all engaged to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good! thou just and wise! Thou art my Father and my God: And I am thine by sacred ties — Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.
- 3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands, For thee I long, to thee I look, As travellers, in thirsty lands, Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 With early feet I love t' appear Among thy saints, and seek thy face; Oft have I seen thy glory here, And felt the power of sovereign grace.
- 5 My life itself, without thy love, No taste of pleasure could afford: "Twould but a tiresome burden prove, If I were banished from the Lord.
- 6 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice, While I have breath to pray or praise. This work shall make my heart rejoice, And spend the remnant of my days.

32.

C. M.

WATTS.

Communing with God. Ps. 63.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay, I haste to seek thy face: My thirsty spirit faints away Without thy cheering grace.

And in thy presence dwell.

- 5 Not life itself, with all its joys, Can my best passions move, Or raise so high my cheerful voice, As thy forgiving love.
- 6 Thus, till my last expiring day, I'll bless my God and King; Thus will I lift my hands to pray, And tune my heart to sing.

33. L. M.

WATTS.

Watchfulness and Brotherly Reproof. Ps. 141

- 1 My God, accept my early vows, Like morning incense, in thy house; And let my nightly worship rise Sweet as the evening sacrifice.
- 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord, From every rash and heedless word; Nor let my feet incline to tread The guilty path where sinners lead.
- 3 O may the righteous, when I stray, Smite and reprove my wandering way

Their gentle words, like ointment shed, Shall never bruise, but cheer, my head.

4 When I behold them prest with grief, I'll cry to heaven for their relief; And by my warm petitions prove How much I prize their faithful love.

34. L. M. *RICHA Prayer for Divine Manifestations.

1 PERMIT thy suppliants, gracious Lord, Again to bend th' adoring knee, And yield their grateful hearts, O God, In fervent, solemn prayer to thee.

2 Thyself, the way, reveal to all
Of Adam's race the globe around;
And be thy love, in Jesus Christ,
Adored to nature's utmost bound.

For nothing less than light and truth The reign of sin and death can bound; And life and love alone can flood The world with peace and joy around.

4 Hear, thou in heaven! and grant these par Then all thy churches, filled with light, And full of truth, and love, and peace, Shall come with songs to Zion's height,

5 Where light and truth forever shine; Where life and love eternal reign; And angels, men, in rapture cry, 'So be it, Lord, amen! amen!'

35. L. M.

*Bowaii

I How shall we praise thee, Lord of light How shall we all thy love declare!

Evening Hymn.

The earth is veiled in shades of night, But heaven is open to our prayer,— That heaven, so bright with stars and suns— That glorious heaven which has no bound, Where the full tide of being runs, And life and beauty glow around.

- 2 We would adore thee, God sublime!
 Whose power and wisdom, love and grace,
 Are greater than the round of time,
 And wider than the bounds of space.
 O how shall thought expression find,
 All lost in thine immensity!
 How shall we seek thee, glorious Mind,
 Amid thy dread infinity!
- Amid thy dread infinity!

 3 But thou art present with us here,
 As in thy glittering high domain;
 And grateful hearts and humble fear
 Can never seek thy face in vain.
 Help us to praise thee, Lord of light!
 Help us thy boundless love declare;
 And, while we crowd thy courts to-night,
 Aid us, and hearken to our prayer.

36. L. M. 6l. Anonymous.

For Opening or Close of Service.

1 THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word;

Thus, Lord, &c.

ather, in us thy Son reveal; each us to know and do thy will; hy saving power and love display, nd guide us to the realms of day.

Thus, Lord, &c.

7. C. M. TATE.

Bless God in the Sanctuary. Ps. 134.

Ess God, ye servants that attend Jpon his solemn state—at in his temple's hallowed courts Vith humble reverence wait.

thin his house lift up your hands, and bless his holy name: m Zion bless thy Israel, Lord, Who earth and heaven didst frame. C. M. ANONTHOUS.
The Same.

, Lord, the heavenly seed is sown, e it thy servant's care ay heavenly blessing to bring down By humble, fervent prayer.

 In vain we plant without thine aid, And water, too, in vain:
 Lord of the harvest, God of grace, Send down thy heavenly rain.

3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and tongues Begin this song divine — 'Thou, Lord, hast given the rich increase, And be the glory thine.'

40. H. M. J. NEWTON.
The Same.

1 On what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow:
The power is thine alone
To make it spring and grow.
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

41. H. M. E. TURNER

Thanks at the Close of Service.

1 Kind Lord, before thy face
Again with joy we bow,
For all the gifts and grace
Thou dost on us bestow.
Our rangues would all thy love proclaim,
And chant the honors of thy name.

2 Here, in thine earthly house,
Our joyful souls have met;
Here paid our solemn vows,
And felt our union sweet.
For this our tongues thy love proclaim,
And chant the honors of thy name.

3 Thy truth, like ointment shed,
Hath breathed a choice perfume;
Thy light, divinely spread,
Hath broke the darksome gloom.
For this our tongues thy love proclaim,
And chant the honors of thy name.

4 Now may we dwell in peace
Till here again we come;
And may our love increase
Till thou shalt bring us home.
Then shall our tongues thy love proclaim,
And chant the honors of thy name.

42.

L. M.

*H. BALLOU

Dismission.

- 1 From worship, now, thy church dismiss— But not without thy blessing, Lord; O grant a taste of heavenly bliss, And seal instruction from thy word.
- 2 Oft may these pleasant scenes return, When we shall meet to worship thee; Oft may our hearts within us burn To hear thy word, thy goodness see.
- 3 And when these pleasant scenes are past, To thee, our God, O may we come, And meet th' assembled world at last, In Zion, our eternal home.

43.

7s M.

KELLEY.

The Same.

1 Savior, bless thy word to all; Quick and powerful let it prove; O may sinners hear thy call; Let thy people grow in love.

2 Thine own gracious message bless; Follow it with power divine; Give the gospel full success;— Thine the work, the glory thine.

3 Savior, bid the world rejoice; Send, O send thy truth abroad; Let the nations hear thy voice— Hear it, and return to God.

44.

C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Hearing and keeping the Word.

1 AGAIN our ears have heard the voice At which the dead shall live :

O may the sound our hearts rejoice, And strength immortal give.

2 And have we heard the word with joy?
And have we felt its power?—

To keep it be our blest employ

The Same.

- 1 THANKS for mercies, Lord, receive; Pardon of our sins renew; Teach us henceforth how to live With eternity in view.
- 2 Bless thy word to old and young; Grant us, Lord, thy peace and love; And, when life's short race is run, Take us to thy house above.

47. 8s 7s & 4s M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

- 1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each, thy love possessing, Triumph in redeeming grace; O refresh us, Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration For thy gospel's joyful sound; May the fruits of thy salvation in our hearts and lives abound; May thy presence Evermore with us be found.

And when dying

May thy presence cheer the gloom.

49.

7s M.

COWPER.

The Same.

1 Now may he who from the dead Brought the Shepherd of the sheep, Jesus Christ, our king and head, All our souls in safety keep.

2 May he teach us to fulfil What is pleasing in his sight; Perfect us in all his will, And preserve us day and night.

50.

H. M. COWPER

The Same.

1 To thee our wants are known;
From thee are all our powers;
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours.

63

fay meet together thus
When thou and thine appear —
nd follow thee to heaven, our home:
ven so, amen — Lord Jesus, come.
64

GENERAL PRAISE.

51.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Unceasing Praise.

God of my life, through all its days
My grateful tongue shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with dawning light,
And warble to the silent night.

! When anxious cares would break my rest, And grief would tear my throbbing breast, Thy tuneful praises, raised on high, Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all my powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean those thanks I cannot speak.

6 This cheerful tribute will I give Long as a deathless soul can live: A work so vast, a theme so high, Demands a whole eternity.

52.

L. M.

WAT

The Same. Ps. 145.

- 1 My God, my King, thy various praise Shall fill the remnant of my days; Thy grace employ my humble tongue, Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear Some thankful tribute to thine ear; And every setting sun shall see New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim; Thy bounty flows an endless stream; Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow, But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine, And speak thy majesty divine. Let every realm with joy proclaim The sound and honor of thy name.
- 5 Let distant times and nations raise The long succession of thy praise, And unborn ages make my song The joy and labor of their tongue.
- 6 But who can speak thy wondrous dee Thy greatness all our thoughts exceed Vast and unsearchable thy ways: Vast and immortal be thy praise. 66

53.

L. M.

WATTS.

Praise in the Sanctuary. Ps. 135.

- I PRAISE ye the Lord—exalt his name, While in his holy courts ye wait, Ye saints that to his house belong, Or stand attending at his gate.
- Praise ye the Lord; the Lord is good;— To praise his name is sweet employ: Israel he chose of old, and still His church is his peculiar joy.
- 3 The Lord himself will judge his saints; He treats his servants as his friends; And when he hears their sore complaints, Repents the sorrows that he sends.
- 4 Through every age the Lord declares His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod; He gives his suffering servants rest, And will be known 'th' almighty God.'
- 5 Bless ye the Lord who taste his love; People and priests, exalt his name. Among his saints he ever dwells: His church is his Jerusalem.

54. C. M. WATTS.

Anonymous 6s 6s & 4s M.

The Same. Ps. 150. PRAISE ye Jehovah's name;

111 Y DULL D..... I

Praise through his courts proclaim;

Rise and adore;

High o'er the heavens above Sound his great acts of love, While his rich grace we prove, Vast as his power.

2 Now let the trumpet raise Sounds of triumphant praise, Wide as his fame; There let the harp be found; Organs, with solemn sound, Roll your deep notes around, Filled with his name.

3 While his high praise ye sing, Shake every sounding string: Sweet the accord! -

Hallelujah, &c. Amen.

57. L. M. H. BALLOU, 2D
The Same.

- 1 Praise ye the Lord, around whose throne All heaven in ceaseless worship waits, Whose glory fills the worlds unknown— Praise ye the Lord from Zion's gates.
- 2 With mingling souls and voices join; To him the swelling anthem raise; Repeat his name with joy divine, And fill the temple with his praise.

SOK.

3 All-gracious God, to thee we owe Each joy and blessing time affords, — Light, life, and bealth, and all below, Spring from thy presence, Lord of lords.

co

- 4 Thine be the praise, for thine the love That freely all our sins forgave, Pointed our dying eyes above, And showed us life beyond the grave.
- 5 And, Jesus, let thy deathless name In concert with the Father's rise; For thou hast borne for us the shame, And wilt exalt us to the skies.
- 6 Thy name be praised, for worthy thou Unbounded honors to receive: To thee shall every creature bow, And everlasting glory give.

58. 10s & 11s M. PARK.

Praise for Providence and Grace.

- 1 My soul, praise the Lord, speak good of his name:

 His morning record his bounties proclaim:
 - His mercies record, his bounties proclaim; To God, their Creator, let all creatures raise The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise!
- 2 Though hid from man's sight, God sits on his throne,
 Yet here by his works their author is known:

Yet here by his works their author is known:
The world shines a mirror its Maker to show,
And heaven views its image reflected below.

- 3 Those agents of power—fire, water, earth,
 - Attest the dread might of God, the Most High, Who rides on the whirlwind, while clouds vell his form,
 - Who smiles in the sunbeam, or frowns in the storm.
- 4 By knowledge supreme, by wisdom divine, God governs this earth with gracious design:

O'er beast, bird, and insect his providence reigns, Whose will first created, whose love still sustains.

5 And man, his last work, with reason endued, Who, falling through sin, by grace is renewed — To God, his Creator, let man ever raise. The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise.

59. 78 M. *MILTON.

Praise to the God of Nature. Ps. 136.

- 1 Let us with a joyful mind Praise the Lord, for he is kind— For his mercies shall endure Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 Let us sound his name abroad, For of gods he is the God: He by wisdom did create Heaven's expanse, and all its state;
- 3 Did the solid earth ordain How to rise above the main; Did by his commanding might Fill the new-made world with light;
- 4 Caused the golden-tressed sun All the day his course to run; And the moon to shine by night

60, 61. GENERAL PRAISE.

60. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Praise for Providence and Grace. Ps. 138.

- 1 With all our hearts, with all our powers, We praise the Lord, whose bounteous hand Unnumbered gifts profusely showers On every nation, every land.
- 2 We praise him in his sacred fane; We praise him midst the assembled throng;— Nor will a gracious God disdain The tribute of our earthly song.
- 3 We praise him for his faithful love; We praise him for his blessed Son, Who died for man, who reigns above With God, the high and holy One.

61. 78 M. SANDYS. Delight in Praise.

- 1 Thou, who reign'st enthroned above!
 Thou, in whom we live and move!
 Thou, who art most great, most high!
 God, from all eternity!
- 2 O, how sweet, how excellent Tis, when hearts and tongues consent — Grateful hearts and joyful tongues — Hymning thee in tuneful songs!
- 3 When the morning paints the skies, When the stars of evening rise, We thy praises will record, Sovereigu Ruler! mighty Lord!
- 4 Decks the spring with flowers the field?

 Harvest rich doth autumn yield?—

 Giver of all good below!

 Lord! from thee these blessings flow.

 72

Praise him, all of human birth -

- 3 Him whose wisdom, throned on high, Built the mansions of the sky, And the orbs that gild the pole Bade through boundless ether roll—
- 4 Him who o'er this earthly ball Looks with equal eye on all, And to every thing which lives Rich supplies of blessings gives.
- 5 To the great, eternal King, Raise your voice, and joyful sing; For his mercies wide extend, And his bounty knows no end.

63. L. M.

Praise to the God of Nature and Grace.

1 Yz sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord,
And let his power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes the earth around.

73

DODDRIDGE.

- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite, Those spacious fields of brilliant light, Where sun, and moon, and planets roll, And stars, that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 Sing, earth, in verdant robes arrayed, Its herbs and flowers, its fruits and shade; — Peopled with life of various forms, Of fish, and fowl, and beasts, and worms.
- 4 View the broad sea's majestic plains, And think how wide its Maker reigns: That band remotest nations joins, And on each wave his goodness shines.
- 5 But, O, that brighter world above, Where lives and reigns incarnate love,— God's only Son, in flesh arrayed, For man a bleeding victim made!
- 6 Thither, my soul, with rapture, soar: There, in the land of praise, adore. The theme demands an angel's lay— Demands an everlasting day.

64. 7s M. Аконтион.

Praise for Previdence and Grace.

- 1 GLORY be to God on high, —
 God, whose glory fills the sky;
 Lift your voice, ye people all —
 Praise the God on whom ye call.
- 2 God his sovereign sway maintains; King o'er all the earth he reigns; All to him lift up their eye; Every want his hands supply.
- 3 Sons of earth, the triumph join; Praise him with the host divine; Emulate the heavenly powers: Their all-gracious God is ours.

How great is the God we adore! How rich are the blessings be sends!

- 2 In beauty of holiness bow;
 O worship with fear and with love.
 How solemn his temples below!
 How glorious his presence above!
 Proclaim to the nations around
 That God, the Omnipotent, reigns,
 Whose righteousness space cannot bound,
 Whose purpose unaltered remains.
- 3 O let the wide heavens rejoice—
 The earth with her myriads be glad;
 The ocean shall join his loud voice—
 The woods in rich verdure be clad.
 Rejoice, for the Lord is at hand;
 Prepare, for his judgments are nigh;—
 Before him all nations shall stand;
 No guilt from his justice can fly.

66. 10s & 11s M. Doddridge. A Call to Praise.

- 1 O PRAISE ye the Lord prepare a new song, And let all his saints in full concert join; With voices united the anthem prolong, And show forth his praises with music divine.
- 2 Let praise to the Lord, who made us, ascend; Let each grateful heart be glad in its King: The God whom we worship our songs will attend, And view with complacence the offering we bring.
- 3 Be joyful, ye saints sustained by his might, And let your glad songs awake with each morn; For those who obey him are still his delight — His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.
- 4 Then praise ye the Lord prepare a glad song, And let all his saints in full concert join; With voices united the anthem prolong, And show forth his praises with music divine.

67. 10s & 11s M. *Tate & Brady. The Same. Ps. 149.

1 O PRAISE ye the Lord—prepare your glad voice

His praise in the great assembly to sing;

In their great Creator let all men rejoice, And heirs of salvation be glad in their King.

2 Let them his great name devoutly adore, In loud-swelling strains his praises express, Who graciously opens his bountiful store, Their wants to relieve, and his children to bless.

- 3 With glory adorned, his people shall sing To God, who defence and plenty supplies; Their loud acclamations to him, their great King, Through earth shall be sounded, and reach to the skies.
- 4 Ye angels above, his glories who 've sung, In loftiest notes now publish his praise; We mortals, delighted, would borrow your tongue, Would join in your numbers, and chant to your lays.

68. 7s M. Montgoment.

Praise through Time and Eternity.

- 1 Songs of praise the angels sang, Heaven with hallelujahs rang, When Jehovah's work begun — When he spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
 When the Prince of peace was born;
 Songs of praise arose when he
 Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away: Songs of praise shall crown that day. God will make new heavens and earth: Songs of praise shall hail their high

69. 7s M. Anony:

1 Holy, holy, holy, Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored.
Lord, thy mercies never fail:
Holl celestial goodness, hail!

Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;

Purer praise we hope to bring When around thy throne we sing. 3 While on earth ordained to stay,

Guide our footsteps in thy way; Then on high we'll joyful raise Songs of everlasting praise.

4 There no tongue shall silent be; All shall join in harmony, That through heaven's capacious rou Praise to thee may ever sound.

GENERAL PRAISE.

For his truth and mercy stand, Past, and present, and to be, Like the years of his right hand— Like his own eternity.

5 Praise him, ye who know his love; Praise him from the depths beneath; Praise him in the heights above; Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

71.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 117.

- 1 From all that dwell below the skies Let the Creator's praise arise; Let the Redeemer's name be sung Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord; Eternal truth attends thy word;— Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suas shall rise and set no more.

72.

S. M.

WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 117.

73. 8s & 7s M. FAWGETT.

Praise from all Creatures,

- 1 Praise to thee, thou great Creator! Praise to thee from every tongue; Join, my soul, with every creature— Join the universal song.
- 2 For ten thousand blessings given, For the hope of future joy, Sound his praise through earth and heaven— Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

74. 7s M. MERRICK.

The Same. Ps. 150.

- 1 Praise, O praise the name divine; Praise him at the hallowed shrine;— Let the firmament on high To its Maker's praise reply;—
- 2 All who vital breath enjoy, In his praise that breath employ, And in one great chorus join: Praise, O praise the name divine.

75. 78 M. WRANGHAM.

The Same. Ps. 150.

- 1 Praise the Lord his glory bless; Praise him in his holiness; Praise him as the theme inspires; Praise him as his fame requires.
- 2 Let the trumpet's lofty sound Spread its loudest notes around; Let the harp unite in praise With the sacred minstrel's lays.

organ join to bless
he Lord our righteousness;
he great Jehovah's name.
who dwell beneath his light.

A who dwell beneath his light, n his praise your hearts unite:

While the stream of song is poured,

Praise and magnify the Lord.

76. 7s & 6s M. Anonymous. The Same.

- 1 Praise the Lord, who reigns above, And keeps his court below; Praise the holy God of love, And all his greatness show; Praise him for his noble deeds; Praise him for his matchless power;— Him from whom all good proceeds Let heaven and earth adore.
- 2 Publish, spread to all around
 The great Jehovah's name;
 Let the trumpet's martial sound
 The Lord of hosts proclaim;—
 Praise him, every tuneful string;
 All the reach of heavenly art,
 All the powers of music, bring—
 The music of the heart.
- 3 Him in whom they move and live Let every creature sing — Glory to their Maker give, And homage to their King. Hallowed be his name beneath — As in heaven on earth adored; Praise the Lord in every breath; Let all things praise the Lord.

77.

C' M

PATRICE.

To Deum.

1 O God, we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlessing Father art,

By all the earth adored.

2 To thee all angels cry aloud — To thee the powers on high, Both cherubim and seraphim, Continually do cry —

3 'O holy, holy, holy Lord, Whom heavenly hosts obey, The world is with the giory filled Of thy majestic sway.'

4 Th' apostles' glorious company, And prophets crowned with light, With all the martyrs' noble host, Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church throughout the world, O Lord, confesses thee — That thou eternal Father art Of boundless majesty.

78. C. P. M. *OGILVIN Praise from all Nature. Ps. 148.

1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay; Let each enraptured thought obey, And praise th' Almighty's name, Lo, heaven and earth and seas and skies In one melodious concert rise

To swell th' inspiring theme.

Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode — Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, Ged; thunders speak his power. on the lightning's rapid wings numph rides the King of kings: 'h' astonished worlds adore.

deeps, with roaring billows rise join the thunders of the skies-Praise him who bids you roll. is praise in softer notes declare, ach whispering breeze of yielding air, And breathe it to the soul.

Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing ; Ye cheerful warblers of the spring,

Harmonious anthems raise To him who shaped your finer mould, Who tipped your glittering wings with gold, And tuned your voice to praise.

5 Let man, by nobler passions swayed, The feeling heart, the reasoning head, In heavenly praise employ;

Spread the Creator's name around, Till heaven's wide arch repeat the sound The general burst of joy.

79.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

- 3 Ye starry lamps, to whom 'tis given Night's sable horrors to illume! Praise him who hung you high in heaven, With vivid fires to gild the gloom.
- 4 Lightnings, that round th' Eternal play!
 Thunders, that from his arm are hurled!
 The grandeur of your God convey,
 Blazing or bursting on the world.
- 5 From clime to clime, from shore to shore, Be the almighty God adored: He made the nations by his power, And rules them with his sovereign word.
- 6 At once let nature's ample round To God the vast thanksgiving raise. His high perfection knows no bound, But fills immensity of space.

80. L. P. M. "TATE & WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 96.

- I LET all the earth their voices raise
 To sing a lofty song of praise,
 And bless the great Jehovah's name;
 His glory let the heathen know;
 His wonders to the nations show;
 And all his works of grace proclaim.
- 2 Great is the Lord his praise be great Who sits on high enthroned in state: To him alone let praise be given. Those gods the heathen world adore In vain pretend to sovereign power: He only rules who made the heaven.
- 3 He framed the globe, he spread the sky, And all the shining worlds on high; He reigns complete in glory there;—

an lift its roaring voice, claiming loud 'Jehovah reigns;' oy let fertile valleys sing, tuneful groves their tribute bring To him whose power the world sustains,

Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall own his sovereign power,
And barbarous nations fear his name:
Then shall the universe confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

81.

S. M.

WATTS

The Same. Ps. 148

1 Let every creature join
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun, with golden beams, And moon with paler rays, Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames, Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above, And fixed their wondrous frame: By his command they stand or move, And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapors, when ye rise, Or fall in showers of snow, Ye thunders, murmuring round the skies, His power and glory show.

85

To execute his works.

By all his works above
His honors be expressed;
But saints, who taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

82. H. M. TATE & WATTE

The Same. Ps. 148.

1 YE boundless realms of joy, Exalt your Maker's fame; His praise your song employ Above the starry frame;

Above the starry frame;
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim and seraphim,

To sing his praise.

Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To him your homage pay;
His praise declare,

Ve heavens above, and clouds that move

While earth and sky
Attempt his praise, his saints shall reuse
His honors high.

83. C. M. Mrs. Rows.
The Same.

BEGIN, my soul, the lofty strain;
 In solemn accents sing

In solemn accents sing

A sacred hymn of grateful praise

To heaven's almighty King.

2 Ye curling fountains, as ye roll Your saver waves along, Whisper to all your verdant shores The subject of my song.

3 Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings To distant climes away, And round the wide-extended world

And round the wide-extended work The lofty theme convey.

4 Take the glad burden of his name, Ye clouds, as you arise, Whether to deck the golden more, Or shade the evening skies.

97

88 & 78 M.

The Same. Ps. 148. 1 PRAISE the Lord ye heavens, adore him; Preise him, angels in the height;

Sun and moon, rejoice before him; Praise him, all ye stars of light.

Hallelæjah, amen.

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken: Worlds his mighty voice obeyed; Laws which never can be broken, For their suidance he hath made.

Hallelujah, amen.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious: God patp made piè saints victorions : Never shall his promise fail. Sin and death shall not prevail. Hallelujah, amen.

4 Praise the God of our salvation; Hosts on high, his power proclaim; Heaven and earth, and all creation, Praise and magnify his name.

Hallelstjah, amen.

GENERAL PRAISE.

L. M. Ric.

. of angels and of men, .re and of grace the Lord, .a, in one eternal strain, .l thy various works adored.

m heaven to earth, from earth to he grough worlds above and worlds belo any boundless mercies, freely given, In tides of bliss forever flow.

3 Sing, O ye heavens — burst into praise Thou earth, and let the anthem roll Till rocks and tombs shall hear the lay: And light and life embrace the whole.

86. L. M. *THI The Same. Ps. 148.

- 1 To praise the Lord be our delight; O praise him in the arched height; Let hosts and angels of his own All warble praise to him alone.
- 2 Ye sun and moon, the eyes of day And dewy night, his praise display; Ye stars, and thou, O light, awake Loud-voiced music for his sake.
- 3 Ye boundless heavens, spread out on h Ring with the golden melody; And all ye waters laid in store Above the heavens, in song adore.
- 4 Let them in grateful concert praise The Lord, and magnify his ways; Be his eternal love displayed Who spake the word, and they were.

- 5 And on the earth O praise the Lord; Ye monstrous deeps, your praise afford; Thou burning fire, and hail, and snow, And vapors, your great Author know.
- 6 Praise him, and in his name rejoice, Ye sons of men, with heart and voice, O let them sing his holy worth, Whose praise is over heaven and earth.

87. H. M. H. BALLOU, 20.

The Same.

1 YE realms below the skies, Your Maker's praises sing; Let boundless honors rise

To heaven's eternal King:

O bless sis name, whose love extends
Salvation to the world's far ends.

2 Give glory to the Lord,
Ye kindreds of the earth;
His sovereign power record,
And show his wonders forth,
Till heathen tongues his grace proclaim,
And every heart adores his name.

3 'Tis he the mountains crowns
With forests waving wide;
'Tis he old ocean bounds,
And heaves her roaring tide;

And neaves her roaring tide; He swells the tempests on the main, Or breathes the zephyr o'er the plain,

4 Still let the waters roar,
As round the earth they roll:
His praise for evermore

They sound from pole to pole.

Tis nature's wild, unconscious song

oer thousand waves that floats along.

90

LAISE.

Lil. s

raise the Lord;
but praise afford;
hall, and snow,
lt Author know.

the rejoice,
rt and voice,
ven and earth.

H. Ballou, 20.

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CHERRY P

bein pushes, ye work Dissplay with all ;
Amid the derivation When silent night of the third weeks deciration of the works decirated and the works deciration of the works decirated and the works deci

Netwers 1

C

Attune their
All-wise, all-he
In song of
Unnumbered
Unite to we
While thy me

Space, tim

Whose flow Whose alt That ris Whose as Of stor To life, to liberty.

93

The Only God.

- 1 ETERNAL God! almighty Cause Of earth, and sea, and worlds unknown! All things are subject to thy laws— All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands, Of all within itself possessed; Controlled by none are thy commands; Thou from thyself alone art blest.
- 3 To thee alone ourselves we owe— To thee alone our homage pay; All other gods we disavow, Deay their claims, renounce their sway.
- 4 In tnee, O Lord, our hope shall rest, Fountain of peace, and joy, and love! Thy favor only makes us blest; Without thee all would nothing prove.
- 5 Worship to thee alone belongs —
 Worship to thee alone we give;
 Thine be our bearts, and thine our songs,
 And to thy glory we would live.

ny great name through heathen lands, I deities dethrone; he world to thy commands, n, as thou art, God alone.

H. M.

S. BALLOU.

The Great First Cause.

rst almighty Cause,
did all things create,
ature all her laws,
hangeable as fate,
ce of life, the spring of springs
e all heaven and nature sings.

'er we cast our eyes, 1 raptures we behold, 1 or in the skies, 1 ders that can't be told: 2 s book, in every line, 2 om and perfections shine.

all worlds depend; im all bend the knee; ne can comprehend boundless Deity. Il space, lives everywhere, the whole, makes all his care.

L. M. *WATTS.

God.

a name my soul adores.

TATE PET

I restle
from chai
from chai
fry being
And all thy
Thrones an
And worshi

Thy present
This humble
This humble
by the can being the can approximately wisdom
Thy word alo

92.

I THOU art, all
From everlas
Before thee d.
And veil their
To see such b.
Such floods of

2 What mortal hi A semblance of The brightest ra The brightest sta But dim effusion

Of light that rou.

3 The sun himself i

A transient meteon
And every frail and

/here, his care.

*WATTS.

iul adores, lernal One! with all their powars e Unknown. But though thy brightness may create All worship from the hosts above, What most thy name must elevate Is, that thou art a God of love; And mercy is the central sun Of all thy glories joined in one.

93. L. M.

WATTS.

The Divine Being and Perfections. Ps. 36.

High in the heavens, eternal God, Thy goodness in full glory shines; Thy truth shall break through every cloud That veils and darkens thy designs.

Forever firm thy justice stands, As mountains their foundations keep; Wise are the wonders of thy hands; Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

, The providence is kind and large:

6 Life, like a fountain full and free, Springs from the presence of my Lord; And in thy light our souls shall see The glories promised in thy word.

94. P. M. ARONYMOUS.

The surpassing Glory of God

- 1 SINCE o'er thy footstool here below Such radiant gems are strown, O what magnificence must glow, Great God, about thy throne!
 So brilliant here these drops of light—There the full ocean rolls—how bright!
- 2 If night's blue curtain of the sky—With thousand stars inwrought, Hung like a royal canopy With glittering diamonds fraught—Be, Lord, thy temple's outer veil, What splendor at the shrine must dwell
- 3 The dazzling sun, at noon-day hour —
 Forth from his flaming vase
 Flinging o'er earth the golden shower,
 Till vale and mountain blaze —

95. 6s M.

DRUMMOND.

The Unity of God.

1 THE God who reigns alone
O'er earth and sea and sky,
Let man with praises own,

Let man with praises own, And sound his honors high. 2 Him all in heaven above,

Him all on earth below, Th' exhaustless source of love, The great Creator, know.

3 He formed the living flame, He gave the reasoning mind: Then only He may claim The worship of mankind.

4 So taught his only Son,
Blest messenger of grace!—
Th' Eternal is but one:
No second holds his place.

96.

Kippis.

L. M.
 God Incomprehensible.

- 1 GREAT God! in vain man's narrow view Attempts to look thy nature through; Our laboring powers with reverence own Thy glories never can be known.
- 2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought, Who countless years his God has sought, Such wondrous height or depth can find, Or fully trace thy boundless mind.
- 3 And yet thy kindness deigns to show

L. M.

WATTS.

wrekensible and Sovereign.

to perfection find created Mind?

est stretch of thought earch his nature out?

wen — 'tis deep as hell; nortals know or tell? is beyond the sky, ng worlds on high.

power unknown; ers of his throne; dare oppose, or what he does?

art, and he makes whole; est of the soul; in long despair, he heavy bar?

98. L. M.

Anonymous.

The Spirituality of God.

- 1 Thou art, O God, a spirit pure, Invisible to mortal eyes — Th' immortal and th' eternal King, The great, the good, the only wise.
- 2 Whilst nature changes, and her works Corrupt, decay, dissolve, and die, Thy essence pure no change shall see, Secure of immortality.
- 3 Thou great Invisible! what hand Can draw thy image, spotless, fair? To what in heaven, to what on earth, Can men th' immortal King compare?
- 4 Let stupid heathens frame their gods
 Of gold and silver, wood and stone:
 Ours is the God that made the heavens —
 Jehovah he, and God alone.
- 5 My soul, the purest homage pay; In truth and spirit him adore; More shall this please than sacrifice— Than outward forms delight him more.

99.

The second secon

L. M.

*Doddridge

Seeing the Invisible.

1 ETERNAL and immortal King!
Thy peerless splendors none can bear;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes
When God with all his glory's there.

2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom, The great Invisible can see, And with its tremblings mingle jo In fixed regard, great God! to th

PROVIDENCE OF GOD. 100, 101.

- 3 Then every tempting form of sin, Awed by thy presence, disappears; And all the glowing, raptured soul The likeness it contemplates wears.
- 4 O ever conscious to my heart—
 Witness to its supreme desire!
 Behold it presseth on to thee,
 For it hath caught the heavenly fire.
- 5 This one petition would we urge,— To bear thee ever in our sight, In life, in death, in worlds unknown, Our only portion and delight.

100. C. M. *STERNHOLD. Majesty of God. Ps. 18.

- 1 THE Lord descended from above, And bowed the heavens most high, And underneath his feet he cast
- The darkness of the sky.

 2 On cherubim and seraphim
 Full royally he rode,
 And on the wings of mighty winds

Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods
Their fury to restrain,
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
Forevermore shall reign.

102. BEING, PERFECTIONS, AND

- 2 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do? We would adore our Maker too; From sin and dust to thee we cry, The Great, the Holy, and the High!
- 3 Earth from afar has heard thy fame, And worms have learnt to lisp thy name; But O, the glories of thy mind Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 4 God is in heaven, but man below: Be short our tunes - our words be few. A sacred reverence checks our songs. And praise sits silent on our tongues.

102.

L. M.

TATE.

The Majesty and Dominion of God. Ps. 93.

- 1 WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed, The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns, The world's foundations firmly laid. And the vast fabric still sustains.
- 2 How surely 'stablished is thy throne, Which shall no change or period see! For thou, O Lord, and thou alone, Art God from all eternity.
- 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice, And toss their troubled waves on high; But God above can still their noise, And make the angry sea comply.
- 4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure; And they that in thy house would d That happy station to secure, Must still in holiness excel. 102

BOVIDENCE OF GOD. 103, 104

C. M.

*WATTS.

lad's Infinite and Eternal Dominion.

.EAT God, how infinite art thou!

How weak and frail are we!

Let the whole race of creatures bow,

And pay their praise to thee.

- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood Ere seas or stars were made; Thou art the ever-living God, Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time all open lie
 To thine immense survey,
 From the formation of the sky
 To the great burning day.
- 4 Eternity, with all its years,
 Stands present in thy view;
 To thee there's nothing old appears—
 Great God! there's nothing new.
- 5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn, And vexed with trifling cares, While thine eternal thoughts move on Thine undisturbed affairs.
- 6 Great God, how infinite art thou!

 How weak and frail are we!

 Let the whole race of creatures bow,

 And pay their praise to thee.

104.

C. M.

*WATTS.

Decrees and Dominion of God.

1 KEEP silence, all created things, And wait your Maker's nod; — My soul stands trembling while she sings The honors of her God.

103

And there, the following page in Here, he can And treads the monarch down.

A No creature asks the reason why,

Nor God the reason gives; No fav'rite angel dares to pry

Between the folded leaves.

5 My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes What gloomy lines are writ for me, Or what bright scenes may rise.

6 In thy fair book of life and grace

O may I find my name Recorded, in some humble place, Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

405.

c. M. - numidence of Got ght attend the course we go, Tis he provides the rays; and 'tis his hand that hides the sun If darkness cloud our days.

- 6 Trusting thy wisdom, God of love, We would not wish to know What, in the book of thy decrees, Awaits us here below.
- 6 Be this alone our fervent prayer, Whate'er our lot shall be, Or joys, or sorrows, may they form Our souls for heaven and thee.

106. C. M. H. K. WRITE.

God's Power over his Works.

- 1 THE Lord our God is full of might: The winds obey his will: He speaks, and in his heavenly height The rolling sun stands still.
- 2 Rebel, ye waves! and o'er the land With threatening aspect roar: The Lord uplifts his awful hand, And chains you to the shore.
- 3 Howl, winds of night! your force combine:
 Without his high behest,
 Ye shall not in the mountain pine
 Disturb the sparrow's nest.
- 4 Ye nations! bend, in reverence bend, Ye monarchs! wait his nod, And bid the choral song ascend. To celebrate our God.

107. L. M. *Wallace.

Greatness and Grandeur of God.

- 1 How great is our Creator, God, In wisdom, majesty, and might, When he displays his power abroad, And brings his wonders forth to light!
- 2 Behold what cloudy columns rise, Terrific as the shades of night! What peals of thunder rend the skies! The lightning, how sublimely bright!
- 3 How dreadful is the threatening hail! Th' approaching tempest, O how grand! What terror doth the mind assail When deep convulsions shake the land!
- 4 The seas with hollow murmurs groan; The bowels of the mountains flame; The elements, affrighted, own The awful greatness of thy name.
- 5 Almighty God! thy chariot wheels In solemn pomp and grandeur roll; Thy presence trembling nature feels, And humble reverence fills the soul.

108. C. M. WATTS.

The Power and Majesty of God. Ps. 89.

- 1 With reverence let the saints appear, And bow before the Lord; His high commands with reverence hear, And tremble at his word.
- 2 How terrible thy glories be!

 How bright thine armies shine!—

 Where is the power that vies with the

 Or truth, compared with thine?

orthern pole and southern rest
a thy supporting hand;
rkness and day from east to west
Move round at thy command.
I'ny words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll —
The rolling billows sleep.

5 Justice and judgment are thy throne, Yet wondrous is thy grace, While truth and mercy, joined in one, Invite us near thy face.

109. C. M. Mrs. Street

The Majesty and Condescension of God.

- 1 ETERNAL Power! almighty God!
 Who can approach thy throne?
 Accessless light is thy abode,
 To angel-eyes unknown.
- 2 Before the radiance of thine eye The heavens no longer shine, And all the glories of the sky Are but the shade of thine.
- 3 Great God! and wilt thou condescend To cast a look below —

To this vile world thy notice bend, These seats of sin and woe?

4 But O, to show thy smiling face, To bring thy glories near — Amazing and transporting grace To dwell with mortals here!

5 How strange, how awful, is thy love!—
With trembling we adore.
Not all th' exalted minds above
Its wonders can explore.

ousand ages in the are as a fleeting the are as a fleeting the thy sight to present, future, to thy sight once their various scenes display. it our brief life's a shadowy dream, nt our priet life's a snadowy dream, passing thought, that soon is o'er, that fades with morning's earliest beam, And fills the musing mind no more. To us, O Lord, the wisdom give So every precious hour to spend that we at length with thee may live Where life and bliss shall never end. ANONYMOUS. God Eternal and Unchangeable. ALL-POWERFUL, self-existent God, Who all creation dost sustain! Thou wast, and art and art to come, And everlasting is thy reign. 2 Fixed and eternal as thy days, Each glorious attribute divine Through ages infinite shall sull mough ages imme share shine.

- 3 Fountain of being! Source of good! Immutable thou dost remain; Nor can the shadow of a change Obscure the glories of thy reign.
- 4 Yon shining orbs may leave their course, The sun his destined path forsake, And burning desolation mark Amid the worlds his devious track;
- 5 Earth may with all her powers dissolve, If such the great Creator's will; But thou forever art the same — I AM is thy memorial still.

112. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

God Omnipresent.

- 1 THERE's not a place in earth's vast round, In ocean deep, or air, Where skill and wisdom are not found, For God is everywhere.
- 2 Around, within, below, above,
 Wherever space extends,
 There Heaven displays its boundless love,
 And power with mercy blends.

113, 114. BEING, PERFEC TIONS, AND

113.

Γ , M.

BLACKLOCK.

The Same.

1 FATHER of all! omniscient Mind! Thy wisdom who can comprehend? Its highest point what eye can find, Or to its lowest depths descend?

- 2 What cavern deep, what hill sublime, Beyond thy reach shall I pursue? What dark recess, what distant clime, Shall hide me from thy boundless view?
- 3 If up to heaven's ethereal height, Thy prospect to elude, I rise, In splendor there, supremely bright, Thy presence shall my sight surprise.
- 4 Thee, mighty God! my wond'ring soul, Thee, all her conscious powers adore, Whose being circumscribes the whole, Whose eyes the universe explore.
- 5 Thine essence fills this breathing frame; It glows in every vital part, Lights up my soul with livelier flame, And feeds with life my beating heart.
- 6 To thee, from whom my being came, Whose smile is all the heaven I know, Inspired with this exalted theme, To thee my grateful strains shall flow.

114. L. M. 61. MONTGOMERY.

God Omnipresent and Omniscient. Ps. 139.

The immost secrets of my breast;
At home, abroad, in crowds, alone,
Thou mark'st my rising and my rest—
110

- I feel thine all-controlling will, And thy right hand upholds me still.
- 5 How precious are thy thoughts of peace, O God, to me!—how great the sum!—New every morn, they never cease: They were, they are, and yet shall come In number and in compass more Than ocean's sand, or ocean's shore.
- 6 Search me, O God, and know my heart;
 Try me, my secret soul survey,
 And warn thy servant to depart
 From every false and evil way:
 So shall thy truth my guidance be
 To life and immortality.

meath the sable wings of night, is glance from thee, one piercing ray, ould kindle darkness into day.

arch, try, O God, my thoughts and heart, mischief lurks in any part; rrect me where I go astray, id guide me in thy perfect way.

116. C. M.

WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 139.

In all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
o shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.
112

The Same.

- 1 My heart, and all my ways, O God, By thee are searched and seen; My outward acts thine eye observes — My secret thoughts within.
- 2 Attendant on my steps, all day Thy providence I see, And in the solitude of night I'm present still with thee.
- 3 No spot the boundless realms of space,
 Whence thou art absent, know:
 In heaven thou reign'st a glorious king—
 An awful judge below.
- 4 Lord! if within my thoughtless heart
 Thou sught should'st disapprove,
 The secret evil bring to light,
 And by thy grace remove.

 8

And form my life anew.

118. C. M. *WATTS.

God's Wisdom in his Works. Ps. 111.

 Songs of immortal praise belong To our almighty God;
 He has my heart, and he my tongue,
 To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand hath wrought! How glorious in our sight! And men in every age have sought His wonders with delight.

3 How most exact is nature's frame!

How wise th' eternal Mind!

His counsels never change the scheme

That his first thoughts designed.

4 Nature, and time, and earth, and skies, Thy heavenly skill proclaim: The infinite God; eternal his throne; And great be his praises; by all be they given, By men and by angels, on earth and in heaven.

3 The works of his hand declare his vast might; His terrible acts are holy and right; His truth and his justice are seen in his ways, And his mighty wonders demand highest praise.

4 His goodness and truth how righ do they proved.

4 His goodness and truth, how rich do they prove!
No anger he bears—his nature is love;
To all he is tender, and good doth impart;
To him will we render the praise of the heart.

120.

L. P. M. WATTS.

God's enduring Goodness and Truth. Ps. 146.

1 I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler powers; — My days of praise shall ne'er be past While life and thought and being last, Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
Their breath departs; their pomp and power,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour;

Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; — he made the sky

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace;
Ie helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

121. L. M. Anonymous.

Holiness of Gad.

1 Holy as thou, O Lord, is none;

2. C. M.

ARORYMOUS.

The Same.

of our eternal King:
'Thrice holy Lord,' the angels cry—
'Thrice holy,' let us sing.

- 2 Heaven's brightest lamps with him compared, How mean they look and dim! The fairest angels have their spots
- 3 Holy is he in all his works, And truth is his delight; But sinners and their wicked ways Shall perish from his sight.

When once compared with him.

- 4 The deepest reverence of the mind, Pay, O my soul, to God; Lift, with thy hands, a holy heart To his sublime abode.
- 5 With sacred awe pronounce His name Whom words nor thoughts can reach: A broken heart shall please him more Than the best forms of speech.
- 6 Thou holy God, preserve my soul From all pollution free; The pure in heart are thy delight, And they thy face shall see.

123.

8. M.

WATTE.

The Same. Ps. 99,

1 Exact the Lord, our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

He gave his people rest. When Muses

3 Oft he forgave their sins, Nor would destroy their race; And oft he made his vengeance known When they abused his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God, Whose grace is still the same; Still he's a God of holiness, And jealous for his name.

ANONYMOUS. L. M.

Providence and Perfections of God. 124.

- 1 FATHER of all, whose powerful voice Called forth this universal frame, Whose mercies over all rejoice, Through endless ages still the same!
 - 2 Thou, by thy word, upholdest all; Thy bounteous love to all is showed; bear'st thine every creature's call,

God's Care over All.

- 1 GREATEST of beings! Source of life! Sovereign of air, of earth, and sea! All nature feels thy power — but man A grateful tribute pays to thee.
- 2 Children whose little minds, unformed, Ne'er raised a tender thought to heaven; And men, whom reason lifts to God, Though oft by passion downward driven;
- 3 Those, too, who bend with age and care, And faint and tremble near the tomb — Who, sickening at the present scene, Sigh for that better state to come;
- 4 All great Creator! all are thine; All feel thy providential care; And through each varying scene of life, Alike thy constant pity share.
- 5 And whether grief oppress the heart, Or whether joy elate the breast, Or life still keep its little course, Or death invite the heart to rest,
- 6 All are thy messengers, and all Thy sacred pleasure, Lord, obey; And all are training man to dwell Nearer to bliss, and nearer thee.

196, 127. BEING, PERFECTIONS, AND

126.

7s M.

*RYLAND.

All our Times in God's Hand.

- 1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies, Ever gracious, ever wise! All my times are in thy hand, All events at thy command.
- 2 Thou didst form me by thy power; Thou wilt guide me hour by hour; All my times shall ever be Ordered by thy wise decree.
- 3 Times of sickness times of health; Times of penury and wealth; Times of trial and of grief; Times of triumph and relief;
- 4 Times temptation's power to prove; Times to taste a Savior's love; — All is fixed, the means and end, As shall please my heavenly Friend.
- 5 O thou gracions, wise, and just! In thy hands my life I trust. Have I aught that's dearer still? I resign it to thy will.

127.

C. M.

Score.

Divine Previdence.

- 1 God reigns;—events in order flow Man's industry to guide; But in a different channel go To humble human pride.
- 2 The swift not always in the race Shall win the crowning prize; Not always wealth and honor grace The labors of the wise.

ond mortals do themselves beguile
When on themselves they rest;
Blind is their wisdom, vain their toil,
By thee, O Lord, unblest.

- 4 'Tis ours the furrows to prepare, And sow the precious grain; 'Tis thine to give the sun and air, And to command the rain.
- 5 Evil and good before thee stand Their mission to perform; The sun shines bright at thy command; Thy hand directs the storm.
- 6 In all thy ways we humbly own Thy providential power; Entrusted to thy care alone, The lot of every hour.

128. L. M. Anonymous.

Providence Mysterious.

1 Thy ways, O Lord, with wise design,
Are framed upon thy throne above,
And every dark or bending line
Meets in the centre of thy love.

- 2 With feeble light, and half obscure, Poor mortals thine arrangements view, Not knowing that the least are sure, And the mysterious just and true.
- 8 Thy flock, thine own peculiar care, Though now they seem to roam uneyed, Are led or driven only where They best and safest may abide.
- 4 They neither know nor trace the way; But, trusting to thy piercing eye,

My favored soul shall mechanics fo lay her reason at thy throne; foo weak thy secrets to discern, for weak the for my guide alone.

129.

BEDDOME.

C. M.

GREAT God of providence! thy ways
Are hid from mortal sight—
Wrapt in impenetrable shades;
Or clothed with dazzling light.

2 The wondrous methods of thy grace Evade the human eye; The nearer we attempt t' approach, The farther off they fly.

3 But in the world of bliss above,
Where thou dost ever reign,
These myst'ries shall be all unveiled,
And not a doubt remain.

eep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take: The clouds ye so much dread, Are big with mercy, and shall break In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, But trust him for his grace: Behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast, Unfolding every hour; — The bud may have a bitter taste, But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err, And scan his work in vain: God is his own interpreter, And he will make it plain.

131. L. M. ANONYMOUS. Providence Kind and Sure.

- 1 Through all the various passing scene Of life's mistaken ill or good, Thy hand, O God! conducts unseen The beautiful vicissitude.
- 2 Thou givest, with paternal care, However unjustly we complain, To each their necessary share Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
- 3 When lowest sunk with grief and shame, Filled with affliction's bitter cup, Lost to relations, friends, and fame, Thy powerful hand can raise us up.

BEING, PERFECTIONS, AND

4 Thy powerful consolations cheer, Thy smiles suppress the deep-fetched sigh, 132. Thy hand can dry the trickling tear

That silent dims the widow's eye.

5 All things on earth, and all in heaven, On thy eternal will depend; And all for greater good were given, And all shall in thy glory end.

6 This be my care - to all beside Indifferent let my wishes be, Passion be calm, and dumb be pride, And fixed, O God, my soul on thee, FAWC:

C. M. Providence Unsearchable.

1 THY way, O God! is in the sea; 132Thy Paths I cannot trace,

Nor comprehend the mystery Of thy unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark veils of flesh and My captive soul surround; Mysterious deeps of providence My wandering thoughts confe

3 When I behold thy awful hand My earthly hopes destroy,
In deep astonishment I stand And ask the reason why.

4 As through a glass, I dimly The wonders of thy love How little do I know of th Or of the joys above

5 "Tis but in part I know the I bless thee for the sigh When will thy love the r In glory's clearer ligh 124

PROVIDENCE OF GOD. 133, 134.

With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace,
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

. C. M. BEDDOME.

Providence and Grace Unsearchable.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, thy wondrous works Of providence and grace, An angel's perfect mind exceed, And all our pride abase.
- 2 Stupendous heights! amazing depths! Creatures in vain explore; Or if a transient glimpse we gain, "Tis faint, and quickly o'er.
- 3 Though all the mysteries lie concealed Beyond what we can see, Grant us the knowledge of ourselves, The knowledge, Lord, of thee.

134. L. M. *Beddone.

Providence Unsearchable.

- 1 Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will; Tumultuous passions, all be still;— Nor let a murmuring thought arise;— His ways are just—his counsels wise,
- 2 Thick darkness round his throne he draws; His work performs — conceals the cause; But though his methods are unknown, Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas, He executes his firm decrees; And age to age has still confessed. That what he does is ever best.

135. S. M. *JERVIS.

God's Providence in National Overturns.

- 1 Gop, to correct the world, In wrath is slow to rise, But comes at length in thunder clothed, And darkness veils the skies.
- 2 His banners, lifted high, The nations' God declare, And, stained with blood, with terrors marked, Spread wonder and despair.
- 3 All earthly pomp and pride
 Are in his presence lost —
 Empires o'erturned thrones, sceptres, crowns
 In wild confusion tost.
- 4 While war and wo prevail, And desolation wide,

PROVIDENCE OF GOD. 136, 137.

136.

C. M.

HERVEY.

God's Providence always Kind.

1 Through all the downward tracts of time God's watchful eye surveys: O, who so wise to choose our lot,

O, who so wise to choose our lot, And regulate our ways?

2 I cannot doubt his bounteous love, Immeasurably kind: To his unerring, gracious will Be every wish resigned.

3 Good when he gives, supremely good, Nor less when he denies; Even crosses from his sovereign hand Are blessings in disguise.

137.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS

God Just and Wise in Afflictions.

1 IF Providence, to try my heart, Afflictions should prepare, To God submissive may I bend, And keep me from despair.

2 Whate'er he orders must be just; Then let me kiss the rod, Nor, poorly sunk, at all distrust The goodness of my God.

3 The mind to which I owe my own To guide this mind is wise, And he to whom my faults are known The fittest to chastise.

4 Then, till life's latest sands are run,
O teach me, Power Divine,
Still to reply, 'Thy will be done,
Whate'er becomes of mine.'

138.

DODDETDGE.

S. M. God Wise and Merciful in Chastisonents.

1 How gracious and how wise . Is our chastising God!

And O how rich the blessings are That blossom from his rod!

2 He lifts it up on high With pity in his heart,

That every stroke his children feel May grace and peace impart.

- 3 Instructed thus, they bow, And own his sovereign sway; They turn their erring footsteps back To his forsaken way.
- 4 His covenant love they seek. And seek the happy bands That closer still engage their hearts To honor his commands.
- 5 Our Father! we consent To discipline divine, And bless the pains that make our souls Still more completely thine.

139. T., M.

WATTS.

God's Protection, Grace, and Truth. Ps. 57.

- 1 My God, in whom are all the springs Of boundless love and grace unknown! Hide me beneath thy spreading wings Till the dark cloud is overblown.
- 2 Up to the heavens I send my cry; The Lord will my desires perform; He sends his angels from the sky, And saves me from the threatening storm

128

Be thou exalted, O my God! Above the heavens where angels dwell; Thy power on earth be known abroad, And land to land thy wonders tell.

- 4 My heart is fixed my song shall raise Immortal honors to thy name : Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise — My tongue, the glory of my frame.
- 5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns, And reaches to the utmost sky; His truth to endless years remains When lower worlds dissolve and die.
- 6 Be thou exalted, O my God! Above the heavens where angels dwell; Thy power on earth be known abroad, And land to land thy wonders tell.

140. L. M. Doddridge.

God our Refuge and Home. Ps. 90.

- 1 Thou, Lord, through every changing scene, Hast to thy saints a refuge been — Through every age, eternal God, Their pleasing home, their safe abode.
- 2 In thee our fathers sought their rest: In thee our fathers still are blest; And while the tomb confines their dust, In thee their souls abide and trust
- 3 Lo, we are risen, a feeble race, Awhile to fill our fathers' place, Our helpless state with pity view, And let us share their refuge too.
- 4 Through all the thorny paths we trace In this uncertain wilderness, 9 129

6 To thee our infant race we leave; Them may their fathers' God receive, That voices yet unformed may raise Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

141. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

God our Deliverer and Comforter. Ps. 34.

- 1 Through all the changing scenes of life, In trouble and in joy, The praises of my God shall still My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast Till all that are distrest From my example comfort take, And charn their griefs to rest.
 - 3 Their drooping hearts were soon refreshed

PROVIDENCE OF GOD. 142, 143.

142. L. P. M. TATE & BRADY. God our Refuge. Ps. 46.

1 God is our refuge in distress—
A present help when dangers press:
In him, undaunted, we'll confide,
Though earth were from her centre tossed,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.

2 A gentler stream with gladness still The city of our Lord shall fill— The royal seat of God most high: God dwells in Zion, whose fair towers Shall mock th' assaults of earthly powers, While his almighty aid is nigh.

143. L. M. WATTS. God the Refuge of his Saints. Ps. 46.

1 God is the refuge of his saints
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled Down to the deep, and buried there— Convulsions shake the solid world: Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar: In sacred peace our souls abide, While every nation, every shore, Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow Supplies the city of our God — Life, love, and joy still gliding through, And watering our divine abode.

144, 145. BEING, PERFECTIONS, AND

- 5 That sacred stream, thine holy word, That all our raging fear controls;— Sweet peace thy promises afford, And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love, Secure against a threatening hour; Nor can her firm foundations move, Built on his truth, and armed with power.

144. L. M. WATTS.

God our Protector and Guide. Ps. 121.

- 1 Up to the hills I lift mine eyes, Th' eternal hills beyond the skies: Thence all her help my soul derives; There my almighty Refuge lives.
- 2 He lives, the everlasting God, That built the world, that spread the flood; The heavens with all their hosts he made, And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet he guards our way; His morning smiles bless all the day; He spreads the evening vail, and keeps The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
- 4 Israel (a name divinely blest)
 May rise secure, securely rest:
 Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
 Admit no slumber nor surprise.

145. C. M. *PROUD. God our Protector and Savier.

 JEHOVAH lives, and be his name By every heart adored;
 From age to age he is the same, The only God and Lord.

- 2 He is our rock when troubles rise, And storms and tempests lower; He rides triumphant in the skies, And saves us by his power.
- 3 Salvation to the Lord belongs: We give Jchovah praise — Lift up our hearts, and holy songs To our Deliverer raise.
- 4 He saves from danger, death, and hell, From fear, distress, and harm; He makes our souls in safety dwell, And mighty is his arm.
- 5 Great is the mercy we have found, And great shall be our praise; We'll spread his power and mercy round, And songs of honor raise.

146. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

God our Protector and Guide.

1 God of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul bath lea

- Through varied deaths my soul hath led, Or turned aside the fatal hour, Or lifted up my sinking head!
- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own, Thy ruling providence I see; Assist me still my course to run, And still direct my paths to thee.
- 3 Whither, O whither, should I fly But to my loving Father's breast, Secure within thine arms to lie, And safe beneath thy wings to rest?
- 4 I have no skill the snare to shun, But thou, O God, my wisdom art;

147. BEING, PERFECTIONS, AND

I ever into ruin run, But thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind, Lead me a way I have not known; Bring me where I my heaven may find,— The heaven of loving thee alone.

147. C. M. WATTS.

God our Preserver in Times of Sickness. Ps. 121.

- 1 To heaven I lift my waiting eyes; There all my hopes are laid;— The Lord that built the earth and skies Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their feet shall never slide nor fall Whom he designs to keep;
 His ear attends the softest call;
 His eyes can never sleep.
- 3 He will sustain our weakest powers With his almighty arm, And watch our most unguarded hours Against surprising harm.
- 4 Israel! rejoice, and rest secure— Thy keeper is the Lord; His wakeful eyes employ his power For thine eternal guard.
- 5 Nor scorehing sun, nor sickly moon, Shall have his leave to smite; He shields thy head from burning noon — From blasting damps at night.
- 6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath, Where thickest dangers come;— Go, and return, secure from death, Till God commands thee home. 134

PROVIDENCE OF GOD. 148, 149.

148.

H. M.

*WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 121.

UPWARD we lift our eyes: From God is all our aid, —
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made.
God is the tower

To which we fly; his grace is nigh In every hour.

2 Our feet shall never slide, And fall in fatal snares, Since God, our guard and guide, Defends us from our fears. Those wakeful eyes,

Which never sleep, shall Israel keep When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day, Nor blasts of evening air, Shall take our health away, If God be with us there. Thou art our sun,

And thou our shade, to guard our head By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word To save our souls from death? And we can trust thee, Lord, To keep our mortal breath.

We'll go and come, Nor fear to die, till, from on high, Thou call us home.

149. C. P. M.

H. Moore.

God's Love seen in Nature.

1 Mr God! thy boundless love I praise:

How bright on high its glories blaze—

Through heaven its joy...
And o'er the earth they flow.

'Tis love that paints the purple morn, And bids the clouds, in air upborne, Their genial drops distil; In every vernal beam it glows, It breathes in every gale that blows, And glides in every rill.

- 3 It robes in cheerful green the ground, And pours its flowery beauties round, Whose sweets perfume the gale; Its bounties richly spread the plain— The blushing fruit, the golden grain— And smile on every vale.
- 4 But in thy word I see it shine
 With grace and glories more divine,
 Proclaiming sins forgiven;
 There faith, bright cherub, points the way
 To realms of everlasting day,
 And opens all her heaven.

love that makes me blest,

he whole in every part proclaims Thy infinite good-will; shines in stars, and flows in streams, And bursts from every hill.

We view it o'er the spreading main,
And heavens which spread more wide;
It drops in gentle showers of rain

It drops in gentle showers of rain, And rolls in every tide.

4 Long hath it been diffused abroad, Through ages past and gone, Nor ever can exhausted be, But still keeps flowing on.

5 Through the whole earth it pours supplies — Spreads joy through every part. O may such love attract my eyes,

And captivate my heart;

6 My highest admiration raise;
My best affections move;
Employ my tongue in songs of praise,
And fill my heart with love.

151. L. M. Doddridge.

Universal Love of God.

- 1 TRIUMPHANT, Lord, thy goodness reigns Through all the wide celestial plains, And its full streams redundant flow Down to th' abodes of men below.
- 2 Through nature's works its glories shine; The cares of providence are thine; And grace erects our mortal frame The fairest temple to thy name.
- 3 O give to every human heart
 To taste and feel how good thou art—
 With grateful love, and reverend fear,
 To know how blest thy children are.

152, 153. BEING, PERFECTIONS, AND

152. C. M. WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 145.

- 1 Sweet is the memory of thy grace, My God, my heavenly King! Let age to age thy righteousness In songs of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines His goodness to the skies: Through the whole earth his bounty shine And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait On thee for daily food: Thy liberal hand provides their meat, And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
 How slow thine anger moves!
 But soon he sends his pardoning word
 To cheer the souls he loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race, Thy power and praise proclaim; But saints, that taste thy richer grace, Delight to bless thy name.

153. L. M. WATTS.

God's Mercy to the Human Race. Ps. 136.

- 1 GIVE to our God immortal praise:
 Mercy and truth are all his ways:
 Wonders of grace to God belong:
 Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown;
 The King of kings with glory crown.
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When lords and kings are known no mo

he Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand, And brought them to the promised land: Wonders of grace to God belong— Repeat his mercies in your song.

He saw the Gentiles dead in sin, And felt his pity work within: His mercies ever shall endure, When death and sin shall reign no more.

- 5 He sent his Son with power to save From guilt, and darkness, and the grave: Wonders of grace to God belong — Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 6 Through this vain world he guides our feet, And leads us to his heavenly seat: His mercies ever shall endure, When this vain world shall be no more.

154.

S. M.

*WATTS.

God's Condescension and Goodness to Man. Ps. 8.

1 O LORD, our heavenly King!
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

- 2 When to thy works on high I raise my wondering eyes, And see the moon, complete in light, Adorn the darksome skies—
- 3 When I survey the stars,
 And all their shining forms—
 Lord, what is man, that feeble thing,
 Akin to dust and worms?
- 4 Lord, what is feeble man, That thou shouldst love him so?

Next to thine angels is he placed, And lord of all below.

5 How rich thy bounties are! How wondrous are thy ways! Of dust and worms thy power can frame A monument of praise.

6 O Lord, our heavenly King! Thy name is all divine; Thy glories round the earth are spread, And o'er the heavens they shine.

155. C. M. Mrs. Steele.

God's constant Mercy.

1 Almighty Father! gracious Lord!
Kind guardian of my days!
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame Was thy indulgent care, Long ere I could pronounce thy name, Or breathe the infant prayer.

3 How many blessings round me shone, Where'er I turned my eye! How many passed almost unknown Or unregarded by!

4 Each rolling year new favors brought
From thy exhaustless store;
But ah! in vain my laboring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

5 While sweet reflection through my days
Thy bounteous hand would trace,
Suil dearer blessings claim thy praise,—
The blessings of thy grace.
140

fes, I adore thee, gracious Lord!
For favors more divine, —
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.

156. C. M.

ADDISON.

The Same.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God! My rising soul surveys, Transported with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
 Thy tender care bestowed,
 Before my infant heart conceived
 From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 When, in the slippery paths of youth, With heedless steps I ran, Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe, And led me up to man.
- 4 When worn by sickness, oft hast thou With health renewed my face, And when in sins and sorrows sunk, Revived my soul with grace.
- 5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts My daily thanks employ; Nor is the least a cheerful heart, Which tastes those gifts with joy.
- 6 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue,
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.
 143

157. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

God's Mercies above all Return.

- 1 In glad amazement, Lord, I stand, Amidst the bounties of thy hand: How numberless those bounties are! How rich, how various, and how fair!
- 2 But O, what poor returns I make: What lifeless thanks I pay thee back! Lord, I confess, with humble shame, My offerings scarce deserve the name.
- 3 Fain would my laboring heart devise To bring some nobler sacrifice;— It sinks beneath the mighty load, 'What shall I render to my God?'
- 4 To him I consecrate my praise, And vow the remnant of my days; Yet what, at best, can I pretend Worthy such gifts from such a friend!
- 5 In deep abasement, Lord, I see My emptiness and poverty: Enrich my soul with grace divine, And make me worther to be thine.
- 6 Give me at length an angel's tongue, That heaven may echo with my song: The theme, too great for time, shall be The joy of long eternity.

158. S. M. Mrs. Steel

God our constant Benefactor.

1 My Maker, and my King!

To thee my all I owe:
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.
142

- Thou ever good and kind!
 A thousand reasons move,
 A thousand obligations bind
 My heart to grateful love.
- 3 The creature of thy hand, On thee alone I live: My God! thy benefits demand More praise than tongue can give.
- 4 O what can I impart
 When all is thine before?
 Thy love demands a thankful heart,—
 The gift, alas, how poor!
- 5 Shall I withhold thy due?
 And shall my passions rove?
 Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
 And fill it with thy love.
- 6 O let thy grace inspire My soul with strength divine; Let all my powers to thee aspire, And all my days be thine.

159.

S. M.

WATTS.

God's abounding Compassion. Ps. 103.

- 1 My soul, repeat his praise Whose mercies are so great — Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heavens are raised Above the ground we tread, So far the riches of his grace Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His power subdues our sins; And his forgiving love,

Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord, To those that fear his name, Is such as tender parents feel; He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass, Or like the morning flower: If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,

It withers in an hour.

6 But thy compassions, Lord, To endless years endure; And children's children ever find Thy words of promise sure.

WATTS. Bless the Lord for his Mercies. Ps. 103. 160.

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul;

And aid my tongue to bless his name Whose favors are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul; Nor let his mercies lie Forgotten in unthankfulness,

And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins; Tis he relieves thy pain; Tis he that heals thy sicknesses, And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love When ransomed from the grave

He that redeemed my soul from b Hath sovereign power to save. 144

5 He fills the poor with good; He gives the sufferers rest;— The Lord hath judgments for the proud, And justice for th' oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace

But sent the world his truth and By his beloved Son.

161. S. M. MONTGOMERT.
The Same. Ps. 103.

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul; His grace to thee proclaim; And all that is within me join

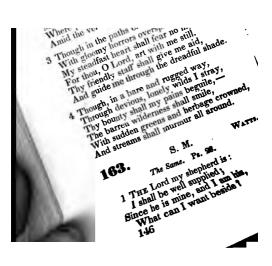
To bless his holy name.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul;
His mercies bear in mind;

Forget not all his benefits:
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide — He will with patience wait: His wrath is ever slow to rise, And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins— Prolongs thy feeble breath; He healeth thine infirmities,



2 He leads me to the place Where heavenly pasture grows, Where living waters gently pass, And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray, He doth my soul reclaim, And guides me in his own right way, For his most holy name.

4. Whilst he affords his aid, I cannot yield to fear;

Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My shepherd 's with me there.

5 In sight of all my foes Thou dost my table spread; My cup with blessings overflows, And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

164. 11s M.

*Byrom.

The Same. Ps. 23.

1 THE Lord is our shepherd, our guardian, and guide;

Whatever we want he will kindly provide;

4 The Lord is become our salvation and song, His blessings have followed us all our life long;— His name will we praise while he lends to us breath, Be joyful through life, and resigned in our death.

165.

7s M.

MERRICE.

The Same. Ps. 23.

- 1 Lo, my Shepherd's hand divine! Want shall never more be mine: In a pasture fair and large, He shall feed his happy charge.
- 2 When I faint with summer's heat, He shall lead my weary feet To the streams that, still and slow, Through the verdant meadows flow.
- 3 He my soul anew shall frame, And his mercy to proclaim,

11s M. *MONTGOMERY. 166.

1 THE Lord is my shepherd -no want shall I The Same. Ps. 23.

I feed in green pastures - safe folded I rest; He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow; Restores me when wandering - redeems when

2 Through valley and shadow of death though I

Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear; Thy rod shall defend me — thy staff be my stay; No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

3 In midst of affliction my table is spread; With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er, With perfume and oil thou anointest my head; O what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God, Still follow my steps till I meet thee above; I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod In days of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

GOD MANIFEST IN NATURE.

*MRS. STEELE. L. M. 167.

Nature proclaiming God.

- 1 THERE is a God all nature speaks Through earth, and air, and seas, and skies: See, from the clouds his glory breaks When the first beams of morning rise.
 - 2 The rising sun, serenely bright, O'er the wide world's extended frame, Inscribes, in characters of light, His mighty Maker's glorious name
 - 3 Diffusing life, his influence spreads, And health and plenty smile around: And nearm and plenty sinks are the fruitful fields and verdant meads.

 The fruitful fields and verdant meads.

GOD MANIFEST IN NATURE. 168, 169.

O let us here confess our God, And bow before him, and adore.

168. L. M. 6l. T. Moore.

God the Life and Light of the World. Ps. 84.

- 1 Thou art, O God, the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from thee.
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.
- 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays Among the opening clouds of even, And we can almost think we gaze Through golden vistas into heaven, Those hues that make the sun's decline So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.
 - 3 When night, with wings of starry gloom, O'ershadows all the earth and skies, Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes, That sacred gloom, those fires divine, So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.
 - 4 When youthful spring around us breathes, Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh; And every flower the summer wreaths

- 2 Or when, in paler tints arrayed, The evening slowly spreads her shade, That soothing shade, that grateful gloom, Can, more than day's enlivening bloom, Still every fond and vain desire, And calmer, purer thoughts inspire — From earth the pensive spirit free, And lead the softened heart to thee.
- 3 As o'er thy work the seasons roll,
 And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul,
 O never may their smiling train
 Pass o'er the human sense in vain;
 But oft, as on their charms we gaze,
 Attune the wondering soul to praise;
 And be the joys that most we prize,
 The joys that from thy favor rise.

170.

C. M.

WATT

ough skies, and seas, and solid ground, With tersor and delight.

nfinite strength and equal skill
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.

5 But still the wonders of thy grace Our softer passions move: Pity divine in Jesus' face We see, adore, and love.

171. C. M. MONTGOMERY. God seen in his Works.

- 1 The God of nature and of grace In all his works appears; His goodness through the earth we trace, His grandeur in the spheres.
- 2 Behold this fair and fertile globe, By him in wisdom planned: "Twas he who girded, like a robe, The ocean round the land.
- 5 Lift to the firmament your eye Thither his path pursue: His glory, boundless as the sky, O'erwhelms the wondering view.
- 4 He bows the heavens; the mountains stand A highway for their God; He walks amidst the desert land — "Tis Eden where he trod.
- 5 The forests in his strength rejoice:

 Hark! on the evening breeze,

 As once of old, the Lord God's voice

 Is beard among the trees.

6 If God hath made this world so fair, Where sin and death abound, How beautiful, beyond compare, Will paradise be found!

172.

L. M.

*Dynn.

All Things speak of God.

- 1 GREAT Cause of all things! Source of life! Sovereign of air, and earth, and sea! All nature feels thy power, and all A silent homage pay to thee.
- 2 Waked by thy hand, the morning sun Pours forth to thee its earlier rays, And spreads thy glories as it climbs, While raptured worlds look up and praise.
- 3 The moon to the deep shades of night Speaks the mild lustre of thy name; While all the stars that cheer the scene Thee, the great Lord of light, proclaim.
- 4 And groves, and vales, and rocks, and hills, And every flower, and every tree — Ten thousand creatures, warm with life, Have each a grateful song for thee.
- 5 But man was formed to rise to heaven; And, blessed with reason's clearer light, He views his Maker through his works, And glows with rapture at the sight.
- 6 Nor can the thousand songs that rise,
 Whether from air, or earth, or sea,
 So well repeat Jehovah's praise,
 Or raise such sacred harmony.
 154

. **3.** L. M.

ADDISON.

is Heavens declare the Glory of God. Ps. 19.

THE spacious firmament on high, With all the blue, ethereal sky, And spangled heavens, a shining frame, Their great Original proclaim.

- 2 Th' unwearied sun from day to day Does his Creator's power display, And publishes to every land The work of an almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale, And nightly to the listening earth Repeats the story of her birth;
- 4 While all the stars that round her burn, And all the planets, in their turn, Confirm the tidings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though, in solemn silence, all Move round this dark, terrestrial ball—What though no real voice nor sound Amid their radiant orbs be found—
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice, And utter forth a glorious voice, Forever singing, as they shine, 'The hand that made us is divine.'

174. L. P. M. *WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 19.

GREAT God, the heaven's well-ordered frame
Declares the glory of thy name:
There thy rich works of wonder shine—
155

A thousand starry beauties there, A thousand radiant marks appear, Of boundless power and skill divine.

2 From night to day, from day to night, The dawning and the dying light Lectures of heavenly wisdom read; With silent eloquence they raise Our thoughts to our Creator's praise, And neither sound nor language need.

3 Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journeys of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice;
The sun, in robes of splendor drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad, He smiles, and speaks his maker, God; All nature joins him in the praise. Thus God in every creature shines; Fair is the book of nature's lines, But fairer is the book of grace.

175.

C. M.

ANONTMOUS.

Nature inviting to praise God.

1 Thou great Creator, wise and good!
To thee our songs we raise:
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.

2 At morning, noon, and evening mild, Fresh wonders strike our view; And while we gaze, our hearts exult With transports ever new.

3 Thy glory beams in every star Which gilds the gloom of night; 156 acks the smiling face of morn Nith rays of cheerful light.

.he lofty hill, the humble vale, With countless beauties shine; The silent grove, the awful shade, Proclaim thy power divine.

- 5 Great nature's God! still may these scenes Our serious hours engage; Still may our grateful hearts consult Thy works' instructive page.
- 6 And while, in all thy wondrous works,
 Thy varied love we see,
 Still may the contemplation lead
 Our hearts, O God, to thee.

176. L. M. Enfield.

Praise to the Lord of Nature.

- 1 O THOU, through all thy works adored! Great power supreme! almighty Lord! Author of life, whose sovereign sway Creatures of every tribe obey!
- 2 To thee, Most High, to thee belong
 The suppliant prayer, the joyful song;
 To thee we will attune our voice,
 And in thy wondrous works rejoice.
- 3 Planets, those wandering worlds above, Guided by thee, incessant move; Suns, kindled by a ray divine, In bonor of their Maker shine.
- 4 From thee proceed heaven's varied store,—
 The changing wind, the fruitful shower,
 The flying cloud, the colored bow,
 The moulded hail, the feathered snow.
 157



177. GOD MANIFEST IN NATURE.

- 5 Tempests obey thy mighty will: Thine awful mandate to fulfil, The forked lightnings dart around, And rive the oak, and blast the ground.
- 6 Yet, pleased to bless, kind to supply, Thy hand supports thy family, And fosters, with a parent's care, The tribes of earth and sea and air.

177. L. M. Mrs. Ortz Uniting with Nature in God's Praise.

- 1 THERE seems a voice in every gale, A tongue in every opening flower, Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale Of thine indulgence, love and power. The birds that rise on quivering wing Appear to hymn their Maker's praise, And all the mingling sounds of Spring To thee a general pean raise.
- 2 And shall my voice, great God, alone Be mute 'mid Nature's loud acclaim! No! let my heart, with answering tone, Breathe forth in praise thy holy name. And Nature's debt is small to mine— Thou bad'st her being bounded be; But (matchless proof of love divine!) Thou gav'st immortal life to me.
- 3 The Savior left his heavenly throne
 A ransom for our souls to give;
 Man's suffering state he made his own,
 And deigned to die that we might live.
 But thanks and praise for love so great
 No mortal tongue can e'er express;
 Then let me, bowed before thy feet,
 In silence love thee, Lord, and bless.

78. C. M. *E. TURNER.

Works and Law show forth his Glory. Ps. 19.

Lo, what a speaking lustre shines
In all the works of God!
His wisdom writ in fairest lines —

His wisdom writ in fairest lines—
His power declared abroad.

- 2 The heavens, adorned with moon and stars, Express his glorious skill; The day his strong impression bears;
 - The day his strong impression bears; The night attends his will.
- 3 Their language through the earth is heard:
 One all-extending voice
 - Proclaims abroad the cheering word, And bids the world rejoice.
- 4 Behold you glowing, radiant sun, Great source of blissful light! Rejoicing in his course to run, And shed effulgence bright.
- 5 Such is thy law, O God of grace! Which renovates the soul, — A law of love, and truth, and peace, That makes the sinner whole.
- 6 Nor shall its moral light grow dim Or ever fade away; The present gentle, rising beam Shall shed a boundless day.

159

THE SCRIPTURES.

179.

L. M.

WATTS.

Nature and Scripture. Ps. 19.

- 1 The heavens declare thy glory, Lord; In every star thy wisdom shines; But when our eyes behold thy word, We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light, And nights and days thy power confess; But the blest volume thou hast writ Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise Round the whole earth, and never stand; So when thy truth began its race, It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest Till through the world thy truth has run — Till Christ hath all the nations blest That see the light or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of righteousness! arise;
 Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
 Thy laws are pure thy judgments righ
 160

/ noblest wonders here we view souls renewed and sins forgiven : ord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew, And make thy word my guide to beaven.

180.

L. M. 61.

MONTGOMERY

The Same. Ps. 19.

- 1 Thy glory, Lord, the heavens declare; The firmament displays thy skill; The changing cloud, the viewless air, Tempest and calm, thy word fulfil; Day unto day doth utter speech, And night to night thy knowledge teach.
- 2 Though voice nor sound inform the ear, Well known the language of their song When, one by one, the stars appear, Led by the silent moon along; Till round the earth, from all the sky, Thy beauty beams on every eye.
- 3 Waked by thy touch, the morning sun Comes like a bridegroom from his bower, And, like a giant, glad to run His bright career with speed and power— Thy flaming messenger, to dart Life through the depth of Nature's heart.
- 4 While these transporting visions shine Along the path of providence, Glory eternal, joy divine, Thy word reveals, transcending sense: My soul thy goodness longs to see,—Thy love to man, thy love to me.

 11

1 BEHOLD, the lotty say Declares its maker, God, And all his starry works on high Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light Still keep their course the same, While night to day, and day to night,

Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land Their general voice is known; They show the wonders of his hand,

And orders of his throne.

4 Ye Christian lands, rejoice! Here he reveals his word:

We are not left to nature's voice To bid us know the Lord.

5 His statutes and commands Are set before your eyes; He puts his gospel in our hands, Where our salvation lies.

- :net and pure;

e fields provide me food, and show The goodness of the Lord; Sut fruits of life and glory grow In thy most holy word.

- 3 Here are my choicest treasures hid; Here my best comfort lies; Here my desires are satisfied, And here my hopes arise.
- 4 Lord, make me understand thy law, Show what my faults have been, And from thy gospel let me draw Pardon for all my sin.
- 5 O let me love my Bible more, And take a fresh delight By day to read these wonders o'er, And meditate by night.

183. C. M. *Cowper.

Glory of the Sacred Page.

- What glory gilds the sacred page, Majestic like the sun!
 It gives a light to every age — It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The hand that gave it still supplies
 The gracious light and heat;
 Its truths upon the nations rise—
 They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
 For such a bright display:
 It makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
 The paths of truth and love,
 163

Perfection of the Scriptures. Ps. 119.

1 Let all the heathen writers join To form one perfect book: Great God, if once compared with thine How mean their writings look!

- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave Could show one sin forgiven, Nor lead a step beyond the grave; But thine conduct to heaven.
- 3 I've seen an end of what we call Perfection here below: How short the powers of nature fall, And can no further go!
- 4 In vain we boast perfection here
 While sin defiles our frame,
 And sinks our virtues down so far,
 They scarce deserve the name.

and love, and every grace

e works and wonders which they wrought onfirmed the messages they brought; Their pens the sacred truth record, That distant times may read the word.

- 3 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look On the blest volume of thy book: There my Redeemer's face I see, And read his name who died for me.
- 4 Let the false raptures of the mind Be lost, and vanish in the wind: Here I can fix my hope secure -This is thy word, and must endure.

186. C. M.

WATTS. Instruction from the Scriptures. Ps. 119.

- 1 How shall the young secure their hearts And guard their lives from sin? Thy word the choicest rules imparts To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind, It spreads such light abroad, The meanest souls instruction find, And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 Tis, like the sun, a heavenly light That guides us all the day; And, through the dangers of the night, A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 The starry heavens thy rule obey; The earth maintains her place; And these, thy servants, night and day, Thy skill and power express.
- 5 But still thy law and gospel, Lord, Have lessons more divine;

That holy book snan guide out ,, And well support our age.

187. L. M. Beddol The Scriptures a Pillar of Fire.

1 When Israel through the desert passed, A fiery pillar went before To guide them through the dreary waste

- And lessen the fatigues they bore.

 2 Such is thy glorious word, O God;

 'Tis for our light and guidance given;
 It sheds a lustre all abroad,
- And points the path to bliss and heaven.

 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
 And quickens its inactive powers;
 It sets our wandering footsteps right,
 Displays thy love, and kindles ours.
- 4 Its promises rejoice our hearts;
 Its doctrines are divinely true;
 Knowledge and pleasure it imparts;

THE SCRIPTURES.

Forever be thy name adored For these celestial lines.

- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want Exhaustless riches find — Riches above what earth can grant, And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows, And yields a free repast; Sublimer sweets than nature knows Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice Spreads heavenly peace around; And life and everlasting joys Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heavenly pages be My ever dear delight; And still new beauties may I see, And still increasing light.
- 6 Divine Instructer! gracious Lord! Be thou forever near: Teach me to love thy sacred word, And view my Savior there.
- 189. L. P. M. *WATTS.

 Uses of the Scriptures.

4 O may thy word those faults reveal
Which blind self-love may yet conceal,
And from presumptuous sins restrain:
Thus taught to use the book of grace,
We'll raise a grateful song of praise
That we possess it not in vain.

190.

C. M.

Anonymous.

The Scriptures a Lamp to our Feet.

1 How precious is the book divine, By inspiration given! Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.

- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
 In this dark vale of tears;
 Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
 Of life, shall guide our way,
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.
 168

anown;

u all its glory, shines,
d tenth is drawn in faircet lines

And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

May this blest volume ever lie

Close to our heart and near our eye, Till life's last hour our souls engage, And be our chosen heritage.

- 3 Wisdom its dictates here imparts To form our minds, to cheer our hearts; Its influence makes the sinner live, And bids the drooping saint revive.
- 4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes A brighter world beyond the skies; It brings our future home to view, And guides us all our journey through.
- 5 O grant us grace, almighty Lord, To read and mark thy holy word; Its truths with meekness to receive, And by its holy precepts live.

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- 3 This is the field where hidden lies The pearl of price unknown; Then blest is he who wisely tries To make that pearl his own.
- 4 Here living water gently flows
 To wash me from my sin;
 Here the fair tree of knowledge grow
 Nor danger dwells therein.
- This is the judge that ends the strife
 Where sense and reason fail;
 My guide to everlasting life
 Through all this gloomy vale.
- 6 May thy wise counsels, O my God, These roving feet command; And may I ne'er forsake the road That leads to thy right hand.

193. L. M. *Scot Inspiration and Preservation of the Scripture

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit! 'twas thy breath The oracles of truth inspired, And kings and holy seers of old With strong prophetic impulse fired.
- 2 Filled with thy great, almighty power, Their lips with heavenly science flowed Their hands a thousand wonders wroug Which bore the signature of God.
- 3 With gladsome hearts, they spread the of pardon through a Savior's blood, And to a numerous seeking crowd, Marked out the path to his abode.
- A The powers of earth and hell in vain Against the sacred word combine;
 Thy providence, through every age,
 Securely guards the book divine.

its great author, source of light, , its preserver, we adore; . humbly ask a ray from thee sacred wonders to explore.

194. L. M. 61. Anonymous.

Prayer for the Spirit of God's Word.

- 1 INSPIRER of the ancient seers, Who wrote from thee the sacred page! The same through all succeeding years! To us, in our degenerate age, The Spirit of thy word impart, And breathe its life into our heart. While now thine oracles we read. With earnest prayer and strong desire, O let thy truth from thee proceed Our souls to waken and inspire; Our weakness help, our darkness chase. And guide us by the light of grace.
- 3 Whene'er in error's paths we rove, And thee, our God, through sin forsake, Our conscience by thy word reprove, Convince, and bring us wanderers back, Deep wounded by thy Spirit's sword, And then by Gilead's balm restored.
- 4 The sacred lessons of thy grace, Transmitted through thy word, repeat, And train us up in all thy ways, And make us in thy will complete: Perfect thy work of saving love, And fit us for thy courts above.
- 5 Supplied from out thy treasury, O may we always ready stand To help the souls redeemed by thee, In what their various states demand; m

eprove, OVE. WATTS. s. Ps. 119. word my choice, powers rejoice, s engage. of thy love, in sight, omises I rove iight. wealth unknown, i life arise, bliss are sown, ry lies: iat mourners have, orrows blest; beyond the grave, ial rest. WATE. 8 Scriptures. Ps. 119. e thy holy law!
my delight:
my meditations draw dvice by night. g eyes prevent the day, itate thy word thy gospel, Lord.

clow doth thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And in my tiresome pilgrimage
Yields me a heavenly song.

- 4 No treasures so enrich the mind; Nor shall thy word be sold For loads of silver well refined, Nor heaps of choicest gold.
- 5 When nature sinks, and spirits droop, Thy promises of grace Are pillars to support my hope, And there I write thy praise.

CHRIST, HIS LIFE, MINISTR CHARACTER, &c.

197.

L. M.

WATTS.

Ckrist foretold.

1 BEHOLD the woman's promised Seed! Behold the great Messiah come! Behold the prophets all agreed To give him the superior room!

- 2 Abraham, the saint, rejoiced of old, When visions of the Lord he saw; Moses, the man of God, foretold This great Fulfiller of the law.
- 3 The types bore witness to his name, Obtained their chief design, and ceased The incense, and the bleeding lamb, The ark, the altar, and the priest.
- 4 Predictions in abundance meet To join their blessings on his head;— Jesus, we worship at thy feet; And nations own the promised Seed.

198.

C. M.

ANONYM

Christ's Coming forstold.

1 BEHOLD my servant! see him rise
Exalted in my might!

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To earth's remotest end.

- 3 Gentle and still shall be his voice; No threats from him proceed; The smoking flax he shall not quench, Nor break the bruised reed.
- 4 The feeble spark to flames he'll raise;
 The weak he'll not despise;
 Judgment he shall bring forth to truth,
 And make the fallen rise.
- 5 The progress of his zeal and power Shall never know decline; And foreign lands, and distant isles, Receive the law divine.

199. H. M. ANONYMOUS.

1 HARK! what celestial notes, What melody, we hear! Soft on the 3 'Glory to God on high! Ye mortals, spread the sound, And let your raptures fly To earth's remotest bound! For peace on earth, From God in heaven, to man is given, At Jesus' birth.'

200.

C. M. The Same. PATRICK.

1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around.

2 'Fear not,' said he, (for mighty dread Had seized their troubled mind,) 'Glad tidings of great joy I bring To you and all mankind.

3 'To you, in David's town, this day Is born, of David's line, A Savior, who is Christ the Lord; And this shall be the sign:

4 'The heavenly Babe you there shall find, To human view displayed, All many wrapt in swathing bands, And in a manger laid.'

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith Appeared a shining throng Of angels, praising God, who thus Addressed their joyful song:

6 'All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good will, henceforth, from heaven to men.
Begin, and never cease.'

*1*01.

7s M.

AHONTMOUL

The Same.

- 1 HARE! the herald-angels sing
 'Glory to the new-born King!
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 Man to God is reconciled.'
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise, Join the triumphs of the skies; With th' angelic hosts proclaim, 'Christ is born in Bethlehem.'
- 3 Mild, he lays his glories by; Born, that man no more may die; Born, to raise the sons of earth; Born, to give them second birth.
- 4 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Righteousness: Light and life to all he brings, Risen with healing in his wings.

202.

C. M.

*WATTS

The Same.

- 1 'SHEPHERDS! rejoice, lift up your eyes, And send your fears away; News from the regions of the skies — Salvation's born to-day.
- 2 'Jesus, your Lord, whom angels fear, Comes down to dwell with you; To-day he makes his entrance here, But not as monarchs do.
- 3 'No gold, nor purple swathing bands, Nor royal shining things; A manger for his cradle stands, And holds the King of kings.

12 17

- 4 'Go, shepherds, where the infant lies, And see his humble throne; With tears of joy in all your eyes, Go, shepherds, kiss the Son.'
- 5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around The heavenly armies throng; They tune their harps to lofty sound, And thus conclude the song:
- 6 'Glory to God that reigns above; Let peace surround the earth; Mortals shall know their Maker's love At their Redeemer's birth.'

203. 8s & 7s M. *CAWOO The Same,

- 1 HARK! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly sounding through the skies? Lo! th' angelic host rejoices; Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,—
 Hear them chant, in hymns of joy,
 'Glory in the highest,—glory!
 Glory be to God most high.
- 3 'Peace on earth, good will from heave Reaching far as man is found; Souls redecmed, and sins forgiven,— Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 'Christ is born, the great Anointed; Heaven and earth his praises sing! O receive whom God appointed For your Prophet, Priest and King?
- 5 Mortals, join! repeat the story; Sing our great Redeemer's birth; Spread the brightness of his glory Till it cover all the earth.

MINISTRY, CHARACTER, &c. 204, 205.

204.

C. M.

MEDLEY.

The Same.

1 MORTALS, awake! with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay:
Joy, love, and gratitude combine

Joy, love, and gratitude combine To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began, And sweet seraphic fire Through all the shining legions ran,

And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew, And loud the echo rolled;

The theme, the song, the joy was new, 'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;

And angels flew, with eager joy, To bear the news to man.

5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout, And glory leads the song;

Good-will and peace are heard throughout Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

6 Hail, Prince of Life, forever hail! Redeemer, Brother, Friend! Though earth, and time, and life should fail, 3 Join we then our feeting.
To the chorus of the sky;
And, in songs of grateful praise,
Glory give to God on high.

206. 11s & 10s M.

*HEBER.

The Same.

- 1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the East! th' horizon adorning, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining, Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall; Angels adore him, in slumber reclining, Monarch, Redeemer and Savior of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion, Odors of Edom and offerings divine, Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean. Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ampler oblation, Vainly with gifts would his favor secure; Richer by far is the heart's adoration, — Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine sad;
 Star of the East! th' horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
 180

.. iowiy sned Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But lo! a brighter, clearer light Now points to his abode; It shines through sin and sorrow's night,

To guide us to our Lord. 3 O haste to follow where it leads; The gracious call obey,

Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads, The Christian's destined way.

4 O gladly tread the narrow path While light and grace are given; We'll meekly follow Christ on earth, And reign with him in heaven.

208. C. M.

DODDRIDGE

Christ's Coming. 1 HARK, the glad sound! the Savior comes, The Savior promised long! Let every has

- 5 He comes, the broken near to bus,
 The bleeding soul to cure;
 And, with the treasures of his grace,
 T' enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace, Thy welcome shall proclaim; And heaven's eternal arches ring With thy beloved name.

209.

C. M.

WATTS

The Same. Ps. 98.

- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King: Let every heart prepare him room, And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth, the Savior reigns; Let men their songs employ;

MINISTRY, CHARACTER,

210. C. F. M.

ng of vice

night

bind,

1 O LET your mingling you
In grateful rapture to the
And hail a Savior's bi
And hail a Savior's bi
Let songs of joy the da
When Jesus all-triumph
To bless the sons of

To biess to bid the wing.

He came to bid the wing.

To heal the sinner's wing.

To bind the broke.

To spread the light of the world.

And to the world.

The heavenly gin
The heavenly gin
He came our tremb.
From sin, from sor
And chase our fi
Victorious over de
To lead us to a h
Where reigns

4 Then let your in In grateful rapit And hail a S. Let songs of it When Jesus al To bless the

211.

The

CHRIST, HIS LIFE,

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns, God's own almighty Son;

212

His power the sinking world sustains, And grace surrounds his throne. 3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,

Joy through the earth be seen; Let cities shine in bright array, And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise

Ye mountains, sink ; we valleys, rise, Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold, he comes! he comes to bless The nations from their God; To show the world his righteousness, And send his truth abroad.

DRUMMONI

The Voice of One crying in the Wilderness. A voice from the desert comes awful and

The Lord is advancing! prepare ye the The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil, And o'er the dark world pour the splen gsA.

fourn the proud mountain, though

RISTRY, CHARACTER, &c. 213, 214.

C. M. WATTS John the Herald of Christ.

The herald which the Prince of Per

The herald which the Prince of Peace Sent to prepare his ways.

- 2 'Behold the Lamb of God,' he cries. 'That takes our guilt away; I saw the Spirit o'er his head On his baptizing day.
- 3 'Be every vale exalted high, Sink every mountain low; The proud must stoop, and humble souls Shall his salvation know.
- 4 'The heathen realms with Israel's land Shall join in sweet accord; And all that's born of man shall see The glory of the Lord.
- 5 'Behold the Morning Star arise, Ye that in darkness sit; He marks the path that leads to peace, And guides our doubtful feet.'

214. L. M. Bowning.

Christ teaching the People.

- 1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound From lips of gentleness and grace, When listening thousands gathered round; And joy and reverence filled the place.
- 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke, To heaven he led his followers' way; Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke, Unveiling an immortal day.

- 3 'Come, wanderers, to my Father's home, Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!' Yes, sacred teacher, we will come, Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.
- 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
 Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
 A nobler mansion waits the just,
 And Jesus has prepared the way.

215.

L. M.

ANONYMOU

Christ's Character.

- 1 WITH warm delight and grateful joy Let all our best affections move, When we on Christ our thoughts employ, On him, whom, though unseen, we love.
- 2 How bright a pattern, and how pure, Hath he in all things kindly given, To make our path of duty sure, And guide our wandering steps to heaven
- 3 What constancy, what pious zeal, To do his heavenly Father's will, His law and mercy to reveal, And his all-gracious plans fulfil!
- 4 In all, with gratitude we view The steady purpose of his soul Our worldly passions to subdue, And all the powers of sin control.
- 5 Father of all! his God and ours!
 Accept the humble, joyful praise,
 Which, with our soul's united powers,
 For thy rich grace through him, we rei
 186

Y, CHARACTER, &C. 216, 217.

C. M.

ENFIELD.

The Same.

where in a mortal form each grace divine! s, all in Jesus met, ldest radiance shine.

the rays of heavenly light, the mourner joy, glad tidings to the poor, divine employ.

a reproach and cruel scorn und meek he stood! ugrateful, sought his life; red for their good.

left his righteous cause, his task pursued; ble prayer and holy faith ing strength renewed. hour of deep distress, is Father's throne, resigned, he bowed, and said, il, not mine, be done!' arr pattern and our guide! ge may we bear! tread his holy steps,

L. M. ANONYMOUS.

See how he loved.

and glory share!

loved!' exclaimed the Jews, rs from Jesus fell; eart the thought pursues, me delights to dwell.

- 2 See how he loved, who travelled on Teaching the doctrine from the skies; Who bade disease and pain be gone, And called the sleeping dead to rise.
- See how he loved, who, firm yet mild, Patient endured the scoffing tongue; Though oft provoked, he ne'er reviled, Nor did his greatest foe a wrong.
- 4 See how he loved, who never shrank From toil or danger, pain or death; Who all the cup of sorrow drank, And meekly yielded up his breath.
- 5 See how he loved, who died for man, Who labored thus, and thus endured, To finish all the gracious plan Which life and heaven to man secured.
- 6 Such love can we unmoved survey? O may our breasts with ardor glow To tread his steps, his laws obey, And thus our warm affections show!

218. C. M. ANONYMOUS. Christ's Miracles.

- 1 JESUS, and didst thou condescend, When veiled in human clay, To heal the sick, the lame, the blind, And drive disease away?
- 2 Didst thou regard the beggar's cry, And give the blind to see? — Jesus, thou Son of David, hear — Have mercy, too, on me!
- 3 And didst thou pity mortal woe, And sight and health restore !— O pity, Lord, and save my soul, Which needs thy mercy more! 188

MINISTRY, CHARACTER, &c. 219, 220.

4 Didst thou thy trembling servant raise,
When sinking in the wave?—
I perish, Lord!—O save my soul!
For thou alone canst save.

219. L. M. BUTCHER.

- 1 What works of wisdom, power, and love, Do Jesus' high commission prove, Attest his heaven-derived claim, And glorify his Father's name!
- 2 On eyes that never saw the day He pours the bright celestial ray; And deafened ears, by him unbound, Catch all the harmony of sound.
- 3 Lameness takes up its bed, and goes Rejoicing in the strength that flows Through every nerve; and, free from pain, Pours forth to God the grateful strain.
- 4 The shattered mind his word restores, And tunes afresh the mental powers; The dead revive, to life return, And bid affection cease to mourn.
- 5 Canst thou, my soul, these wonders trace, And not admire Jehovah's grace? Canst thou behold thy Prophet's power, And not the God he served adore?

220. L. M. *WATTS. Christ's Miracles a Proof of his Mission.

1 Behold, the blind their sight receive!
Behold, the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders! and the lame!
Leap like the hart, and bless his name!
189

- 2 Thus doth th' eternal spirit own And seal the mission of his Son; The Father vindicates his cause, While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
- 3 He dies! the heavens in mourning stood; He rises, and appears with God: Behold the Lord ascending high, No more to bleed, no more to die.
- 4 Hence and forever from my heart I bid my doubts and fears depart, And to those hands my soul resign Which bear credentials so divine.

221. L. M. *Doddendge.

Christ's Transfiguration.

- 1 When at a distance, Lord, we trace
 The various glories of thy face,
 What transport pours through all our breast,
 And charms our cares and woes to rest!
- 2 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy; Raptures divine my thoughts employ; I see the King of Glory shine, And feel his love, and call him mine.
- 3 On Tabor, thus his servants viewed His lustre, when transformed he stood; And, bidding earthly scenes farewell, Cried, 'Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell.'
- 4 Yet still our elevated eyes
 To nobler visions long to rise;
 That grand assembly would we join
 Where all thy saints around thee shine:
- That mount, how bright! those forms, how fair!
 Tis good to dwell forever there!
 And death, the envoy of our God,
 Shall hear us to that blest abode

190

With wider, fuller symphonies, Till all the earth's unnumbered throng Unite to swell the choral song:

5 'Hosanna in the highest strains! The mighty Son of David reigns! All praise to him on earth be given, And glory crown the song in heaven!'

øst,

223. C. M. Mrs. BARBAULI

Christ's new Command to his Disciples.

- 1 BEHOLD where, breathing love divine, Our dying Master stands! His weeping followers, gathering round, Receive his last commands.
- 2 From that mild Teacher's parting lips
 What tender accents tell!
 The gentle precept which he gave
 Became its Author well:

 191

Lo how the subblicating ele Whose breast expands with generous warmth And bleeds in pity o'er the wound He wants the power to heal. 5 Peace from the bosom of his God,

reace from the poson of this sact,
My peace to him I give;
My peace to him I give;
My deace to him I give;
And when he kneels before his
And when he kneels about the His trembling soul shall live. 6 To him protection shall be shown;

Descend on those who thus fulfil And mercy from above The perfect law of love,

C. P. M. Christ in the Garden. all below mighty woe,

*BICHARDS.

The Crucifizion.

- 1 THE morning dawns upon the place
 Where Jesus spent the night in prayer:
 Through yielding glooms behold his face,—
 Nor form nor comeliness is there.
- 2 Last eve, by those he called his own Betrayed, forsaken, or denied, He met his enemies alone, In all their malice, rage, and pride.
- 3 No guile within his mouth is found; He neither threatens nor complains; Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound, Dumb midst his murd'rers he remains.
- 4 But hark!—he prays,—'tis for his foes; He speaks,—'tis comfort to his friends, Answers,— and paradise bestows; He bows his head; the conflict ends. 18

206, 227. ehrist, his life,

5 Truly this was the Son of God! — Though in a servant's mean disguise, And bruised beneath his Father's rod, Not for himself. — for man, he dies.

226.

C. M.

S. STERNETT

The Same.

1 YONDER — amazing sight! — I see Th' incarnate Son of God Expiring on th' accursed tree, And weltering in his blood.

2 Behold a purple torrent run
Down from his hands and head!
The crimson tide puts out the sun;
His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth, the darkened sky, Proclaim the truth aloud, And with th' amazed centurion cry,

'This is the Son of God.'

So great — so vast a sacrifice
May well my hope revive:
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

5 O that these cords of love divine
Might draw me, Lord, to thee!
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine—
Thine it shall ever be!

227.

L. M. The Same. Mas. Strell.

1 STRETCHED on the cross, the Savior dies; Hark! his expiring groans arise!
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide!
194

MINISTRY, CHARACTER, &C.

But life attends the deathful sound, And flows from every bleeding wound; The vital stream, how free it flows, To save and cleanse his rebel foes!

3 And didst thou bleed?— for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No! he withdrew his sickening ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning day.

• Can I survey this scene of woe, Where mingling grief and wonder flow, And yet my heart unmoved remain, Insensible to love or pain?

5 Come, dearest Lord! thy grace impart, To warm this cold, this stupid heart, Till all its powers and passions move In melting grief and ardent love.

228. C. M. ANONYMOUS. 'It is finished.'

1 BEHOLD the Savior on the cross, A spectacle of woe!

See from his agonizing wounds
The blood incessant flow—

2 Till death's pale ensigns o'er his cheek And trembling lips were spread; Till light forsook his closing eyes,

And life his drooping head.

3 'Tis finished — was his latest voice:
. These sacred accents o'er,

He bowed his head, gave up the ghost, And suffered pain no more.

4 Tis finished — the Messiah dies
For sins, but not his own;
The great redemption is complete,
And death is overthrown.

CHRIST, HIS LIFE, 5 Tis finished - all his groams are past; ns nusneu au us saud toils His blood, his pain and toils Have fully vanduished all our foes And crowned him with their spoils. 6 Tis finished - ritual worship ends, All old things now are passed away, A new world is begun. *STERNETT. L. M. The Same. 1 TIs finished! so the Savior eried, and meckly howed his head, and died: And meetly howed his head, and di "Tis finished—yes, the race is run, The battle fought, the victory won. 2 "Tis finished—all that Heaven decreed, And all the ancient prophets said, Is now fulfilled, as was designed, In me, the Savior of mankind. 3 "Tis finished - this my dying groan Shall sins of every kind atone; Millions shall be redeemed from deal By this my last, expiring breath. 4 "Tis finished - man is reconciled, And all the powers of darkness se Peace, love, and happiness again Return and dwell with sinful men 5 Tis finished - let the joyful sor Be heard by all the nations rov Tis finished let the echo fi Through earth below. and w

ministry, character, &c. \$30, 231.

230. 8s 7s & 4s M. Anonymous. The Same.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See! it rends the rocks asunder—
Shakes the earth— and veils the sky!
'It is finished!'
Heartha dvine Sovice and!

Hear the dying Savior cry!

2 'It is finished!'—O, what pleasure Do these sacred words afford! Heavenly blessings, without measure, Flow to us through Christ the Lord! 'It is finished!'—

Saints, the dying words record!

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All in earth and heaven, uniting,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

231. L. M.

ζ

WATTS

Christ dying, rising, and reigning.

1 HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around!

A solemn darkness veils the skies!

A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
croaned beneath your load:

But lo, what sudden joys we see! Jesus, the dead, revives again!

- 4 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb The tomb in vain forbids his rise; Cherubic legions guard him home, And shout him welcome to the skies!
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell How high our great Deliverer reigns; Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell, And led the monster Death in chains.
- 6 Say, 'Live forever, wondrous King, Born to redeem, and strong to save;' Then ask the monster, 'Where's thy sting? And where's thy victory, boasting grave?'

232. 7s M.

Anonymous.

Christ rising and ascending. Ps. 94.

- 1 ANGELS, roll the rock away; Death, yield up thy mighty prey: See! he rises from the tomb, Glowing with immortal bloom. Hallelujah, &c.
- 2 'Tis the Savior! angels, raise Fame's eternal trump of praise; Let the earth's remotest bound Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

 Hallelujah, &c.
- 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes, Now to glory see him rise In long triumph up the sky, Up to waiting worlds on high. Hallelujah, ôcc.

Praise, and sweep your golden lyres; Shout, O earth, in rapturous song! Let the strains be sweet and strong. Hallelujah, &c.

6 Every note with wonder swell,— Sin o'erthrown, and captived hell: Where is hell's once dreaded king? Where, O death, thy moral sting? Hallelujah, dyc.

L. M.

233.

RAFFLES.

Abide with us.

ABIDE with us — the evening shades
Begin already to prevail;
And, as the lingering twilight fades,

Dark clouds along th' horizon sail.

2 Abide with us—the night is chill,
And damp and cheerless is the air.

234.

L. M.

A

Christ risen and ascending. Ps.

- 1 Our Lord is risen from the dead, Our Jesus is gone up on high; The powers of hell are captive le Dragged to the portals of the sky
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits And angels chant the solemn lay 'Lift up your heads, ye heavenly Ye everlasting doors, give way!'
- 3 Loose all your bars of massive li And wide unfold the radiant scen

235.

7s M.

ANONYMOUS.

Christ is risen.

- 1 'CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,' Sons of men and angels say; Raise your joys and triumphs high, Sing, ye heavens, and, earth, reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done, Fought the fight, the battle's won; Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er, Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,— Christ hath burst the gates of hell; Death in vain forbids his rise, Christ hath opened paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King;
 'Where, O death, is now thy sting?'
 Once he died our souls to save—
 'Where's thy victory, boasting grave?'
- 5 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven! Praise to thee by both be given: Thee we greet, triumphant now; Hail! the Resurrection — Thou.

236. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

4 Crown him Lord of all.

CHRIST, HIS LIFE,

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go — spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.
Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,

And crown him Lord of all.

37. L. M. *Madley.

Praise for his Loving-kindness. WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays, nd sing thy great Redeemer's praise; e justly claims a song from meis loving-kindness, O, how free! e saw me dead in sin and thrall, et loved me, notwithstanding all ; e saved me from my lost estate is loving-kindness, O, how great! nough numerous hosts of mighty foes. rough earth and hell my way oppose, e safely leads my soul along --is loving-kindness, O, how strong! hen trouble, like a gloomy cloud, s gathered thick and thundered loud, near my soul has always stoodoving-kindness, O, how good! 202

on shall I pass the gloomy vale, on all my mortal powers must fail; I may my last expring breath His loving-kindness sing in death! Then let me mount and soar away To the bright world of endless day, And sing with rapture and surprise His loving-kindness in the skies.

238. S. M. HAMMOND.

The Song of Moses and the Lamb.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake every heart and every tongue
To praise the Savior's name!

- 2 Sing of his dying love Sing of his rising power — Sing how he intercedes above For us, whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing, till we feel our heart Ascending with our tongue; Sing, till the love of sin depart, And grace inspire our song.
- 4 Sing on your heavenly way, Ye ransomed sinners — sing; Sing on, rejoicing every day In Christ, th' eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall we hear him say, 'Ye blessed children, come!' Soon will he call us hence away To our eternal home.
- 6 There shall our raptured tongue His endless praise proclaim, And sweeter voices tune the song Of Moses and the Lamb!

Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme; My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name; Ye angels, dwell upon the sound; Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

6 O may I live to reach the place Where he unveils his lovely face; Where all his beauties you behold, And sing his name to harps of gold!

240. C. M. WATTI

Christ worthy to be exalted.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongs
But all their joys are one204

And blessings, more than we can give, Be, Lord, forever thine.

- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky, And air, and earth, and seas, Conspire to lift thy glories high, And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one, To bless the sacred name Of him that sits upon the throne, And to adore the Lamb!

241.

Anonymous.

L. M.
Universal Praise to Christ.

1 WORTHY the Lamb of boundless swav. In earth and heaven the Lord of Ye princes, ruler Crowns become the

2 Hark!—those bursts
Hark!—those loud
Jesus takes the highes
Oh, what joy the sig

Crown him! cr King of kings, and

243. L. N

1 EXALTED Prince of l The royal honors of t 'Tis fixed by God's al And seraphs bow at the

2 Exalted Savior, we con The sovereign triumple Where beams of gent And temper majesty con Wide thy resistless so

Till all thine enemies
Wide may thy cross i
And conquer millions
4 Mighty to vanguish, a

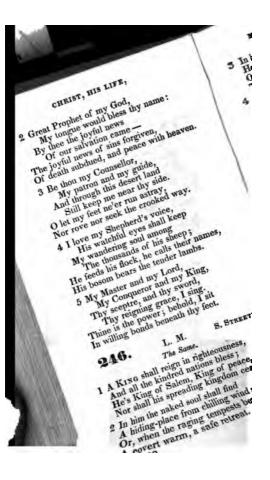
4 Mighty to vanquish, a
Thine Israel shall rep
And loud proclaim th
Which works their lif

MINISTRY, CHARACTER, &c. 244, 245.

244. 6s & 4s. M. Anonymous.

Worthy the Lamb.

- 1 GLORY to God on high!
 Let earth and skies reply,—
 Praise ye his name!
 His love and grace adore
 Who all our sorrows bore;
 Sing aloud evermore,
 Worthy the Lamb!
 - 2 Join, all ye ransomed race, Our holy Lord to bless; Praise ye his name; In him we will rejoice, And make a joyful noise, Shouting with heart and voice, Worthy the Lamb!
- 3 What though we change our place, Yet we shall never cease Praising his name; To him our songs we bring, Hail him our gracious King, And without ceasing sing, Worthy the Lamb!



t ears shall hearken, and obtain he words of life from Christ the Lamb.

247. C. M. Anonymous. Christ the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

1 Thou art the Way—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth — thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only count inform the mind

Thou only canst inform the mind, And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life — the rending tomb Proclaims thy conquering arm, And those who put their trust in thee Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth the Tree

The pure, use control that shines e'en in the tor. The light that out of darkness spring And guideth those that blindly go; The word whose precious radiance Its lustre upon all below.

3 Thou art the Life — the blessed W With living waters gushing o'er, Which those that drink shall ever Where sin and thirst are known m Thou art the mystic pillar given, Our lamp by night, our light by d Thou art the sacred bread from b Thou art the Life — the Truth —

949

S. M.

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250. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

- 1 To us a Child of hope is born,
 To us a Son is given;
 Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
 Him, all the hosts of heaven.
- 2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace, Forevermore adored, The Wonderful, the Counsellor, The great and mighty Lord.
- 3 His power increasing still shall spread;
 His reign no end shall know;
 Justice shall guard his throne above,
 And peace abound below.
- 4 To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is given — The Wonderful, the Counsellor, The mighty Lord of heaven.

251. 8s & 7s M. HART. The Same.

1 Come, thou long-expected Jesus, Born to set thy people free; From our fears and sins release us, Let us find our rest in thee.

- 2 Israel's strength and consolation, Hope of all the saints thou art; Dear desire of every nation, Joy of every waiting heart.
- 3 Born thy people to deliver.

CHRIST, HIS LIFE, 4 By thine own eternal spirit Rule in all our hearts alone; 252, 253. By thine all-sufficient merit Raise us to thy glorious throne. ANONYMOUS. 1 THE race that long in darkness pined C. M. The people dwell in day, who dwelt In death's surrounding night. 2 To hall thy rise, thou better Sun, The gathering nations come one gamering nations come loyous, as when the reapers bear The harvest treasures home. 3 To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Sou is given, the obey, Him, all the hosts of heaven. 4 His name shall be the Prince of Pea Whose rule shall stretch abroad, The Worderful, the Coursellor, The great and mighty Lord. 5 His power increasing still shall sp His reign no end shall know Justice shall guard his throne ab And peace abound below. C. M. The Same. 1 Our Lord shall be our hidir A covert from the storm And, by the riches of his Secure from every has u weary land,

Is Jesus to his fainting flock —
He guards them with his hand.

4 Clearness of sight he will bestow, Our dimness take away, And make us all his goodness know In an eternal day.

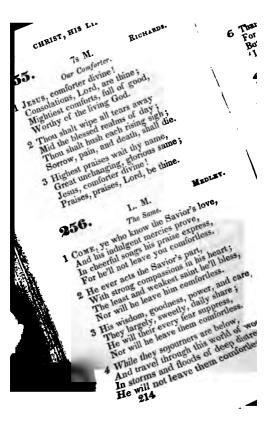
5 There we shall hear the joyful sound, Salvation in the Lord; And on the fair celestial ground Our thankful songs record.

254. C. M. ANONYMOUS

A Name above every Name.

1 JESUS! exalted far on high, To whom a name is given,— A name surpassing every name That's known in earth or heaven!

2 Before thy throne shall every knee



MINISTRY, CHARACTER, &c. 257, 258.

5 So when they pass death's gloomy vale, And flesh and mortal powers shall fail, Their dying lips shall then confess, He does not leave them comfortless.

6 Thanks to thy name, our dearest Lord, For every promise in thy word; But, O, with this our hearts impress, 'I will not leave you comfortless.'

257.

L. M.

WATTL

The Corner-Stone. Ps. 118.

1 Lo! what a glorious corner-stone The Jewish builders did refuse; But God hath built his church thereon, In spite of envy and the Jews.

2 Great God! the work is all divine, The joy and wonder of our eyes; This is the day that proves it thine, The day that saw our Savior rise.

3 Sinners rejoice, and saints be glad; Hosanna! let his name be bleat! A thousand honors on his head, With peace, and light, and glory rest!

4 In God's own name be comes to bring Salvation to our dying race; Let the whole church address their king 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear, And saints adore the name; They trust their whole salvation here, Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest, Reject it with disdain; Yet on this Rock the church shall rest, And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood, Yet must this building rise:
Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

259.

S. M.

WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 118.

1 SEE what a living stone The builders did refuse; Yet God hath built his church thereon, In spite of envious Jews.

2 The scribe and angry priest Reject thine only Son; Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest, As the chief corner-stone.

3 The work, O Lord, is thine, And wondrous in our eyes; This day declares it all divine, This day did Jesus rise.

4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray—
Let all the church be glad.

b Hosanna to the king
Of David's royal blood!
Bless him, ye saints: he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.
216

6 We bless thine holy word, Which all this grace displays; And offer on thine altar, Lord, Our sacrifice of praise.

260.

*NEWTON.

P. M. Our Friend.

- 1 One there is, above all others, Well deserves the name of friend; His is love beyond a brother's, Costly, free, and knows no end: They who once his kindness prove Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Which, of all our friends, to save us, Could, or would have shed his blood? But our Jesus died to have us Reconciled in him to God: This was boundless love indeed! Jesus is a Friend in need.
- 3 When he lived on earth ill-treated, Friend of sinners was his name; Now, above all glory seated, He rejoices in the same: Still he calls them brethren, friencis, And to all their wants attends.
- 4 O, for grace, our hearts to soften!

CHRIST, HIS LIFE, Doddsidgs. <u></u>2. 1 Jasus, I sing thy matchless grace.
That calls a worm thy own; C. M. Gives me amoug thy sames a place, 261. Allied to thee our vital nead thrive;
We live, and grow, and is dead
From thee divided, each attention 2 Allied to thee our vital head, When most he seems alive. Thy saints on earth and those above Here join in sweet accord; One body all in munal love, And thon our common Lord. 4 O, may my faul each hour derve U, may my taun each nour derive Thy spirit with delight; While doath and hell in vain shall strive 5 Thou the whole body will Present Before thy Father's face; Not shall a whinkle of a shot Its beauteous form disgrace. WATER Wirth joy we mediate the grace C. M. His heart is made of tenderness, His bowels melt with love. Touched with a sympathy within, He knows our feedle frame; He knows what sore lempaned For he has fell the same. 218

- our out his cries and tears. And in his measure feels afresh What every member bears.

5 He'll never quench the smoking flax, But raise it to a flame; The bruised reed he never breaks, Nor scorns the meanest name.

6 Then let our humble faith address His mercy and his power; We shall obtain delivering grace In the distressing hour.

263.

L. M.

MAROZ

The Image of the Invisible God.

1 Thou, Lord! by mortal eyes unseen, And by thine offspring here unknown, To manifest thyself to men, Hast set thine image in the

CHRIST, HIS LIFE, Yet those who trusted in his name Beheld in him thy truth and grace. ,265. 5 O thou! at whose almighty word Fair light at first from darkness shone, Teach us to know our glorious Lord, And trace the Father in the Son. 6 While we, thine image there displayed, With love and admiration view, Form us in likeness to our Head, That we may bear thine image too. *Doddbidge. L. M. 1 WITH transport, Lord, our souls proclaim The importal honors of thy name; Assembled round our Savior's throne, We make his ceaseless glories known. I mrough an successing uges ne shall be;
The same hath been, the same shall be;
Innortal radiance grids his head,
Innortal radiance grids his 2 Through all succeeding ages he While stars and suns wax old and fade. 3 The same his power his flock to guard;
The same his bounty to reward; The same his faithfulness and love To saints on earth, and saints above. 4 Let nature change, and sink, and die, Josus shall raise his people high, And fix them near his stable throne, In glory changeless as his own. E. T The Universal King. 1 COME, sing a Savior's power, And praise his mighty man His wondrous love adore, And chant his growing fame. Wide o'er the world a king shall reign, And righteousness and peace maintain.

- 2 The sceptre of his grace
 He shall forever wield;
 His foes, before his face,
 To strength divine shall yield:
 The conquest of his truth shall show
 What an almighty arm can do.
- 3 His alienated sons,
 By sin beguiled, betrayed,
 Shall then be born at once,
 And willing subjects made:
 Such numbers shall his courts adorn
 As dew-drops of the vernal morn.
- 4 His realm shall ever stand,
 By liberal things upbeld;
 And from his bounteous hand
 All hearts with joy be filled.
 A universe with praise shall own
 The countless honors of his throne.

266.

8s & 7s M. Anonymous.

The Light of the World.

- 1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling' Borders on the shades of death! Rise on us, thyself revealing,— Rise, and chase the clouds beneath.
- 2 Thou, the light of every creature, In our deepest darkness rise; Scatter all the night of nature, Pour the day upon our eyes.

267.

- 3 Still we wait for thine appearing; Life and joy thy beams impart, Chasing all our fears, and cheering Every meek and contrite heart.
- 4 Save us in thy great compassion, O thou prince of peace and love! Give the knowledge of salvation, Fix our hearts on things above.
- 5 By thine all-sufficient merit Every burdened soul release; Every weary, wandering spirit Guide into thy perfect peace.

267.

7s M.

Anonymou

- Our Refuge.

 1 JESUS! Savior of my soul,
 Let me to thy shelter fly,
 While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide;
 O, receive my soul at last.
 - 2 Other refuge have I none; Helpless hangs my soul on thee; Leave, ah! leave me not alone, Still support and comfort me: All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring; Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I went;
 All in all in thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,

MINISTRY, CHARACTER, &c. 268, 269.

Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to pardon all our sin; Let the healing streams abound: Make and keep us pure within.

268. C. M. Anonymous.

God's Servant.

- 1 Thus saith the Lord who built the heavens, And bade the planets roll, Who peopled all the climes of earth, And formed the human soul:—
- 2 'Behold my Servant; see him rise Exalted in my might; Him have I chosen, and in him I place supreme delight.
- 3 'On him, in rich effusion poured, My spirit shall descend; My truth and judgment he shall show To earth's remotest end.
- 4 'The progress of his zeal and power Shall never know decline, Till foreign lands and distant isles Receive the law divine.'

269. S. M. Mrs. Strelle.

Our Shepherd. Ps. 23. 1 WHILE my Redeemer's near,

- My shepherd and my guide,
 I bid farewell to anxious fear;
 My wants are all supplied.
- 2 To ever-fragrant meads
 Where rich abundance grows,

His gracious hand indulgent leads, And guards my sweet repose.

3 Along the lovely scene
Cool waters gently roll,
Transparent, sweet, and all serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.

4 Here let my spirit rest; How sweet a lot is mine! With pleasure, food, and safety, blest; Beneficence divine!

5 Dear Shepherd, if I stray, My wandering feet restore, To thy fair pastures guide my way, And let me rove no more.

6 Unworthy as I am
Of thy protecting care,
Jesus, I plead thy gracious name,
For all my hopes are there.

270.

L. M.

*Buddon

The Morning Star.

1 YE worlds of light, that roll so near The Savior's throne of shining bliss, O tell how mean your glories are— How faint and few, compared with his!

2 We sing the bright and morning Star, Jesus, the spring of light and love: See, how its rays, diffused from far, Conduct us to the realms above!

3 Its cheering beams, spread wide abroad, Point out the wildered Christian's way: Still, as he goes, he finds the road, Enlightened with a constant day.

MINISTRY, CHARACTER, &c. 271, 272.

4 Thus, when the eastern wise men brought Their royal gifts, a star appears — Directs them to the babe they sought, And guides their steps, and calms their fears.

5 When shall we reach the heavenly place
Where this bright star shall brightest shine?
Leave far behind these scenes of night,
And view a lustre so divine?

271. 79

7s M. *Anonymous.

Jacob's Star.

1 Sons of men, behold from far, Hail the long-expected star! Jacob's star, that gilds the night, Guiding wildered men aright.

2 Mild it shines on all beneath, Piercing through the shades of death, Scattering error's wide-spread night, Kindling darkness into light.

3 Nations all, remote and near, Haste to see your Lord appear;

Haste, for him your hearts prepare, Meet him manifested there!

4 There behold the day-spring rise, Pouring light on mortal eyes; See it chase the shades away, Shining to the perfect day. In nun Jenovan ... His mercy, love, and grace ...

- 3 God made from darkness light to shine; And, through the mighty Savior's grace, Will give the light of life divine To every child of Adam's race.
- 4 Immortal Source of light and life, In brighter flames of brilliance move, Till all are turned from sin and strife, To sing the deathless song of love.

273.

L. M.

WATTS.

Instating Christ.

1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord, I read my duty in thy word; But in thy life the law appears Drawn out in living characters.

" and such thy zeal.

MINISTRY, CHARACTER, &c. 274, 275.

274.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Imitating Christ in Duties and Sufferings.

In duties and in sufferings too, Thy path, my Lord, I'd trace;

As thou hast done, so would I do, Depending on thy grace.

Inflamed with zeal, 'twas thy delight
To do thy Father's will;

O may that zeal my soul excite Thy precepts to fulfil.

Meekness, humility, and love, Through all thy conduct shine; O may my whole deportment prove

A copy, Lord, of thine.

275.

L. M. MRS. STEELE.

Christ our Example.

AND is the gospel peace and love? So let our conversation be; The serpent blended with the dove, Wisdom and meek simplicity.

Whene'er the angry passions rise and tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife, To Jesus let us lift our eyes, bright pattern of the Christian life!

Watch with him his gire to pro-Watch with him 2 Follow to the judgment-hall, ned ... View the Lord of life arrangent O the wormwood and the gall; O the panes his soul sustained! O the pauge ms sour sustained. Shun not suffering, shame or loss; Sum not suncting, summe or uses. Learn of him to bear the cross. 3 Calvary's mountain mountain climb; There admirage of time Mark that miracle of God's own sacrifice complete: This finished, hear him cry; Learn of Jesus Christ to die. Karly pasten to the tomb his breathess clay Where they laid his breath away Where they laid his property All is solitude and gloom; Who has taken him away Christ in mount, he mounts com 4 Early haston to the tomb Christ is risen; he meets our ex Savior, leach us so to rise.

MINISTRY, CHARACTER, &c. 277, 278.

277. L. M. *H. BALLOU.

Christ's Example in Forgiving.

- 1 TEACH us to feel as Jesus prayed, When on the cross he bleeding hung; When all his foes their wrath displayed, And with their spite his bosom stung.
- 2 Till death he loved his foes, and said, 'Father, forgive,'—then groaned and died; And when arisen from the dead, His mercy to their souls applied.
- 3 For such a heart and such a love, O Lord, we raise our prayer to thee; O pour thy spirit from above, That we may like our Savior be.

278. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Christ's Example of Love to Enemies.

- 1 ALOUD we sing the wondrous grace Christ to his foes did bear; Which made the torturing cross its throne, And hung its trophies there.
- 2 'Father, forgive!' his mercy cried, With his expiring breath, And drew eternal blessings down On those who wrought his death.

He sees my wants, alla And counts and treasur

2 If aught should tempt :
From heavenly virtue's
To fly the good I woul
Or do the sin I would r
Still, he who felt tempt:

Still, he who felt tempt: Shall guard me in that

3 If wounded love my be Deceived by those I pr

He shall his pitying aid
Who felt on earth seven
At once betrayed, denin
By all that shared his d
When sorrowing o'er so

Which covers all that v And from his voice, his Divides me for a little v Thou, Savior, seest the 280.

S. M.

WATTS.

The Law and the Gospel.

1 The law by Moses came;
But peace and truth and love
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,
Descending from above.

- Amidst the house of God
 Their different works were done;

 Moses a faithful servant stood,
 But Christ a faithful Son.
- 3 Then to his new commands
 Be strict obedience paid;
 O'er all his Father's house he standard.

2 But we are come to The city of our G Where milder words And spread his lov 3 Behold th' innumeral Of angels clothed Behold the spirits of Whose faith is turn 4 Behold the blest asse Whose names are And God, the judge Their vilest sins fo 5 The saints on earth, But one communic All join in Christ, the And of his grace p 6 In such society as thi My weary soul wo The man that dwells

Must he forever his

THE GOSPEL.

- 2 He wears no terrors on his brow; He speaks in love from Zion now: It is the voice of Jesus' blood That calls us, wanderers, back to God.
- 3 His servant Moses quaked and feared, When Sinai's thundering law he heard; But gospel grace, with accents mild, Speaks to the sinner as a child.
- 4 What other arguments can move The heart that slights a Savior's love? O may that heavenly power be felt, And cause the stony heart to melt!

283. C. M. WATTS. Blessedness of the Gospel. Ps. 89.

- 1 Blest are the souls that hear and know The gospel's joyful sound; Peace shall attend the paths they go, And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up Through their Redeemer's name; His righteousness exalts their hope, Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence, Strength and salvation gives: Israel, thy king forever reigns,

No heart can io..., The wonders of his love and gio....

- 3 In every age the Lord was kind, And to his church revealed his mind; But we enjoy a wondrous store Of mercies never known before.
- 4 The sun of heaven illumes the soul; Oceans of mercies sweetly roll; The heavenly streams of truth and love Flow freely from the fount above.
- 5 O happy day! we live to see How kind to men our God can be; His greatest mercies stand confessed, And Zion is divinely blessed.
- 6 Thy truth and loving kindness, Lord, We will with holy songs record; To us are richest favors given, And praises shall return to heaven.

QR5. C. M. ANONYMO

4 The pained, the sick, the dying, now To ease and health restored, With eager appetites partake The plenties of the board.

5 But, O, what draughts of bliss unknown, What dainties shall be given, When, with the myriads round the throne, We join the feast of heaven!

6 There joys immeasurably high Shall overflow the soul, And springs of life, that never dry, In thousand channels roll.

286. L. M. DODDRIDGE.
The Gospel Jubiles.

- 1 Loud let the tuneful trumpet sound, And spread the joyful tidings round; Let every soul with transport hear, And hail the Lord's accepted year.
- 2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to knew That you ten thousand talents owe, When humbled at his feet you fall, Your gracious God forgives them all.
- 3 Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign, To liberty assert your claim, And tyre the great Redeemer's name

THE GOSPEL.

6 O happy souls that know the sourced! 287.

Celesual light their steps surround, which through eternal years shall run. And show that jubilee begun,

ANONYMOUS. H. M. 287.

The Same.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow The gladly solemn sound! Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound, The year of jubilee is come; Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Ye who have sold for nought The heritage above, Shall have it back unbought, The gift of Jesus' love The year of jubilee is come; Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell, Your liberty receive, And safe in Jesus dwell, And blest in Jesus live : The year of jubilee is come; Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear The news of pardoning grace; Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Savior's face.
The year of jubilee is come; Return, ye ransomed sinners, by 236

5 Jesus, our great high-priest,
Has full assurance made;
Ye weary spirits, rest!
Ye mournful souls, be glad!
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

288. L. M. ANONYMOUS.
Influence of the Gospel like Rain.

- 1 As showers on meadows newly mown, Jesus shall shed his blessings down; Crowned with whose life-infusing drops, Earth shall renew her blissful crops.
- 2 Lands that beneath a burning sky Have long been desolate and dry, Th' effusions of his love shall share, And sudden greens and herbage wear.
- 3 The dews and rains, in all their store, Drenching the pastures o'er and o'er, Are not so copious as that grace Which sanctifies and saves our race.
- 4 As, in soft silence, vernal showers



But waters earth t
And calls forth all
2 Arrayed in beat
The hills and
And man and b
By provident
The harvest bows
The copious seed
3 'So,' saith the (
'My gospel s
Almighty to eff
The purpose
Millions of souls
And bear it down

290. C.

In the blest fountain that his Son Has opened for our race.

- 4 Our guilt shall vanish all away, Though black as night before; Our sins shall sink beneath the sea, And shall be found no more.
- 5 Here shall his sacred spirit dwell, And deep engrave his law; And every motion of our souls To swift obedience draw.
- 6 Thus will he pour salvation down, And we shall render praise; We, the dear people of his love, And he, our God of grace.

291.

L. M.

WATTS.

Gospel Invitations.

- 1 'Come hither, all ye weary souls, Ye heavy-laden suners, come! I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 'They shall find rest that learn of me; I'm of a meek and lowly mind; But passion rages like the sea,

2 Let him that heare
To all about him,
Let him that thirsts f
To Christ the four

O let him freely ex And freely drink the 'Tis Jesus bids him

4 Lo! Jesus, who in Declares, I quick! Lord, even so! I wa Jesus, my Savior,

293. C. M.

1 YE wretched, hungr Behold a royal fet Where mercy spread For every humble 4 Come then, and with his people taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast,
Of nobler joys above.

5 There, with united heart and voice, Before th' eternal throne, Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice In ecstasies unknown.

6 And yet ten thousand thousand more Are welcome still to come: Ye longing souls, the grace adore;— Approach, there yet is room.

294. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

1 COME, sinners, to the gospel feast; Let every soul be Jesus' guest; Ye need not one be left behind, For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 'Have me excused' — why will you say?— From health, and life, and liberty, From all that is in Jesus given, From pardon, holiness, and heaven!

3 Come, then, ye souls by sin oppressed, Ye weary wanderers after rest, Ye poor and maimed, halt and blind, In Christ 3 bearty welcome find.

THE GOSPEL. ANONYMO WE. . Ho, every one that thirstelk! ,296 Whirsty souls, approach the spring.
Where fiving waters flow; where using which down and all Free to that secred foundain, all 2 How long to streams of false delight Will your crowns repair f.
How long your strongth and sobstance waste 3 My stores afford those rich supplies Induced that hears shall live. 4 With you a covenant I will make, That ever shall enqure;
The hope which graddened
The hope which produces are the same to be the same to the same t 5 Behold, be comes | your leader comes, With might and honor crowned; with might and nonor crowned.

With shall spread my name.

With shall spread my name.

To earth's remotest bound. 6 See, nations hasten to his call Islands unknown shall bow to king And Israel's God adore. C. M. 1 THE Savior calls, let ere The Same. **29**6. Ye doubling souls, distance Hope smiles reviving

Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4 Ye sunners, come, 'tis mercy's voice;
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,—
And can you yet delay!

5 Dear Savior, draw reluctant hearts; To thee let sinners fly, And take the bliss thy love imparts, And drink, and never die.

297.

C. M.

WATTE.

Invitation to the Gospel Feast.

 Let every mortal ear attend, And every heart rejoice;
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls, That feed upon the wind, And vainly strive with earthly toys To fill an empty mind,—

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams, And pine away and die —

the proud world s ed the barren waste, hither haste! on beds of pain, but seek in vain; ollen and sleepless eyes 300 the morning rise; r anguish torn, or guilt who mourn, 1 PRAI To b your heavy care: Prau spirit who can bear? Swa ne! for here is found flows for every wound; 2 Pra t ever shall endure, tal, sacred, sure.

The Gospel Covenant sure. Ps. 89.

My never-ceasing song shall show

The mercies of the Lord,
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce Shall firm as heaven endure; And if he speak a promise once Th' eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held The promised Jewish throne! But there's a nobler covenant sealed To David's greater Son.

4 His seed forever shall possess A throne above the skies; The meanest subject of his grace Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways Are sung by saints above; And saints on earth their honors raise To thine unchanging love.

300.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Promises sure.

1 Praise, everlasting praise be paid To him who earth's foundations laid; Praise to the God whose strong decrees Sway the creation as he please.

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord, Who rules his people by his word; And there, as strong as his decrees, He sets his kindest promises.

245

- 301.
- 3 Each of them powerful as that sound That bid the new-made world go round ; And stronger than the solid poles, On which the wheel of nature rolls.
 - 4 O for a strong, a lasting faith, To credit what th' Almighty saith! T' embrace the message of his Son, And call the joys of heaven our own!
 - 5 Then, should the earth's old pillars shake, And all the wheels of nature break, Our steady souls would fear no more Than solid rocks when billows roar;
 - 6 Our everlasting hopes arise Above the ruinable skies, Where the eternal Builder reigns, And his own courts his power sustains. WATTS.

301.

C. M.

1 Begin, my tongue, some heavenly them And speak some lofty thing; The mighty works, or mighty name

Of our eternal King!

- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness, Or sound his power abroad; Sing the blest promise of his grace, And the performing God.
 - 3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord To sinful, dying men; His hand has writ the sacred word With an immortal pen.
 - 4 Engraved as in eternal brass The gracious promise shines; Nor can the powers of darkness w Those everlasting lines. 246

All Nations promised to Christ.

- 1 FATHER, is not thy promise pledged
 To thine exalted Son,
 That through the nations of the earth
 Thy word of life shall run?
- 2 'Ask, and I give the heathen lands For thine inheritance, And to the world's remotest shores
 - And to the world's remotest shores Thine empire shall advance.'
- 3 Hast thou not said, the blinded Jews Shall their Redeemer own; While Gentiles to his standard crowd, And bow before his throne?
- 4 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues, Beneath th' expanse of heaven, To the dominion of thy Son

1 LOBD, send thy word, and let it Armed with thy Spirit's powe Ten thousand shall confess its s And bless the saving hour.

2 Beneath the influence of thy gr The barren wastes shall rise, With sudden greens and fruits

A blooming paradise. 3 True holiness shall strike its r

In each regenerate heart, Shall in a growth divine arise And heavenly fruits impart

4 Peace, with her olives crown Her wings from shore to s No trump shall rouse the rag Nor murderous cannon ro 5 Lord, for those days we wa

Are in thy word foretold Fly swifter, sun and stars, And the everlasting gospel Spread abroad thy holy name.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel; Win and conquer, never cease; May thy lasting wide dominions Multiply and still increase.

249

THE REIGN OF CHR

L. M. 305.

Universal Blessings of Christ's Re

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the Does his successive journeys His kingdom stretch from sh Till moons shall wax and wa
 - 2 Behold the islands, with thei And Europe, her best tribute From north to south the prin To nav their homage at his

7s & 6s M. Montgo
The Same, Ps, 72,

1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed! Great David's greater Son; Hail, in the time appointed, His reign on earth begun! He comes to break oppression, To set the captive free; To take away transgression, And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for signing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned, and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

[3 By such shall he be feared While sun and more

306.

Before him, on the mountains, Shall peace, the herald, go, And righteousness, in fountains, From hill to valley flow.

PART II.

- To him shall bend the resistance;
 To him shall bend the resistance;
 The Ethiopian stranger
 His glory come to see;
 With offerings of devotion
 Ships from the isles shall meet,
 To pour the wealth of ocean
 In tribute at his feet.
 - 6 Kings shall fall down before him,
 And gold and incense bring;
 All nations shall adore him,
 His praise all people sing;
 For he shall have dominion
 O'er river, sea, and shore,
 Far as the eagle's pinion
 Or dove's light wing can soar.
 - 7 For him shall prayer unceasing
 And daily vows ascend;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end.
 The mountain-dews shall not
 A seed in weakness sown,
 Whose fruit shall spread an
 And shake like Lebanon.]
 - 8 O'er every foe victorious, He on his throne shall resi From age to age more g' All-blessing, and all-bles 257

The tide of time shall never His covenant remove; His name shall stand forever,— That name to us is—Love.

307. C. M. 8l. *Hoge.

Blessedness of Christ's Reign predicted.

1 In vision rapt, the prophet's eyes

Beheld that future day —

He saw the scenes before him rise

That far in distance lay:
'Who 's this,' he cried, 'comes from the way

Of Edom, all divine?
Travelling in splendor, whose array

Is red, but not with wine?

2 'Blest be the Herald of our king, That comes to set us free! The dwellers of the rock shall sing, And utter praise to thee!

Tabor and Hermon yet shall see Their glories glow again,

And blossoms spring on field and tree,
That ever shall remain.

3 'The child shall frolic in the way Of dragons with delight;

The lamb shall round the leopard play, And all in love unite;

The dove on Zion's hill shall light,
That all the world must see;—

Hail to the Journeyer, in his might Who comes to set us free!'

Blessings of Christ's Universal Reign.

1 WHEN God descends with men to dwell, And all creation makes anew,

THE REIGN OF CHRIST. What tongue can half the wonders tell? What eye the dazzling glories view? 309. Shall see her lands with roses bloom; 2 Zion, the desolate, again And Carmel's mount and Sharon's plain Shall yield their spices and perfume. 3 Celestial streams shall gently flow; The wilderness shall joyful be; Lilies on parched ground shall grow; And gladness spring on every tree; 4 The weak be strong, the fearful bold, ing, the dumb shall sing, the dumb shall sand, the hind bahald. The lame shall walk, the blind behold; And joy through all the earth shall ring. 5 Monarchs and slaves shall meet in love Old pride shall die, and meekness reign, When God descends from worlds above, To dwell with men on earth again. C. M. 1 O'ER mountain tops, the mount of G In latter days, shall rise Above the summits of the hills, And draw the wondering eyes. 2 To this the joyful nations round, All tribes and tongues, shall fe . Up to the mount of God, they And to his house we'll go. 3 The beams that shine from Zio Shall lighten every land; The King who reigns in Sale Shall the whole world ex 95^{4}

THE REIGN OF CHRIST.

Among the nations he shall judge; His judgments truth shall guide; His sceptre shall protect the just, And crush the sinner's pride.

5 No war shall rage, nor hostile strife Disturb those happy years; To ploughshares men shall beat their swords, To pruning-hooks their spears.

6 No longer host, encountering host, Shall crowds of slain deplore; They'll lay the martial trumpet by, And study war no more.

310.

S. M.

WATTS.

The Blessedness of Christ's Reign.

1 How beauteous are their feet Who stand on Zion's hill, Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice, How sweet the tidings are!
'Zion, behold thy Savior king! He reigns and triumphs here.'

3 How happy are our ears, That hear this joyful sound, Which kings and prophets waited for, And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

And tuneful notes employ;

1 Jesus his empire shall extend; Beneath his gentle sway

Kings of the earth shall humbly bend,

And his commands obey. 2 From sea to sea, from shore to shore, All nations shall be blest; We hear the noise of war no more,

He gives his people rest. 3 As clouds descend in gentle showers,

When spring renews her reign; And call to life the flagrant flowers O'er forest, hill, and plain; 4 So Jesus, by his heavenly grace,

Descends on man below, And o'er the millions of our race

His genule blessings flow. 5 Long as the sun shall rule the day,

Or moon shall cheer the night, The Savior shall his scepire sway With unresisted might.

6 All that the reign of sin destroyed, The Savior shall restore; And, from the treasures of the La Shall give us blessings more 256

312. C. M. WATTS

Christ's Reign foretold. Ps. 89.

1 HEAR what the Lord in vision said, And made his mercy known: 'Sinners, behold your help is laid On my beloyed Son

On my beloved Son.

2 'Behold the man my wisdom chose

Among your mortal race; His head my holy oil o'erflows, The spirit of my grace.

3 'High shall he reign on David's throne, My people's better king; My arm shall beat his rivals down,

And still new subjects bring.

4 'My truth shall guard him in his way,

With mercy by his side, While in my name, through earth and sea, He shall in triumph ride.

5 'Me for his Father and his God He shall forever own, Call me his rock, his high abode;— And I'll support my Son.

6 'My covenant stands forever fast; My promises are strong; Firm as the heavens his throne shall last, His seed endure as long.'

313. S. M. *WATTS.

Christ despised, but exalted to a Kingdom.

1 Who has believed thy word,
Or thy salvation known?

Reveal thine arm, almighty Lord,
And glorify thy Son.

257

2 The Jews esteemed him here Too mean for their belief; Sorrows his chief acquaintance w And his companion grief.

3 They turned their eyes away, And treated him with scorn; But 'twas their griefs upon him la Their sorrows he has borne.

4 'Twas for the stubborn Jews, And Gentiles then unknown, The God of love was pleased to b His best beloved Son.

5 'But I'll prolong his days, And make his kingdom stand; My pleasure,' saith the God of gr 'Shall prosper in his hand.

6 'Ten thousand captive slaves, Released from death and sin, Shall quit their prisons and their g And own his power divine.' 258

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

314. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Jewish, and the Christian Zion. Ps. 48.

1 With stately towers and bulwarks strong, Unrivalled and alone, Loved theme of many a sacred song, God's holy city shone.

2 Thus fair was Zion's chosen seat, The glory of all lands; Yet fairer, and in strength complete, The Christian temple stands.

3 The faithful of each clime and age This glorious church compose; Built on a rock, with idle rage The threatening tempest blows.

4 In vain may hostile bands alarm, For God is her defence; How weak, how powerless is each arm, Against Omnipotence!

315. S. M. WATTS.
The Beauty and Order of the Church. Pa. 48.

I FAR as thy name is known

I FAR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;

Thy saints, O Lord, before thy thron-Their songs of honor raise.

2 With joy let Judah stand On Zion's chosen hill, Proclaim the wonders of thy hand, And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around The city where we dwell, Compass and view thine holy ground And mark the building well;

4 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise! How glorious to behold! Beyond the pomp that charms the ey And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky,

316. 8s & 7s M. J. New

'Glorious Things spoken of Zion.'

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken Zion, city of our God! He whose word cannot be broken Formed thee for his own abode.

2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
260

- 3 See! the streams of living waters, Springing from eternal love, Well supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want remove.
- 4 Who can faint while such a river Ever flows their thirst t' assuage? Grace, which, like the Lord the giver, Never fails from age to age.
- 5 Round each habitation hovering, See the cloud and fire appear! For a glory and a covering, Showing that the Lord is near.
- 6 Fading is the worldling's pleasure, All his boasted pomp and show; Solid joys and lasting treasure None but Zion's children know.

317. L. M. *WATTS

Christ and the Church. Ps. 45.

- 1 THE King of saints, how fair his face, Adorned with majesty and grace! He comes with blessings from above, And wins the nations to his love.
- 2 At his right hand, our eyes behold The queen arrayed in purest gold; The world admires her heavenly dress, Her robe of joy and righteousness.
- 3 He forms her beauties like his own; He calls and seats her near his throne. Fair stranger, let thine heart forget The idols of thy native state.
- 4 So shall the king the more rejoice In thee, the favorite of his choice;

18,319. THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Let him be loved, and yet adored, For he's thy Savior and thy Lord.

- 5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise To his fair palace in the skies! And all thy sons (a numerous train) Each like a prince in glory reign.
- 6 Let endless honors crown his head; Let every age his praises spread; While we with cheerful songs approve The condescension of his love.

318. 7s M. 6l. Anonymous.

Future Glory of the Church. Ps. 67.

- 1 On thy church, O Power Divine, Cause thy glorious face to shine; Till the nations from afar Hail her as their guiding star; Till her sons from zone to zone Make thy great salvation known.
- 2 Then shall God, with lavish hand, Scatter blessings o'er the land; Earth shall yield her rich increase, Every breeze shall whisper peace, And the world's remotest bound With the voice of praise resound.

319.

10s M.

*Pors.

The Same

RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!

Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes!

See heaven its sparkling portule wide diagles,

And break upon thee in a flood of day!

- 2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn! See future sons and daughters, yet unborn, In crowding ranks on every side arise, Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
- 3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend, Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend! See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,

While every land its joyous tribute brings!

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay, Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away; But fixed his word, his saving power remains; Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

320. 8s & 7s M. +Cowper.

The future Peace and Glory of the Church.

- 1 HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken:

 'O my people, faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I build for you;
 Cares and heart-felt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways;
 You shall name your walls salvation,
 And your gates shall all be praise.
- 2 'There, like streams that feed the garden, Pleasures without end shall flow; For the Lord, your faith rewarding, All his bounty shall bestow; Still, in undisturbed possession, Peace and righteousness shall reign; Never shall you feel oppression, Never hear of war again.
- 3 'Ye no more, your suns descending Waning moons — no more shall see;

But your griefs, forever ending, THE CHRISTS ring energy noon in me. O'er you, and shining o'er you, and shall rise, and sharing of missis. God ware constanting free your, God your everyaging light? C. WESLEY. The Church on Earth and in Heaven, One. 1 Tex saints on earth and those above Joined to their Lord in bonds of love, 321. All of his grace Partake. 2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing With those to glory gone king For all the servants of our king In heaven and earth are one. One church above beneath; rem, Though now divided by red, and 3 One family, we dwell in him? The swelling stream of death. 4 One army of the living God, Part of the host have crossed the for And part are crossing now. 5 Ten thousand to their endless hom en mouseure to mer curress nome.
This passing noment, 80;
And we are to the margin come, May soon must follow too. 6 O God, be thou our constant 8 And when the word is Edd. Sustain us o'er the fearful bir And bring us safe to her

THE SALVATION OF ALL.

322.

L. M.

*Витения.

All Mankind in Heaven.

- 1 From north and south, from east and west, Advance the myriads of the blest: From every clime of earth they come, And find in heaven a common home.
- 2 In one immortal throng we view Pagan and Christian, Greek and Jew; But, all their doubts and darkness o'er, One only God they now adore.
- 3 Howe'er divided once below, One bliss, one spirit here they know! Here all their errors are forgiven, And Jesus welcomes them to heaven.

323.

C. M.

WATTS.

Prospect of Universal Blessedness.

- 1 Lo, what a glorious sight appears To our believing eyes! The earth and seas are passed away, And the old rolling skies.
- 2 From the third heaven, where God resides, That holy, happy place,

he New Jerusalem comes dow THE BALVA Adorned With shining grace. Attending angels shout for joy, And the bright armies sing, Mortals, behold the sacred seat Of your descending king. The God of glory down to men Removes his blessed abode; Men'the dear objects of his grace, 5 'His own soft hand shall wipe the tours His own soft hand sual wape are fears, From every weeping and griefs and fears, And pains and seast, shall die. 6 How long, dear Savior, O how long Small this tright nour steiny of time, And bring the welcome day. ANONYM L. M. 1 Life up your joyful eyes, and see A plenieous harvest all around, a management interest an account frain Shall ever fall unto the ground: Secured by an almighty stores, show the state of the stores of the store 2 A harvest of immortal souls, Not receive the server that a messed on the design of the server that server the server 5 O happy day when all our rec Complete in glory shall be four And like their a house error Re with creating honors crow 325.

S. M.

H. BALLOU.

The Same.

1 In God's eternity
There shall a day arise
When all the race of man shall be
With Jesus in the skies.

- 2 As night before the rays Of morning flees away, Sin shall retire before the blaze Of God's eternal day.
- 3 As music fills the grove
 When stormy clouds are past,
 Sweet anthems of redeeming love
 Shall all employ at last.
 - 4 Redeemed from death and sin, Shall Adam's numerous race A ceaseless song of praise begin, And shout redeeming grace.

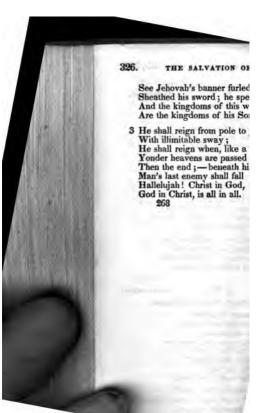
326. 7s M.

MONTGOMERY.

Jubilee of Christ's Universal Triumph.

1 HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
'Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign!'
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! - hark! the sound,



REDEMPTION, GRACE, AND PARDON

327.

C. M.

*WATTE.

Surpassing Glories of Redemption.

- 1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines! How high thy wonders rise! Known through the earth by thousand signs, By thousands through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power; Their motions speak thy skill; And on the wings of every hour We read thy patience still.
- 3 Part of thy name divinely stands On all thy creatures writ; They show the labor of thy hands, The impress of thy feet.
- 4 But when we view thy grand design
 To save rebellious worms,
 Where wisdom, power, and goodness shine
 In their most glorious forms,
- 5 Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe; We love and we adore; The holy angels never saw So much of God before.

269

. REDEMPTION, GRACE, AND PARDON.

; O may I bear some humble part In that immortal song; Wonder and joy shall tune my heart, And love command my tongue.

328.

C. M.

WATTS.

Grace abounding over Sin.

1 WHY does your face, ye humble souls, Those mournful colors wear? What doubts are these that waste your faith, And nourish your despair?

- 2 What though your numerous sins exceed The stars that fill the skies, And, aiming at the eternal throne, Like pointed mountains rise?
 - 3 What though your mighty guilt beyond The wide creation swell, And hath its cursed foundations laid Low as the deeps of hell?
 - 4 See, here an endless ocean flows Of never-failing grace! Behold, a dying Savior's veins The sacred flood increase!
 - 5 It rises high, and drowns the hills, Has neither shore nor bound: Now, if we search to find our sins, Our sins can ne'er be found.
 - 6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace That buries all our faults, And pardoning blood, that swells at Our follies and our thoughts. 270

DEEPTION, GRACE, AND PARDON. 330.

329.

S. M.

Doppender.

Grace first and last in Salvation.

- 1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound!
 Harmonious to the ear!
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way
 To save rebellious man;
 And all the steps that grace display
 Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace first inscribed my name In God's eternal book; "Twas grace that gave me to the Lamo, Who all my sorrows took.
- 4 Grace led my roving feet
 To tread the heavenly road;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.
- 5 Grace taught my soul to pray, And made my eyes o'erflow; "Twas grace that kept me to this day, And will not let me go.
- 6 Grace all the work shall crown, Through everlasting days; It lays in heaven the topmost stone, And well deserves the praise.

330. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Pardon through Christ. Ps. 130.

1 GREAT God, wert thou extreme to mark.
The deeds we do amiss,
271

Who claim thy promise But, O! all merciful and just, Before thy prese Thy love surpassed thought; A gracious Savior has appeared, And peace and pardon brought. 2 Thy servants in the temple watched International with its earliest beams mpanent win us counces troums.
Their holy yows to pay 5 heald.
And chosen saints far off beheld. That great and glorious more, on high When the glad day spring from on high Auspiciously should dawn. 3 On us the Sun of Righteousness Its brightest beams hath poured; With grateful hearts and holy zeal, Lord, be thy love adored; And let us look with joyful hope Refore whose brightness sin and death And grief shall flee away. C. M. Pardon on Repentance. WHEN sinners quit their wicked Their evil thoughts forego, The God to whom their steps ! Returning grace will show. 2 He pardons with o'erdowing For, hear the voice diving My nature is not like to Nor like your ways ar

REDEMPTION, GRACE, AND PARDON. 332.

3 'But far as heaven's resplendent orbs Beyond this earth extend; So far my thoughts, so far my ways Your thoughts and ways transcend.

4 'Like as the showers from heaven distil, Nor thither rise again, But swell the earth with fruitful juice, And all its tribes sustain;

5 'So not a word that flows from me Shall ineffectual fall; But universal nature prove Obedient to my call.

6 'Where briers grew in barren wilds, Shall firs and myrtles spring; And nature, through her utmost bounds, Eternal praises sing.'

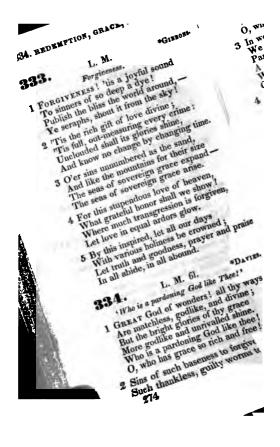
332. L. M. *STENNETT.

' Come now, and let us reason together.'

1 'Come, sinners,' saith the mighty God,
'Heinous as all your crimes have been,
Lo! I descend from mine abode

To reason with the sons of men.

2 'No clouds of darkness veil my face, No fearful lightnings flash around; I come with words of life and peace:— Where sin bath reigned, let grace abound.



IMPTION, GRACE, AND PARDON. 334.

his is thy grand prerogative, And none shall in the honor share. Who is a pardoning God like thee! O, who has grace so rich and free!

- 3 In wonder lost, with trembling joy, We take the pardon of our God; Pardon for sins of deepest dye, A pardon sealed with Jesus' blood. Who is a pardoning God like thee! O, who has grace so rich and free!
- 4 O may this great, this matchless grace, This godlike miracle of love, Fill the wide earth with grateful praise, And all th' angelic choirs above!

 Who is a pardoning God like thee!

 O, who has grace so rich and free!

CONFESSION AND FL ·WATEL A Penitent Pleading for Pardon. Ps. 51. 1 Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive; Let a repetiting rebel live; and free a Let a repending repei nve; and free? Are not thy mercies large there? May not a sinner trust in thee? 2 My sins are great, but not surpass . The power and glory of thy flace : The power and glory hath no hour The power and giory of my grace; The power and giory of my grace; Great thy nationing loss he found So let thy pardoning love be found. 3 O wash my soul from every sin, O wash my sour from every sun, clear And make my guilty conscience lies, And make my heart the burden lies, Here on my heart the mine eyes, And past offences pain mine eyes, 4 My lips with shame my sins confe my ups wun sname my sins come My ups wun sname my sins thy grav Against thy law, against thy grav Against thy law, judgment grow Lord, should thy judgment grav Lord, should thy judgment grav Lord, should thy judgment grav Lam condemned, but thou art c 5 Yel save a trembling sinner, I Whose hope, still hovering to Whose hope, still hovering to Would light on some Some sure support againg

336.

.73

C. M.

Mrs. Carte

The Same.

1 O THOU, the wretched's sure retreat, Who dost our cares control, And, with the cheerful smile of peace, Revive the fainting soul!

2 Did ever thy propitious ear The humble plea disdain? Or when did plaintive misery sigh Or supplicate in vain?

3 Oppressed with grief and sname, dissolve In penitential tears, Thy goodness calms our anxious doubts, And dissipates our fears.

4 New life from thy refreshing grace
Our sinking hearts receive;
Thy gentlest, best-loved attribute,
To pity and forgive.

5 From that blest source, propitious hope Appears serenely bright, And sheds her soft and cheering beam O'er sorrow's dismal night.

6 Our hearts adore thy mercy, Lord! And bless the friendly ray, Which ushers in the smiling morn Of everlasting day.

337.

L. M.

*WATTS.

The Same, Ps. 51,

1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my sins before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

CONFESSION AND PENITRINGE. 2 Create my nature pure within And form my soul averse to sin; Let thy good Spirit ne'er departy Nor hide thy presence from my heart. 3 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord, And let a wretch come near the day His help and comfort still afford; To plead the merits of thy Son. A broken heart, my God, my King,

Is all the sacrifice I bring; or deanise

The God of green will no or deanise The God of grace will never despise A broken beart for sacrifice. 5 My soul lies humbled in the dust, my sources number in the cust, and some thy dreadful sentence just and owns thy dreadful sentence just. And owns my dreadul sentence pust.
Look down, O Lord, with phyting e. And save the soul condemned to di 6 Then will I leach the world thy Sinners shall learn thy sovereign Til lead them to my Savior's bo And they shall prouse a pardom 78 M. Confession, and Prayer for 1 God of mercy! God 338 Hear our sad, repents Sorrow dwells on eve Penitence on every 2 Deep regret for foll Talents wasted, in Hearts debased b Thankless for the 3 Foolish fears at Vain regrets f

Lips too seldom taught to praise, Of to murmur and complain -

- 4 These, and every secret fault, Filled with grief and shame we own; Humbled, at thy feet we lie, Seeking pardon from thy throne.
- 5 God of mercy! God of grace! Hear our sad, repentant songs; O restore thy suppliant race, Thou to whom our praise belongs!

339.

L. M.

JERVIS.

Relief experienced in Forgiveness.

- 1 WHILE with remorse and woe oppressed, Distraction haunts the guilty breast; The broken heart, the troubled mind, In God alone shall succor find.
- 2 Tis his the wounds of vice to heal. The charms of mercy to reveal; He grants the penitent relief, And cheers the soul o'erwhelmed with grief.
- 3 When, by temptation's billows tost,

41. CONFESSION AND PENITENCE.

WATTS. sedness of confessing and foreaking Sin. Ps. 32.

1 O BLESSED souls are they, Whose sins are covered o'er! Divinely blest, to whom the Lord Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past, And keep their hearts with care; Their lips and lives, without deceit, Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt, I felt the festering wound; Till I confessed my sins to thee, And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray, Let saints keep near the throne; Our help in times of deep distress Is found in God alone.

Donneings. L. M.

A Wanderer pleading to be reclaimed. .

1 LORD! we have wandered from thy way, Like foolish sheep have gone astray; Our pleasant pastures we have left, And of their guard our souls bereft.

2 Exposed to want, exposed to harm, Far from our gentle shepherd's arm; Nor will these fatal wanderings cease, Till thou reveal the paths of peace. 3 O seek thy thoughtless servants, Lord!

Nor let us quite forget thy word; Our erring feet do thou restore, And keep us that we stray no more. 280

CONFESSION AND PENITENCE. 342,3

342. L. M. 61. DENHAM

Imploring Divine Mercy.

- 1 Out of the depths of sad distress,
 The gloomy mazes of despair,
 To heaven we raise our warm address;
 Deign, O our God! to hear our prayer:
 O let thine ear indulge our grief,
 For thy indulgence is relief.
- 2 Shouldst thou, O God, minutely scan Our faults, and as severely chide, No mortal seed of sinful man Could such a scrutiny abide: But mercy shines in all thy ways, Bright theme of universal praise!
- 3 With longing eyes we seek the Lord; Before his throne our souls attend; Firmly on his eternal word Our faith is fixed, our hopes depend: On wings of love our souls shall rise In contemplation to the skies.
- 4 Ye pious minds, on God rely; With full assurance in him trust; He sends redemption from on high, And raises sinners from the dust: He will at length absolve his heirs From all their guilt and all their fears.

344. CONFESSION AND PENITENCE.

- 2 Our sins rise up in dread array, And fill our hearts with fear; Our trembling spirits melt away, But find no helper near.
- 3 Still, Lord, thy mercy's rich and free, And runs an endless round;
 A boundless, purifying sea, Where all our sins are drowned.
- 4 O send thy pity from on high
 With pardon all divine;
 Bring now thy gracious spirit nigh,
 And make us wholly thine.
- 5 We humbly mourn our follies past, Each guilty path deplore; Resolved, while feeble life shall last, To tread those paths no more.

344.

C. M.

Mrs. Steple.

Rejoicing to return.

- 1 How oft, alas! this wretched heart Has wandered from the Lord! How oft my roving thoughts depart, Forgetful of his word!
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, 'Return:' Dear Lord, and may I come! My vile ingratitude I mourn; O take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive, And bid my crimes remove? And shall a pardoned rebel live To speak thy wondrous love?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power How glorious, how divine, 282

CONFESSION AND PENITENCE.

That can to life and bliss restore So vile a heart as mine!

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet, Dear Savior, I adore;

O keep me at thy sacred feet, And let me rove no more.

345. C. M.

MRS. STERLE.

Desiring to return.

1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears Contrition's humble sigh; Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears From sorrow's weeping eye!

- 2 See, low before thy throne of grace, A wretched wanderer mourn; Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? Hast thou not said. 'Return?'
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail To drive me from thy feet? O let not this dear refuge fail, This only safe retreat.
- 4 Absent from thee, my guide, my light! Without one cheering ray, Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night, How desolate my way!
- 5 O shine on this benighted heart, With beams of mercy shine; And let thy healing voice impart A taste of joys divine.

PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES.

C. M. WATTS.

Heartless Worship an Abornination.

1 God is a spirit just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne With honor can appear; The painted hypocrites are known Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,

1

In vain our lips thy praise prolong, The heart a stranger to the song.

- 2 Can rites and forms, and flaming zeal, The breaches of thy precepts heal? Can fasts and penance reconcile Thy justice, and obtain thy smile?
- 3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind, Thankful, and to thy will resigned, To thee a nobler offering yields Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields;
- 4 Than floods of oil, or costly wine, Rolling by thousands to thy shrine; Or than, if to thine altar led, A first-born son the victim bled.
- 5 'Be just and kind, and humble too, In all you say, in all you do; To men your charity impart, And love your God with all your heart.'
- 6 This truth, by ancient prophets given, Was by thy Son confirmed from heaven; And, deep engraved, this great command Doth on eternal pillars stand.

348. C. M. BROWNE. Acceptable Worship.

- 1 WHEREWITH shall I approach the Lord, And bow before his throne? O! how procure his kind regard, And for my guilt atone?
- 2 Shall altars flame, and victims bleed, And spicy fumes ascend? Will these my earnest wish succeed, And make my God my friend?

And proofs of kindness give; And proofs of kindness give; To God with humble reverence bow, To men their rights ...

And to his glory live.

6 Hands that are clean, and hearts sincere, He never will despise;

And cheerful duty he'll prefer To costly sacrifice.

7s M.

I. TAYLOR

Acceptable Offering. 349. I FATHER of our feeble race,

Wise, beneficent, and kind! Spread o'er nature's ample face, Flows thy goodness unconfined Musing in the silent grove,

Or the busy walks of men, Still we trace thy wondrous love, Claiming large returns again.

2 Lord, what offering shall we bring, At thine altars when we bow? Hearts, the pure unsullied spring Whence the kind affections flow Soft compassion's feeling soul.

By the melting eye expressed; Sympathy, at whose control

Sorrow leaves the wounded broad ; 3 Willing hands to lead the blinds

PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES. 350, 351

Love, embracing all our kind; Charity, with liberal store:— Teach us, O thou heavenly king, Thus to show our grateful mind, Thus the accepted offering bring, Love to thee and all mankind.

350. C. M. ANONYMOUS. The Lord's Prayer.

1 O THOU, enthroned in worlds above, Our Father and our Friend! Lo, at the footstool of thy love Thy children humbly bend.

2 All reverence to thy name be given;
Thy kingdom wide displayed;
And, as thy will is done in heaven,
Be it on earth obeyed.

3 Our table may thy bounty spread, From thine exhaustless store, From day to day with daily bread,— Nor would we ask for more.

4 That pardon we to others give,
Do thou to us extend;
From all temptation, Lord, relieve;
From every ill defend.

5 And now to thee belong, Most High,
The kingdom, glory, power,
Through the broad earth and spacious sky,
Both now, and evermore.

351. C. P. M. J. STRAPHAM.

1 Our Father, whose eternal sway
The bright angelic hosts obey,
O, lend a pitying ear,



- May rebels to thy sceptre per And yield to sovereign lov May we take pleasure to fulfi The sacred dictates of thy w As angels do above.
- 3 From thy kind hand each ten
 Our raiment and our daily &
 In rich abundance come:
 Lord, give us still a fresh su
 If thou withhold thy hand, w
 And fill the silent tomb.
- 4 Pardon our sins, O God, the Like gloomy clouds against And, while we are forgive Grant that revenge may ne Nor malice harbor, in that t That feels the love of her
- 5 Protect us in the dangerous

RAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES. 352, 35

352. S. M. MONTGOMER

The Same.

1 Our heavenly Father, hear The prayer we offer now:— Thy name be hallowed far and near, To thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come; thy will On earth be done in love,

As saints and seraphim fulfil Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity

The guilt of our iniquity Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power Our feeble hearts defend; Deliver in the evil hour,

And guide us to the end.

5 Thine, then, forever be

Glory and power divine; The sceptre, throne, and majesty Of heaven and earth are thine.

353. L. M. Anonymous

The Same.

3 Evils beset us every hour implores Thine is the kingdom, the manner. 555. PRAYER The glory thine for evernore. MRS. HALE. 1 Our Father in heaven, we hallow thy name!

May thy kingdom holy on crion of bread;

May thy kingdom holy on crion of be fed.

O give to us daily our portion of the fed.

It is from thy bounty that all must be fed. We're to us any our portion of oread; it give to us any our portion of oread; it gives to us any bounty that all must be fed. 2 Forgive our transgression which nardons on how georgye our transgressions, and teach us to know, and teach us to know, and teach us to know, and the particular seasons and an arrangement to the particular from tensions and an Kanny te from tensions and an arrangement to the particular from tensions and an arrangement to the particular from tensions and an arrangement to the particular from tensions and arrangement to the particular from tensions and the particular from tensions and the particular from the pa That numble compassion which partons each reciprocal numble compassion which partons and single from templation from weakness and single formula American the others formula and thing he the others formula and the others for the others for the others for the other than the others for the other than the others for the other than the other tha And thine be the glory forever — Amen. Following after God. Ps. 63. 1 O GoD, thon art my God alone; Early to thee my soul shall cry, 355 A pilgrim in a land unknown, A pugrim in a ianu unanowus A thirsty land, whose springs are d O that it were as it bath been, When, praying in the holy place.
The names and place I have an When, praying in the noty pince.
Thy power and glory have set the free large of a large set and a large set an And ingreed the footsteps of the Yel, through this rough and the ret, mrough uns rough and to I follow hard on thee, my Go Thine hand unseen upholds I lean upon thy staff and re Thee, in the watches of th When I remember on my Thy presence makes the Thy guardian wings

Better than life itself thy love, Dearer than all beside to me; For whom have I in heaven above Or what on earth, compared with

6 Praise with my heart, my mind, m For all thy mercy I will give; My soul shall still in God rejoice, My tongue shall bless thee while I

356. C. M. M155 H. M. V

Seeking God in habitual Devotion.

- 1 Whilst thee I seek, protecting F Be my vain wishes stilled; And may this consecrated hour
 - With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought ber To thee my thoughts would soa Thy mercy o'er my life has flower That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see!
 Each blessing to my soul more de:
- Because conferred by thee.

 4 In every joy that crowns my days
 - In every pain I bear,

 My heart shall find delight in prais

 Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored Thy love my thoughts shall fill; Resigned when storms of sorrow l My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye without a tear
 The gathering storm shall see:

My steadfast heart shall know no That heart shall rest on thee.

8. PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES.

57. L. M. TOPLADY.

Seeking the Light of God's Presence.

- O THAT my heart was right with thee, And loved thee with a perfect love! O that my Lord would dwell in me, And never from his seat remove!
- 2 Father, I dwell in mournful night Till thou dost in my heart appear; Arise, propitious sun! and light An everlasting morning there.
- 3 O, let my prayer acceptance find, And bring the heavenly blessing down; Eye-sight impart, — for I am blind, — And seal me thine adopted son.

358. s. m.

WATTS.

Seeking God. Ps. 63.

1 My God, permit my tongue This joy, to call thee mine: And let my early cries prevail To taste thy love divine.

- 2 My thirsty, fainting soul Thy mercy does implore; Not travellers in desert lands Can pant for water more.
- 3 Within thy churches, Lord, I long to find my place; Thy power and glory to behold, And feel thy quickening grace.
- 4 For life without thy love
 No relish can afford;
 No joy can be compared with
 To serve and please the La
 292

PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES. 359, 36

- 5 Since thou hast been my help, To thee my spirit flies, And on thy watchful providence My cheerful hope relies.
- The shadow of thy wings
 My soul in safety keeps;
 I follow where my Father leads,
 And he supports my steps.

359. L. M. Doddridge. Seeking God, the Fountain of living Waters.

- 1 BLEST Spirit! source of grace divine! What soul-refreshing streams are thine! O bring these healing waters nigh,
- Or we must droop, and fall, and die.

 2 No traveller through desert lands,
 'Midst scorching suns and burning sands,
 More eager longs for cooling rain,
- Or pants the current to obtain.

 3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,

 'Spring forth, celestial fountain, spring;
 To a redundant river flow,
 And cheer this thirsty land below.'
- 4 May this blest torrent near my side Through all the desert gently glide; Then, in Emmanuel's land above,

In unit gugust and precious draw ne By thee ordained, we now draw ne In that august and precious in With cheerful hope and By mee organed, we now araw he claim.
And would the promised blessing claim. 3 Does not an earthly parent hear The cravings of his famished son? The cravings of his famished son (
Will be reject the filtal prayer,
Or mock him with a cake of stone ! 4 Our beavenly Father! how much more Will thy divine compassion rise, And open time unbounded store To satisfy thy children's cries! 5 Ves, we will ask and seek, and press
For gracious audience, to dry seat; Sull hoping, Walting for success, If persevering to entreal. 6 For Josus in his faithful word ror sesus us us jaunus has blessed; The patient supplicant has blessed; The patient supplicant has plessed;
And all thy saints, with one accord,
The prevalence of prayer attest. ANO L. M. Art thoung Father! Mr God, my Father! may I dare, ar soc, my ramer; may defied, in all debased, with sin defied to to the state of th 361. Am I thy creature, and thy child 2 Art thou my Father! then no My sins shall tempt me to desp My Father pities and forgives, my ramer prices our was read Art thou my Father! - let With all my powers to do

YER AND DEVOUT EXERC

make thy service all my care, ad all thy kind commands fulfil.

Art thou my Father! — then I kn When pain, or wants, or griefs of They come but from a Father's h That wounds to heal, — afflicts to

- 5 Art thou my Father! then, in d And darkness when I grope my v Thy light shall shine upon my pat And make my darkness like thy
- 6 My God, my Father!—I am vile Prone to forget thee, weak and bl Be thou my hope, my strength, m Hope of my heart, light of my m

362.

C. M.

'Abba, Father.'

- 1 SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on O hear our humble claim; Nor, while we own our numerous Disdain a Father's name.
- 2 Our Father, God! how sweet the How tender, and how dear! Not all the harmony of heaven Could so delight the ear.
- 3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the nam On our expanding heart; And show that in Jehovah's gract We share a filial part.
- 4 Cheered by a signal so divine, Unwavering we believe; And 'Abba, Father,' humbly or Nor can the sign deceive.



- 1 My Father! cheering m O may I call thee mine! Give me with humble hope t A portion so divine.
- 2 This can my fears control And bid my sorrows fly; What real harm can reach n Beneath my Father's eye
- 3 Whate'er thy will denies, I calmly would resign; For thou art just, and good, O bend my will to thine!
- 4 Whate'er thy will ordains O give me strength to be Still let me know a father r And trust a father's care.
- 5 If anguish rend this fram And life almost depart,

PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES. 364, 365

364.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Confidence in God.

1 My God! the covenant of thy love Abides forever sure;
And in his matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 What though my house be not with thee As nature could desire? To nobler joys than nature gives Thy servants all aspire.

3 Since thou, the everlasting God, My Father art become; Jesus my Guardian and my Friend, And heaven my final home;

4 I welcome all thy sovereign will, For all that will is love; And when I know not what thou dost, I wait the light above.

5 Thy covenant the last accent claims Of this poor faltering tongue; And that shall the first notes employ Of my celestial song.

365. L. M.

Mrs. Strele

1

Communing with God.

1 Thou only Sovereign of my heart, My refuge, my almighty Friend! And can my soul from thee depart, On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go.
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?



5 Low at thy feet Here safety dwe Still let me live For life, eternal

366.

God our Pe

1 God, my suppor My help foreve Thine arm of me When sinking

2 Thy counsels, Lc Through this d Thine hand condu To dwell before

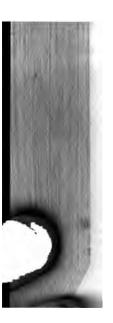
3 Were I in heaven "Twould be no And whilst this as Not all the idol-gods they love Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God, Shall be my sweet employ; My tongue shall sound thy works abroad, And tell the world my joy.

367. L. M. TATE & BRADE

God the sure Resort of Saints. Ps. 36.

- 1 O LORD, thy mercy, my sure hope, The highest orb of heaven transcends : Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope Beyond the sparkling skies extends.
- 2 Thy justice like the hills remains: Unfathomed depths thy judgments are; Thy providence the world sustains: The whole creation is thy care.
- 3 Since of thy goodness all partake, With what assurance should the just Thy sheltering wings their refuge make, And saints to thy protection trust!
- 4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led, To banquet on thy love's repast; And drink, as from a fountain's head, Of joys that shall forever last.
- 5 With thee the springs of life remain; Thy presence is eternal day: O let thy saints thy favor gain; To upright hearts thy truth display.



Our hope, our joy, our sole de Thy spirit grant; — for neithe Nor sin can come, while that

2 From all eternity, with love Unchangeable, thou hast us v Before these beating hearts di Thy tender mercies us pursue Ever with us may they abide, And close us in on every side

3 In suffering be thy love our p.
In weakness be thy love our r.
And when the storms of life st
O God! in that important hou
In death as life be thou our gu
And bear us through death's v

369. 8s & 7s M.

Invocation to Divine Lo

1 LOTE divine, all love excell Joy of heaven, to earth con Fix in us thy humble dwellin All thy faithful mercies crow Father! thou art all compar Pure, unbounded love thou it visit us with thy salvation, Enter every longing heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy lov Into every troubled breast 300 Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Graciously come down, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.

370.

L. M. 61.

Anonymous.

Rejoicing in Divine Love.

- 1 O Love, thou fathomless abyss!
 Our sins are swallowed up in thee;—
 From all our past unrighteousness
 And condemnation we are free;
 While Jesus' voice, through earth and skies,
 Mercy—free, boundless mercy—cries.
- 2 In faith we cast our souls on thee!
 Here is our hope, our joy, our rest;
 Hither, when fears assail, we flee:
 We look into our Savior's breast.
 Away, sad doubts and anxious fear,
 Mercy is all that's written there!
- 3 Though waves and storms go o'er our head,—
 Though strength, and health, and friends be
 gone,—
 Though joys be withered all, and dead,—
 Though every comfort be withdrawn,—
 Steadfast on this our soul relies,
 Father, thy mercy never dies!
- 4 Fixed on this ground would we remain,
 Though our heart fail, and flesh decay;
 This anchor shall our soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away;
 Mercy's full power we then shall prove,
 Loved with an everlasting love.

371.

C. M.

Invocation of the Divine Spirit.

- 1 Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening powers, Kindle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look, how we grovel here below, Fond of these trifling toys; Our souls can neither fly nor go To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs, In vain we strive to rise; Hosannas languish on our tongues, And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate?
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening powers, Come, shed abroad a Savior's love And that shall kindle ours.

372.

L. M. 61.

ANONY

The Same.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, source of light, Enlivening, consecrating fire!

Descend, and, with celestial heat, Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire; Our souls refine, our dross consum Come, condescending Spirit, com 302

RAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES. 373.

- In our cold breasts, O, strike a spark
 Of that pure flame which seraphs feel;
 Nor let us wander in the dark,
 Or lie benumbed and stupid still.
 Come, vivifying Spirit, come!
 And make our hearts thy constant home.
- 3 Let pure devotion's fervors rise!
 Let every pious passion glow!
 O let the raptures of the skies
 Kindle in our cold hearts below.
 Come, purifying Spirit, come,
 And make our souls thy constant home!

373. L. M. ANONYMOUS. Prayer for the Saving Graces.

- 1 We're in a world of hopes and fears,— A wilderness of toils and tears, Where foes alarm, and dangers threat, And pleasures kill, and glories cheat.
- 2 Shed down, O Lord, a heavenly ray, To guide us in the doubtful way; And o'er us hold thy shield of power, To guard us in the dangerous hour.
- 3 Teach us the flattering path to shun, In which the thoughtless many run; Who for a shade the substance miss, And grasp their ruin for their bliss.
- 4 Each sacred principle impart: The faith that sanctifies the heart; Hope that to endless life aspires; And love that warms with holy fires.
- 5 Let neither pleasure, wealth, nor pride Allure our wandering souls aside; But, through this maze of mortal ill, Safe lead us to thy heavenly hill.

PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES.

6 There glories shine and pleasures roll, That charm, delight, transport the soul; And every panting wish shall be Possessed of boundless bliss in thee. MONTGOMERY.

C. M. 374.

For all Spiritual Good.

1 WHAT shall we ask of God in prayer? Whatever good we want; Whatever man may seek to share, Or God in wisdom grant.

2 Father of all our mercies, - thou In whom we move and live, Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now, And answer, and forgive.

3 When, harassed by ten thousand foes, Our helplessness we feel,

O give the weary soul repose, The wounded spirit heal.

4 When dire temptations gather round, By storm or calm, in thee be found A refuge strong and sure.

5 When age advances, may we grow In faith, in hope and love; And walk in holiness below

To holiness above. 6 When earthly joys and cares depart Desire and envy cease, Be thou the portion of our beart,

In thee may we have peace.

PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES. 375, 376.

375.

L. M.

*GIBBONS.

Prayer for all Ages and Classes of Men.

- 1 In thee, thou all-sufficient God, The springs of happiness arise, That cheer this thirsty land below, And bless the mansions of the skies.
- 2 We, the productions of thy power, And pensioners upon thy love, Look to thy throne with longing eyes, And wait thy blessings from above.
- 3 Protect the young from every snare, And let thy staff support the old; Relieve the poor, nor let the rich Have all their heritage in gold.
- 4 Let joyful saints still taste thy grace; Give to the mourners heavenly day; Sustain the strong, and quick revive The withering plants from their decay.

C. M.

376.

*Pore.

The Universal Prover.

1 Thou great First Cause! least understood, Who all my sense confined To know but this,—that thou art good, And that myself am blind!

2 Let not this weak, unknowing hand Presume thy bolts to throw, And deal damnation round the land On each I judge thy foe.

3 If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.
20 305

7. PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES.

- 4 Save me alike from foolish pride, Or impious discontent At aught thy wisdom has denied, Or aught thy goodness lent.
- 5 Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.
- 6 This day be bread and peace my lot;— But all beneath the sun Thou know'st if best bestowed or not; And let thy will be done.

377. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Prayer for the Divine Influence in all Things.

- 1 BE with me, Lord, where'er I go; Teach me what thou wouldst have me de Suggest whate'er I think or say; Direct me in thy narrow way.
- 2 Prevent me, lest I harbor pride,— Lest I in my own strength confide; Show me my weakness,—let me see I have my power, my all from thee.
- 3 Enrich me always with thy love; My kind protection ever prove; Thy signet put upon my breast, And let thy spirit on me rest.
- 4 Assist and teach me how to pray;
 Incline my nature to obey;
 What thou abhorr'st, that let me fine,
 And only love what pleases thee.

PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES. 378.

5 O may I never do my will, But thine, and only thine, fulfil; Let all my time and all my ways Be spent and ended to thy praise.

378.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

For various Blessings.

- 1 Almighty Maker! Lord of all! My wandering passions guide; And from my heart's recesses drive Impenitence and pride.
- 2 Whate'er thine all-discerning eye Sees for thy creature fit,— I'll bless the good, and to the ill Contentedly submit.
- 3 With generous pleasure let me view The prosperous and the great; Malignant envy let me fly, And odious self-conceit.
- 4 Let not despair nor fell revenge Be to my bosom known; O, give me tears for others' woes, And patience for my own.
- 5 Feed me with necessary food:
 I ask not wealth or fame;
 Give me an eye to see thy will,
 A heart to bless thy name.

379, 380. PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES.

379. s. m.

PATRICK.

For holy Affections.

1 God, who is just and kind, Will those who err instruct, And to the paths of righteousness Their wandering steps conduct.

2 The humble soul he guides, Teaches the meek his way; Kindness and truth he shows to all Who his just laws obey.

3 Give me the tender heart
That mixes fear with love,
And lead me through whatever path
Thy wisdom shall approve.

4 O! ever keep my soul From error, shame, and guilt; Nor suffer the fair hope to fail Which on thy truth is built.

380. C. M. Anonymous.

For a pious Mind in Life and Death.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,

Accepted at thy throne of grace Let this petition rise:—

2 'Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From every murmur free; The blessings of thy grace impart, And make me live to thee;

3 'Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;

Thy presence through my journey time, And crown my journey's end.' 308

PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES. 381, 38%.

381. C. M. WATTS.

For Holiness. Ps. 119.

- 1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways To seek his statutes still! O that my God would grant me grace To know and do his will!
- 2 O send thy spirit down to write Thy law upon my heart! Nor let my tongue indulge deceit, Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off mine eyes; Let no corrupt design, Nor covetous desires, arise Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word, And make my heart sincere; Let sin have no dominion, Lord, But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 Make me to walk in thy commands -'Tis a delightful road; Nor let my head, or heart, or hands, Offend against my God.

382. 7s M.

For Salvation from Error and Guilt.

MERRICK.

- 1 BLEST Instructer! from thy ways Who can tell how oft he strays? Save from error's growth our mind; Leave not, Lord, one root benind.
- 2 Purge us from the guilt that lies Wrapt within our heart's disguise; Let us thence, by thee renewed, Each presumptuous sin exclude. *309*

PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES.

3 So our lot shall ne'er be joined With the men, whose impious mind, Fearless of thy just command, Braves the vengeance of thy hand.

4 Let our tongues, from error free, Speak the words approved by thee; To thine all-observing eyes Let our thoughts accepted rise.

5 While we thus thy name adore, And thy healing grace implore, Blest Redeemer; bow thine ear; God, our strength! propitious hear.

HEGINBOTHAN. c. M.

G

6

For a thankful and submissive Heart. 383.

1 FATHER of mercies, God of love, My Father and my God!

I'll sing the honors of thy name, And spread thy praise abroad.

2 In every period of my life Thy thoughts of love appear; Thy mercies gild each transient scene, And crown cach lengthening year.

3 In all these mercies may my soul Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows Estrange my heart from thee.

4 Teach me in time of deep distress To own thy hand, my God; And in submissive silence bear The lessons of thy rod.

5 In every changing state of life, Each bright, each gloomy see

PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES. 384

Give me a meek and humble mind, Still equal and serene.

6 Then will I close my eyes in death Free from distressing fear; For death itself is life, my God, If thou art with me there.

384. S. M. 8l. ANONYMOUS

For a right Spirit.

1 I WANT a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
The consecrated cross.

2 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

Let wisdom guiue and 4 That heavenly wisdom from above

And let it guard, and guide, and warm Abundantly impart; And penetrate my heart;

5 Till it shall lead me to thyself, Fountain of bliss and love! And all my darkness be dispersed In endless light above.

> ARORY L. M. 61.

386. For Forgiveness and Renewal of Mind.

1 Forgive us, for thy mercy's sake, Our multitude of sins forgive! And for thy own possession take, And bid us to thy glory live,-Live in thy sight, and gladly prove Our faith by our obedient love. 312

- The covenant of forgiveness seal, And all thy mighty wonders show! Our hidden enemies expel, And conquering them to conquer go, Till all of pride and wrath be slain, And not one evil thought remain!
- 3 O put it in our inward parts, The living law of perfect love! Write the new precept on our hearts; We shall not then from thee remove, Who in thy glorious image shine Thy people, and forever thine.

387. C. M. H. Ballou.

For Remission of Sins, and Divine Light.

- 1 O THOU, whose power the mountains formed, And made the sea its bed; Who set the raging waves their bound, And all their caverns hid;—
- 2 The mountains thy commands obey, The seas thy power confess; Thou dost their caverns deep survey, And every dark recess.
- 3 O'er mountains of our sins, O Lord, Wilt thou thy hand extend, And to thy gracious, pardoning word Their lofty summits bend.
- 4 And o'er the raging seas of guilt May thy rich grace abound, While in the blood that Jesus spilt Each angry wave is drowned.
- 5 In darkest caverns of the heart Wilt thou thy light display, And to the visual power impart Thine own eternal day.

FRAVER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES.

*Doddeldge C M. For Freedom from secret Sin.

SEARCHER of hearts! before thy face

I all my soul display; And, conscious of its innate arts,

Entreat thy strict survey. 2 If, lurking in its inmost folds,

I any sin conceal,

O, let a ray of light divine The secret guile reveal.

3 If tinctured with that odious gall Unknowing I remain, Let grace, like a pure silver stream,

Wash out the hateful stain.

4 If, in these fatal fetters bound, Smite of my chains, and wake my soul

To light and liberty. 5 To humble penitence and prayer

Speak ample pardon to my heart, And seal its claim to heaven.

C. WELL C. M. For Tenderness of Conscience. 389.

1 I WANT a principle within Of jealous, godly fear; A dread and hatred of all sin,

A pain to feel it near. 2 I want the first approach to feel

Of pride or fond desire of my will. And quench the kindling fre.

314

- 3 That I from thee no more may part, No more thy goodness grieve. The filial awe, the loving heart, The tender conscience give.
- 4 Quick as the apple of the eye, O God! my conscience make; Awake my soul when sin is nigh, And keep it still awake.
- 5 If to the right or left I stray, That moment, Lord, reprove; And let me mourn, and weep, and pray, For having grieved thy love.
- 6 O! may the least omission pain My well-instructed soul; That I may find that grace again, Which makes the wounded whole.

390.

C. M.

Montgowery

For grateful Submission.

- 1 ONE prayer I have, all prayers in one, 'Thy will, my God, thy will be done, And let that will be mine.'
- 2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good, In thee I firmly trust; Thy ways, unknown or understood, Are merciful and just.
- 3 May I remember that to thee Whate'er I have I owe; And back in gratitude from me May all thy bounties flow.
- Thy gifts are only then enjoyed, When used as talents lent;

391, 392. PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES.

Those talents only well employed, When in thy service spent.

- 5 And though thy wisdom takes away, Shall I arraign thy will?
 No, let me bless thy name, and say, 'The Lord is gracious still.'
- 6 A pilgrim through the earth I roam, Of nothing long possessed; And all must fail when I go home, For this is not my rest.

391. L. M. Mrs. Cottenill. For a Life devoted to God's Glory.

- 1 O THOU, who hast at thy command The hearts of all men in thy hand! Our wayward, erring hearts incline To have no other will but thine.
- 2 Our wishes, our desires, control; Mould every purpose of the soul; O'er all may we victorious be That stands between ourselves and thee.
- 3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be, When we can look through them to thee; When each glad heart its tribute pays Of love, and gratitude, and praise.
- 4 And while we to thy glory live, May we to thee all glory give, Until the final summons come, That calls thy willing servants home.

392. C. M. Cowper.

For Submission and Divine Guidence

1 O Lorn! my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign

316

PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES. 393.

- Life, health and comfort to thy will, And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command, Whose love forbids my fears? Or tremble at the gracious hand That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No! let me rather freely yield What most I prize, to thee, Who never hast a good withheld, Nor wilt withhold, from me.
- 4 Thy favor all my journey through
 Thou art engaged to grant;
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way: Shall I resist them both?— A poor blind creature of a day, And crushed before the moth!
- 6 But, ah! my inmost spirit cries, Still bind me to thy sway; Else, the next cloud that veils my skies Drives all these thoughts away.

393.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

For Resignation.

- 1 My times of sorrow and of joy, Great God! are in thy hand; My choicest comforts come from thee, And go at thy command.
- 2 If thou shouldst take them all away, Yet would I not repine; Before they were possessed by me, They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word, Though the whole world were gone, But seek enduring happiness

In thee, and thee alone. 4 What is the world, with all its store? Tis but a bitter sweet; When I attempt to pluck the rose, A prickling thorn I meet.

5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,— The honey's mixed with gall: Midst changing scenes and dying friends, Be thou my all in all.

MRS. STEEL C. M. 394.

For Resignation and Confidence. 1 AND can my heart aspire so high To say, 'My Father! God! Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,

And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will, For thou art good and wise; Let every anxious thought be still, Nor one faint murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gl And bid me wait serene Till hopes and joys immortal bloom

And brighten all the scene. 4 My Father! O permit my heart To plead its humble them. words words

395.

Anonymous. C. M.

For Sincerity in Worship.

- 1 LORD! when we bend before the throne, And our confessions pour,
 - O may we feel the sins we own, And hate what we deplore.
 - 2 Our contrite spirits pitying see; True penitence impart; And let a healing ray from thee Beam hope on every heart.
 - 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer, O let our wills resign; And not a thought our bosom share, Which is not wholly thine.
 - 4 And when with heart and voice we strive Our grateful hymns to raise, Let love divine within us live And fill our souls with praise.
 - 5 Then, on thy glories while we dwell, Thy mercies we'll review; With love divine transported, tell -Thou, God, art Father too!

MERRICK. L. M. 61.

For the Understanding and Influence of God's Word.

1 WHILE here as wandering sheep we stray, Teach us, O teach us, Lord, thy way! Dispose our hearts, with willing awe, T., love thy word, to keep thy law; That, by thy guiding precepts led, Our feet the paths of truth may treat

397, 398. PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES.

- 2 Great source of light to all below!
 Teach us thy holy will to know:
 Teach us to read thy word aright,
 And make it our supreme delight;
 That, purged from vain desires, our mind
 In thee its only good may find.
- 3 Maker, instructer, judge of all,
 O hear us when on thee we call!
 To us, all-bounteous Lord, dispense
 Thy grace, and guiding influence!
 Preserve us in thy holy ways,
 And teach our hearts to speak thy praise!

397. 10s M. Dr. Johnson.

For Divine Light and Support.

 O THOU whose power o'er moving worlds presides,

Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides! On darkling man in pure effulgence shine, And cheer the clouded mind with light divine!

2 'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast With silent confidence, and holy rest; From thee, great God! we spring, to thee we tend, —
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

398. 8s 7s & 4s M. *OLIVEL

For Divine Guidance and Sustenance.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful band.
Bread of heaven!
Freed me till I want no more.
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PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES. 399.

- 2 Open now the crystal fountains Whence the living waters flow; Let the fiery, cloudy pillar Lead me all the journey through. Strong Deliverer! Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 Feed me with the heavenly manna In this barren wilderness;
 Be my sword, and shield and banner;
 Be the Lord my righteousness.
 Strong Deliverer!
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 4 When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anxious fears subside; Bear me through the swelling current, Land me safe on Canaan's side. Songs of praises I will ever give to thee.

399. L. M. 6l. MONTGOMERY.

For Guidance to the Promised Land.

- 1 Thus far on life's perplexing path,
 Thus far thou, Lord, our steps hast led,
 Snatched from the world's pursuing wrath,
 Unharmed though floods o'erhung our head:
 Like ransomed Israel on the shore,
 Here then we pause, look back, adore,
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below, Like all our fathers in their day, We to the land of promise go, Lord, by thine own appointed way; Still guide, illumine, cheer our flight, In cloud by day, in fire by night.

400. PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES.

- 3 Protect us through the wilderness,
 From every peril, plague, and foe;
 With bread from heaven thy people bless,
 And living streams where'er we go;
 Nor let our rebel hearts repine,
 Or follow any voice but thine.
- 4 Thy holy law to us proclaim,
 But not from Sinai's top alone;
 Hid in the rock-cleft be thy name,
 Thy power, and all thy goodness, shown;
 And may we never bow the knee,
 Or worship any God but thee.
- 5 When we have numbered all our years, And stand, at length, on Jordan's brink, Though the flesh fail with mortal fears, O let not then the spirit sink; But, strong in faith, and hope, and love, Plunge through the stream, to rise above!

400.

L. M.

*Cowper.

For Confidence in God.

- WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind, And smiling day once more appears, Then, my Creator! then I find The folly of my doubts and fears.
- Straight I upbraid my wandering heart, And blush that I should ever be Thus prone to act so base a part, Or harbor one hard thought of thee.
- 3 O! let me then at length be taught, What I am still so slow to learn,— That God is love, and changes not, Nor knows the shadow of a turn. 339.

PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES. 401.

- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
 But when my faith is sharply tried,
 I find myself a learner yet,
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But, O my God! one look from thee Subdues the disobedient will, Drives doubt and discontent away, And thy rebellious child is still.
- 6 Thou art as ready to forgive
 As I am ready to repine;
 Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;
 Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

401. C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Solomon's Prayer for Wisdom.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God! in humble prayer
 To thee our souls we lift;
 Do thou our waiting minds prepare
 For thy most needful gift.
- We ask not golden streams of wealth Along our path to flow;
 We ask not undecaying health, Nor length of years below.
- 3 We ask not honors, which an hour May bring and take away; We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power, Lest we should go astray.
- 4 We ask for wisdom; Lord, impart
 The knowledge how to live;
 A wise and understanding beart
 To all before thee give.



- 1 Thus Agur bre 'My God, two In neither my r Vouchsafe then
- 2 'Far from my Those enemies Folly, whose p And Falsehood
 - 3 'Be neither w Below the dor Let me my lif And know no
 - 4 Those wishes
 O, shed in m
 Thy bounties
 Expiring, tur

. -hanldel

PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES. 403,404.

403. C. M. WATTS.

The aged Christian's Prayer. Ps. 71.

- 1 God of my childhood and my youth, The guide of all my days! I have declared thy heavenly truth, And told thy wondrous ways.
- 2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs, And leave my fainting heart? Who shall sustain my sinking years If God my strength depart?
- 3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim To the surviving age, And leave a savor of thy name When I shall quit the stage.
- 4 The land of silence and of death
 Attends my next remove;
 O may these poor remains of breath
 Teach the wide world thy love!
- 5 By long experience have I known
 Thy sovereign power to save;
 At thy command I venture down
 Securely to the grave.
- 6 When I lie buried deep in dust,
 My flesh shall be thy care;
 These withering limbs with thee I trust,

404. PRAYER AND DEVOUT EXERCISES.

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- 2 When on my aching, burdened heart My sins lie heavily, Thy pardon grant, new peace impart; Good Lord, remember me.
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way, And ills I cannot flee, O let my strength be as my day; Good Lord, remember me.
- 4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief, This feeble body see; Grant patience, rest, and kind relief; Good Lord, remember me.
- 5 When in the solemn hour of death I wait thy just decree, Be this the prayer of my last breath, — Good Lord, remember me.
- 6 And when before thy throne I stand,
 And lift my soul to thee,
 Then, with the saints at thy right hand,
 Good Lord, remember me.
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THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &c.

405.

L. M.

+WATTS.

The Beatitudes.

- 1 Blest are the men of broken heart, Who mourn for sin with inward smart; The love of Christ divinely flows, A healing balm for all their woes.
- 2 Blest are the meek, who stand afar From rage and passion, noise and war; God will secure their happy state, And plead their cause against the great.
- 3 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace, Hunger and long for righteousness; They shall be well supplied and fed With living streams and living bread.
- 4 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean From the defiling power of sin; With endless pleasure they shall see A God of spotless purity.
- 5 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
 Who quench the coals of growing strife;
 They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
 The sons of God, the God of peace.



God dwelle with the Humble en

1 Thus saith the high and lo 'I sit upon my holy throne My name is God, I dwell of Dwell in my own eternity!

2 'But I descend to worlds !
On earth I have a mansion
The humble spirit and com
Is an abode of my delight.

3 'The humble soul my wor I bid the mourning sunner Heal all the broken hearts And ease the sorrows of t

4 'When I contend against I make them know how v But should my wrath fore

ITIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &c. 40

Tis he whose every thought and deed By rules of virtue moves; Whose generous tongue disdains to speal The thing his heart disproves;

- 3 Who never did a slander forge, His neighbor's fame to wound; Nor hearken to a false report, By malice whispered round;
- 4 Who vice, in all its pomp and power, Can treat with just neglect; And piety, though clothed in rags, Religiously respect;
- 5 Who to his plighted vows and trust Has ever firmly stood; And though he promise to his loss, He makes his promise good.
- 6 The man who by this steady course Has happiness ensured, When earth's foundations shake, shall star By Providence secured.

408.

7s M.

MERRICK.

The Same. Ps. 15.

- 1 Who shall towards thy chosen seat Turn, O Lord, his favored feet? Who shall at thine altar bend? Who shall Zion's hill ascend? Who, great God, a welcome guest, On thy holy mountain rest?
- 2 He whose heart thy love has warmed;
 He whose will, to thine conformed,
 Bids his life unsullied run;
 He whose word and thought are one

409,410. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &c.

Who, from sin's contagion free, Lifts his willing soul to thee.

3 He who thus, with heart unstained, Treads the path by thee ordained, He shall towards thy chosen seat Turn, O Lord, his favored feet; He thy ceaseless care shall prove, He shall share thy constant love.

409. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Who shall stand in his holy Place? Ps. 24.

- 1 THE earth is thine, Jehovah; thine Its peopled realms and wealthy stores; Built on the floods by power divine, The waves are ramparts to the shores.
- 2 But who shall reach thy holy place, Or who, O Lord, ascend thy hill? The pure in heart shall see thy face, The perfect man that doth thy will.
- 3 He who to bribes hath closed his hand, To idols never bent the knee, Nor sworn in falsehood, — he shall stand Redeemed, and owned, and kept by thee.

410. L. M. SIR H. WOTTON. The independent and happy Man.

- 1 How happy is he born or taught, Who serveth not another's will; Whose armor is his honest thought, And simple truth his highest skill;
- 2 Whose passions not his masters are; Whose soul is still prepared for death; Not tied unto the world with care Of prince's ear or vulgar breath; 330

THRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &C. 411,412.

- 3 Who God doth late and early pray More of his grace than goods to lead, And walks with man, from day to day, As with a brother and a friend.
- 4 This man is freed from servile bands Of hope to rise, or fear to fall; Lord of himself, though not of lands, And having nothing, yet hath all.

411. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The true Riches. Ps. 37.

- 1 With mines of wealth are sinners poor, Unblessing and unblessed; But rich the man, whate'er his store, Of inward peace possessed.
- At tender pity's urgent call His mite is gladly given; Though poor the gift, the offering small, Its record stands in heaven.
- 3 Ne'er shall he be, in life, bereft Of God's protecting care; Nor yet his duteous offspring left Unsolaced ills to bear.
- 4 And mark the Christian's dying hour! No fears, no doubts annoy; His trust is in his Father's power, His end is peace and joy.

412.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Same. Ps. 4.

1 Amost unsatisfied desires,
Or trouble's overwhelming flood,

413. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACI

Eager the doubting heart inquire O who will show us any good?

- 2 But happy they who serve the L And in his holy name believe; They know, from his all-graciou That he will every want relieve.
- 3 When humbly offering at his shi The grateful homage of the hea: The Lord will hear, and grace of In rich and copious streams imp
- 4 Worldlings, who wealth and hor Full many a weary vigil keep; But he whose treasure is above, Shall rest secure, and sweetly sl

413. L. M.

*Mo

The Christian Warrior.

- 1 THE Christian warrior, see him In the whole armor of his God; The spirit's sword is in his hand His feet are with the gospel show
- 2 In panoply of truth complete, Salvation's helmet on his head, With righteousness, a breastplat And faith's broad shield before !
- 3 With this omnipotence he move From this the alien armies flee; Till more than conqueror he pro Through Christ, who gives him
- 4 Thus strong in his Redeemer's s Sin, death, and hell he tramples Fights the good fight; and tak Through mercy, an immortal

ISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &c. 414,41

414. L. M. *MRS. BARBAUL

The Christian Warfare.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes; See where thy foes against thee rise In long array, a numerous host; Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.
- 2 Here danger like a giant stands, Mustering his pale, terrific bands; There pleasure's silken banners spread, And willing souls are captive led.
- 3 See where rebellious passions rage, And fierce desires and lusts engage; The meanest foe of all the train Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 4 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground; Perils and snares beset thee round: Beware of all; guard every part; But most the traitor in thy heart.
- 5 Come, then, my soul! now learn to wield The weight of thine immortal shield; Put on the armor from above Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love.
- 6 The terror and the charm repel, And powers of earth, and powers of hell The Man of Calvary triumphed here: Why should his faithful followers fear?

415. C. M. *Doddridg: The Christian Race.

1 Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

333



Tis his own hand present To thine aspiring eye;

4 That prize with peerless
Which shall new lustre
When victors' wreaths as
Shall blend in common

416. L. M.

Rising with Chr

- 1 Yz faithful souls, who J If risen indeed with him Superior to the joys bel His resurrection's powe
- e Vour faith by holy tem

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, & C. 417,4

417.

L. M.

SMART

Charity.

- 1 LET men of high conceit and zeal Their fervors and their faith proclaim; If charity be wanting still, The rest is but a sounding name.
- 2 Patient and meek, she suffers long, And slowly her resentments rise; Soon she forgets the greatest wrong, And soon the angry passion dies.
- 3 She envies none their better state, But makes her neighbor's bliss her own: Nor vaunts herself with mind elate, But still a modest air puts on.
 - 4 Her neighbor's infamy and ill To her no entertainment give; She's pleased to see him prosper still, And still in good repute to live.
- 5 This is the grace that reigns on high, And will forever brightly burn, When hope shall in enjoyment die, And faith to intuition turn.

418.

C. M.
The Same.

PROUD.

419. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &c.

- 3 He aids the poor in their distress, He hears when they complain; With tender heart delights to bless, And lessen all their pain.
- 4 The sick, the prisoner, poor and blind, And all the sons of grief, In him a benefactor find; He loves to give relief.
- 5 'Tis love that makes religion sweet;
 'Tis love that makes us rise,
 With willing mind and ardent feet,
 'To yonder happy skies.
- 6 Then let us all in love abound,
 And charity pursue;
 Thus shall we be with glory crowned,
 And love as angels do.

419.

L. M.

WATTS.

Communing with Christ.

- 1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone; Let my religious hours alone; Fain would my eyes my Savior see; I wait a visit, Lord, from thee!
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire, And kindles with a pure desire: Come, my dear Jesus, from above, And feed my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 The trees of life immortal stand In blooming rows at thy right hand; And, in sweet murmurs, by their side Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.
- 4 Haste, then, but with a smiling face, And spread the table of thy grace; 336

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &c. 490.

Bring down a taste of truth divine, And cheer my heart with sacred wine.

- 5 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare! How sweet thy entertainments are! Never did angels taste above Redeeming grace and dying love.
- 6 Hail! great Immanuel, all divine! In thee thy Father's glories shine; Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one That eyes have seen, or angels known!

420. C. M. *WATTE. A living and a dead Faith.

- 1 MISTAKEN souls! that dream of heaven, And make their empty boast Of inward joys, and sins forgiven, While they are slaves to lust.
- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights, If faith be cold and dead; None but a living power unites To Christ, the living head.
- 3 'Tis faith that purifies the heart 'Tis faith that works by love; That bids all sinful joys depart, And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell By a celestial power; This is the grace that shall prevail In the decisive hour.
- 5 Faith must obey her Father's will,
 As well as trust his grace;
 A perdoning God is jealous still
 For his own holiness
 22



1 'Tis by the faith o We walk through Till we arrive at I Faith is our guide

2 The want of sigh She makes the p Far into distant And brings etern

3 Cheerful we tres While faith inspi Though lions ro And rocks and

4 So Abraham, b Left his own ho His faith beheld And fired his z

422.

The brigh

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &c. 423.

3 The yawning gulf that howled beneath Has ceased its angry roar; The surging waves have spent their force, And died upon the shore.

And died upon the shore.

4 Far in the distance faith beholds

A flood of heavenly light;

Now spreads her pinions, and directs

To heaven her ardent flight.

5 Far, far beyond this nether world, Where sin and sorrow grow, She seeks and finds that endless rest Where joys unceasing flow.

423.

C. M.

Anonymous.

The Power of Faith

1 Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss,

And saves us from its snares;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all our cares.

2 It quells the raging flames of sin; And lights the sacred fire Of love to God and heavenly things,

And feeds the pure desire.

The wounded conscience knows its power

The healing balm to give:
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

424,425. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &C.

424. C. M.

ANONYMOUL

Faith, Hope, and Charity.

1 FAITH, hope, and love now dwell on earth, And earth by them is blest; But faith and hope must yield to love, Of all the graces best.

2 Hope shall to full fruition rise, And faith be sight above; These are the means, but that the end, For saints forever love.

425.

C. M.

NEEDHAM.

Fear of God.

1 HAPPY, beyond description, he Who fears the Lord his God; Who hears his threats with holy awe, And trembles at his rod.

2 Fear, sacred passion, ever dwells
With its fair partner, love;
Blending their beauties, both proclaim
Their source is from above.

3 Let terrors fright th' unwilling slave,— The child with joy appears; Cheerful he does his Father's will, And loves as much as fears.

4 Let fear and love, most holy God!
Possess this soul of mine;
Then shall I worship thee aright.
And taste thy joys divine.
340

CERISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &c. 426,427.

426. 7s & 6s M. Montgoment

Confidence in God. Ps. 27.

- 1 God is my strong salvation;
 What foe have I to fear?
 In darkness and temptation
 My Light, my Help, is near.
 Though hosts encamp around me,
 Firm to the fight I stand;
 What terror can confound me
 With God at my right hand?
- 2 Place on the Lord reliance; My soul, with courage wait; His truth be thine affiance, When faint and desolate; His might thine heart shall strengthen; His love thy joy increase; Mercy thy days shall lengthen; The Lord will give thee peace.

427. C. M. MONTGOMENY.

Hearts placed on Things above.

- 1 WHILE through this changing world we roam From infancy to age, Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home, His rest at every stage.
- 2 Thither his raptured thought ascends, Eternal joys to share; There his adoring spirit bends, While here he kneels in prayer.
- 3 From earth his freed affections rise,
 To fix on things above,
 Where all his hope of glory lies,
 And love is perfect love.

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, h! there may we our treasure place, There let our hearts be found, That still where sin abounded, grace May more and more abound. Henceforth our conversation be With Christ before the throne; Ere long we eye to eye shall see, And know as we are known. WATTS.

Adorn the Doctrine by godly Lives. 428

1 So let our lips and lives express The holy gospel we profess; So let our works and virtues shine, To prove the doctrine all divine.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad. The honors of our Savior God, Mheu the salvation teigns mithing And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied, Passion and envy, lust and pride; While justice! temperance, truth and!

Our inward piety approve. 4 Religion bears our spirits up, While we expect that blessed hope, The bright appearance of the Lord And faith stands leaning on his wo.

Longing for Heaven in Times of Tre **429**.

MHEN IMBINE SOLION MOSTW. And mourns the Present P

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &c. 4

Tis sweet to think of peace at last, And feel that death is gain.

- 2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise, And dread a Father's will; 'Tis not that meek submission flies, And would not suffer still; —
- 3 It is, that heaven-born faith surveys The path that leads to light, And longs her eagle plumes to raise, And lose herself in sight.
- 4 It is, that harassed conscience feels
 The pangs of struggling sin;
 And sees, though far, the hand that heals
 And ends the strife within.
- 5 O let me wing my hallowed flight From earth-born woe and care, And soar above these clouds of night, My Savior's bliss to share!

430. C. M. WATTS.

Liberality rewarded. Ps. 119.

1 HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,

431. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &

4 In times of general distress, Some beams of light shall shine To show the world his righteousness, And give him peace divine.

431.

C. M.

WATT

Love and Charity.

- 1 Let Pharisees of high esteem Their faith and zeal declare,— All their religion is a dream, If love be wanting there.
- 2 Love suffers long with patient eye, Nor is provoked in haste; She lets the present injury die, And long forgets the past.
- 3 Malice and rage, those fires of hell, She quenches with her tongue; Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill Though she endures the wrong.
- 4 She nor desires nor seeks to know
 The scandals of the time;
 Nor looks with pride on those below
 Nor envies those that climb.
- 5 She lays her own advantage by, To seek her neighbor's good: So God's own Son came down to die And bought our lives with blood.
- 6 Love is the grace that keeps her pow In all the realms above; There faith and hope are known no. But saints forever love.
 344

MERISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &c. 432,

432. L. M. *WATTS.

All Things vain without Love.

- 1 Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jew And nobler speech than angels use, If love be absent, I am found Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspired to preach and tell All that is done in heaven and hell; Or could my faith the world remove, Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store To feed the cravings of the poor; Or give my body to the flame To gain a martyr's glorious name;
- 4 If love to God and love to men Be absent, all my hopes are vain: Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal, The works 6f love can e'er fulfil.

433. C. M. WATTS.

But the greatest of these is Charity.'

1 Happy the heart where graces reign, Where love inspires the breast: Or leave this up.

The wings of love bear us away
To see our gracious God.

434. S. M. BEDDONI

Mutual Charity among Christians.

1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

 Among the saints on earth Let mutual love be found;
 Heirs of the same inheritance, With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Let envy, child of hell!
Be banished far aways;
Those should in strictest friendship
Who the same Lord obey.

" the church below

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &c. 43

2 'Tis like the dews that fill The cups of Hermon's flowers; Or Zion's fruitful hill, Bright with the drops of showers; When mingling odors breathe around, And glory rests on all the ground.

3 For there the Lord commands
Blessings, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands,
Yea, life for evermore.
Thrice happy they who meet above
To spend eternity in love!

436. C. M. WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 133.

- 1 Lo, what an entertaining sight
 Are brethren that agree!
 Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite
 In bands of piety!
- 2 When streams of love, from Christ the spring Descend to every soul, And heavenly peace, with balmy wing, Shades and bedews the whole.

2 Tie like the oil divinely sweet



Lord, help u
That growing I
And growing S
With unders
Created to b
Our faith on m
Subject to ne
4 Give us the I
Our minds w
From noxious 6

Subject to not 4 Give us the 1 Our minds w From noxious & From prejud 5 The truth the May we with Abhorring each And fearing

iristian character, graces, &c. 439.

- 3 The God of peace is theirs; They own his gracious sway; And, yielding all their wills to him, His sovereign laws obey.
- 4 No angry passions move, No envy fires the breast; The prospect of eternal peace Bids every trouble rest.
- 5 O gracious Father! grant That we this influence feel, That all we hope, or wish, may be Subjected to thy will.

439. C. M. NEEDHAM.

Meekness and Moderation.

- 1 HAPPY the man whose cautious steps Still keep the golden mean! Whose life, by wisdom's rules well formed, Declares a conscience clean.
- 2 Not of himself he highly thinks, Nor acts the boaster's part; His modest tongre the language speaks Of his still humbler heart.
- 3 Not in base scandal's arts he deals, For truth dwells in his breast; With grief he sees his neighbor's faults, And thinks and hopes the best.
- 4 What blessings bounteous heaven bestows
 He takes with thankful heart;
 With temperance he both eats and drinks,
 And gives the poor a part.

HRISTIAN CHARA

To sect or party his large soul Disdains to be confined;

The good he loves of every name, And prays for all mankind.

6 Pure is his zeal, the offspring fair Of truth and heavenly love: The bigot's rage can never dwell Where rests the peaceful dove.

7 His business is to keep his heart; Each passion to control;

Nobly ambitious well to rule The empire of his soul.

L. M.

440. 1 PATIENCE! - O, what a grace divine Sent from the God of power and love, Submissive to our Father's hand,

١

ANONYMO

As through the wilds of life we rove. By patience we serenely bear

The troubles of our mortal state, And wait, contented, our discharge, Nor think our glory comes too late.

3 Though we, in full sensation, feel The weight, the wounds our God We smile amid our heaviest woes And triumph in our sharpest pain

4 O, for this grace, to aid us on, And arm with fortitude the bree Till, life's tumultuous voysee We reach the shores of endle

THRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &C. 441,442

5 Faith into vision shall be brought;
And hope shall in fruition die;
And patience in possession end,
In the bright worlds of bliss on high.

441. C. M. *WATTS.

Prudence and Peace-making.

1 O, 'TIS a lovely thing to see
A man of prudent heart!
Whose thoughts and lips and life agree
To act a useful part.

2 When envy, strife and wars begin In little angry souls, Mark how the sons of peace come in, And quench the kindling coals.

3 Their minds are humble, mild and meek, Nor does their anger rise, Nor passion move their lips to speak, Nor pride exalt their eyes.

4 Their lives are prudence mixed with love; Good works employ their day; They join the serpent with the dove, But cast the sting away.

5 Such was the Savior of mankind; Such pleasures he pursued; His manners gentle and refined, His soul divinely good

442. C. M. FAWGETT. Importance of Religion.

1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.

hrough he earner's produced in me Redeemer's produced in me Redeemer's produced in my Redeemer's produced in my Redeemer's produced in my Redeemer's souls, and slaves to sin!

An wretched souls, who strive in vain!

Slaves to tol may asstain,

Anobler satisfaction win.

A nobler satisfaction win.

A nobler satisfaction win.

A nobler satisfaction win.

Your from his preceive red reduced in the form his preceive rich remains the form his preceive all my sould be service all my sound led my committee in a my sound led my committee in the my sound led my sound l

yield to his supreme control. And in his kind commands rejoice.

5 O may I never faint nor : re. Nor wander from thy steers were Great God, accept inv con testre. And give me strength to live the praise.

444. L. M.

WATTE.

Self-knowledge, and Abstraction from Earth.

My God, permit me not to be A stranger to myself and thee: Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove, Forgetful of my highest love.

Why should my passions mix with earth, and thus debase my heavenly birn? Vhy should I cleave to this.

443. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &C.

- 2 More needful this than glittering wealth, Or aught the world bestows; Not reputation, food or health Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage Amidst our youthful bloom; 'Twill fit us for declining age, And for th' approaching tomb.
- 4 O may my heart, by grace renewed, Be my Redeemer's throne; And be my stubborn will subdued, His government to own.
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith and love Be joined with godly fear; And all my conversation prove My heart to be sincere.
- 6 Preserve me from the snares of sin Through my remaining days; And in me let each virtue shine To my Redeemer's praise.

443.

L. M.

MRS. STRELE.

Holy Resolve.

- 1 AH, wretched souls, who strive in vain! Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin! A nobler toil may I sustain, A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 I would resolve, with all my heart, With all my powers, to serve the Lord; Nor from his precepts e'er depart, Whose service is a rich reward.
- 3 O be his service all my joy! Around let my example shine; 352.

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &c. 444.

Till others love the blest employ, And join in labors so divine.

- 4 Be this the purpose of my soul, My solemn, my determined choice,— To yield to his supreme control, And in his kind commands rejoice.
- 5 O may I never faint nor tire, Nor wander from thy sacred ways! Great God, accept my soul's desire, And give me strength to live thy praise.

444.

L. M.

WATTS.

Self-knowledge, and Abstraction from Earth.

- 1 My God, permit me not to be A stranger to myself and thee: Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove, Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth, And thus debase my heavenly birth? Why should I cleave to things below, And let my God, my Savior go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense; One sovereign word can draw me thence: I would obey the voice divine. And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn Let noise and vanity be gone.

 In secret silence of the mind

 My heaven, and there my God, I find.

 23

1 Am I an Israelite indeed, Without a false diaguise Have I renounced my sin My refuges of lies?

My refuges of lies?
2 Say, does my heart unchr
Or is it formed anew?
What is the rule by which
The object I pursue?

3 Cause me, O God of trut
My real state to know
If I am wrong, O set me
If right, preserve me s

446. C. M. Walking with Go

1 Thrice happy souls, who, While yet they sojourn h Do all their days with God

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &C. 447,448.

- 5 As different scenes of life arise, Our grateful hearts would be With thee amidst the social band, In solitude with thee.
- 6 In solid, pure delights like these, Let all our days be passed; Nor shall we then, impatient, wish, Nor shall we fear the last.

447. L. M. ANONYMOUS. Uprightness and Justice.

- 1 Ir high or low our station be, Of noble or ignoble name,— By uncorrupt integrity, Thy blessing, Lord, we humbly claim.
- 2 The upright man no want shall fear; Thy providence shall be his trust; Thou wilt provide his portion here, Thou friend and guardian of the just.
- 3 May we, with most sincere delight, To all, the test of duty pay; Tender of every social right, Obedient to thy righteous sway.

448. L. M. ANONYMOUS. Wisdom.

- 1 HAPPY the man who finds the grace, The blessing of God's chosen race,— The wisdom coming from above, The faith that sweedly works by love.
- 2 Wisdom divine! who tells the price Of wisdom's costly merchandise? Wisdom to silver we prefer, And gold is dross compared to her.

449. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &c.

3 Her hands are filled with length of days, True riches, and immortal praise; Riches of Christ, on all bestowed, And honor that descends from God.

4 To purest joys she all invites, Chaste, holy, innocent delights; Her ways are ways of pleasantness, And all her flowery paths are peace.

5 Happy the man who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy, who his guest retains;
He owns, and shall forever own,
Wisdom and Christ and heaven are one.

449.

C. M. Wisdom.

Anonymou

1 O HAPPY is the man, who hears Instruction's warning voice; And who celestial wisdom makes His early, only choice.

2 Her treasures are of more esteem
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their mines of gold.

3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days;
Riches, with splendid honors joined,

Her left hand full displays.

4 She guides the young with innocence

In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labors rise, So her rewards increase; Her ways are ways of pleasantness, And all her paths are peace. 356

HRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &C. 450,451.

450.

C. M.

NEWTON.

True Zeal.

1 ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame The fire of love supplies; Whilst that which often bears the name, Is self but in disguise.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild, Can pity and forbear; The false is headstrong, fierce and wild, And breathes revenge and war.

3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms, He knows the worth of peace; But self contends for names and forms, Its party to increase.

4 Zeal has attained its highest aim, Its end is satisfied, If sinners love the Savior's name, — Nor seeks it aught beside.

5 But self, however well employed, Has its own ends in view; And says, as boasting Jehu cried, 'Come, see what I can do.'

6 This idol self, O Lord, dethrone, And from our hearts remove; And let no zeal by us be shown But that which springs from love.

451.

C. M.

*BEDDOME.

'Fear not.'

1 Yz trembling souls! dismiss your fears;
Be mercy all your theme,—
Mercy, which, like a river, flows
In one continued stream.



And make their citor

3 Fear not the want of on He will for his provid Grant them supplies of And all they need be

- 4 Fear not that he will e' Or leave his work un He's faithful to his pror And faithful to his Sc
- 5 Fear not the terrors of Or death's tremendor He will from death you To endless glory brin
- 6 You in his wisdom, pov May confidently trus His wisdom guides, his His grace rewards th

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CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &C. 45

His every act pure blessing is, His path unsullied light.

4 Thou comprehend'st him not; Yet earth and heaven tell God sits as sovereign on the throne; He ruleth all things well.

5 Thou seest our weakness, Lord; Our hearts are known to thee: O, lift thou up the sinking hand, Confirm the feeble knee!

 6 Let us, in life or death, Boldly thy truth declare;
 And publish, with our latest breath, Thy love and guardian care.

453. C. M. WATTS.

The Joy of Conversion. Ps. 126.

1 When God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,

And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change, And did thy hand confess; My tongue broke out in unknown strains, And sung surprising grace.

454. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, GRACES, &C.

5 Let those that sow in sadness wait Till the fair harvest come, They shall confess their sheaves are great, And shout the blessings home.

454. s. m.

*WATTS.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

1 COME, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind Be banished from the place! Religion never was designed To make our pleasures less.

3 Yes, now, before we rise
To the immortal state.

The thoughts of that amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found Glory begun below;

Celestial fruits on earthly ground From faith and hope may grow.

5 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

6 Then let our songs abound, And every tear be dry; We're marching through Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high. 360

LIFE, DEATH, RESURRECTION, AND ETERNITY.

455.

I., M.

WATTS.

God eternal, and Man mortas. Ps. 90.

1 Through every age, eternal God, Thou art our rest, our safe abode! High was thy throne ere heaven was made, Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

- 2 Long hadst thou reigned ere time began, Or dust was fashioned into man; And long thy kingdom shall endure, When earth and time shall be no more.
- 3 But man, weak man, is born to die, Made up of guilt and vanity: Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just, 'Return, ye sinners, to your dust.'
- 4 A thousand of our years amount Scarce to a day in thine account; Like yesterday's departed light, Or the last watch of ending night.
- 5 Death, like an overflowing stream, Sweeps us away; our life's a dream, An empty tale, a morning flower Cut down and withered in an bour.

361

456.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 90.

1 Our God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come! Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal home!

- 2 Before the hills in order stood, Or earth received her frame, From everlasting thou art God, To endless years the same.
- 3 A thousand ages in thy sight Are like an evening gone; Short as the watch that ends the night, Before the rising sun.
- 4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream, Bears all its sons away; They fly, forgotten, as a dream Dies at the opening day.
- 5 Like flowery fields the nations stand, Pleased with the morning light; The flowers beneath the mower's hand Lie withering ere 'tis night.
- 6 Our God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come, Be thou our guard while troubles last, And our eternal home!

457.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The steady Lapse of Time.

1 Gop of eternity! from thee
Did infant time his being draw;
Moments, and days, and months, and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.
362

Doddrings.

RESURRECTION, AND ETERNITY.

- 2 Silent and slow they glide away; Steady and strong the current flows, Lost in eterstry's wide sea — The boundlets gulf from whence it rose.
- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men, Before the rapid streams, are borne On to the everlasting home, Whence not one soul can e'er return.
- 4 Yet, while the shore on either side Presents a gandy, flattering show, We gaze, in fond amazement lost, Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great Source of wisdom! teach my heart
 To know the price of every hour;
 That time may bear me on to joys
 Beyond its measure and its power.

458. S. M. The rapid Flow of Time.

1 How swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea!
The tide that bears our thoughtless souls

2 Our fathers, where are they, With all they called their own? Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares, And wealth and honor, gone.

3 God of our fathers! hear; Thou everlasting Friend! While we, as on life's utmost verge, Our souls to thee commend.

4 Of all the pious dead

To vast eternity!

Above these gloom's beyond To those bright worlds Which sorrow ne'er invades!

There joys, unseen by mortal eyes, Or reason's feeble ray,

In ever-blooming prospects rise,

Unconscious of decay.

6 Thither, on faith's sublimest wing, To those bright scenes where pleasures spring

Immortal in the skies.

The Shortness of Time, and Frailty of Man. Ps. 39. 1 ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,

Teach me the measure of my days! Leach me to know pow tent and And spend the remnant to thy prese 364

Mrs. Streets

- 2 My days are shorter than a span; A little point my life appears; How frail at best is dying man! How vain are all his hopes and fears!
- 3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show! Vain are the cares which rack his mind! He heaps up treasures mixed with woe, And dies, and leaves them all behind.
- 4 O, be a nobler portion mine:
 My God! I bow before thy throne;
 Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
 And fix my hope on thee alone.
- 5 Save me by thine almighty arm From all my sins, and cleanse my faults; Then guilt nor folly shall alarm My soul, nor vex my peaceful thoughts.

461.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 39.

- Teach me the measure of my days, Thou Maker of my frame!
 I would survey life's narrow space, And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast, An inch or two of time; Man is but vanity and dust, In all his flower and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move Like shadows o'er the plain; They rage and strive, desire and love, But all their noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show, Some dig for golden ore;

They toil for heirs, they know not wand straight are seen no more.

- 5 What should I wish or wait for, therefrom creatures, earth, and dust? They make our expectations vain, And disappoint our trust.
- 6 Now I forbid my carnal hope, My fond desires recall; I give my mortal interest up, And make my God my all.

462.

S. M.

WA:

The Same. Ps. 90.

- 1 LORD, what a feeble piece
 Is this our mortal frame!
 Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
 That scarce deserves a name!
- 2 Alas! 'twas brittle clay
 That built our body first!
 And every month and every day
 'Tis mouldering back to dust.
- 3 Our moments fly apace, Nor will our minutes stay; Just like a flood our hasty days Are sweeping us away.
- 4 Well, if our days must fly, We'll keep their end in sight; We'll spend them all in wisdom's w And let them speed their flight.
- 5 They'll wast us sooner o'er
 This life's tempestuous sea;
 Soon we shall reach the peaceful st
 Of blest eternity.
 366

463.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The Hour of Death, and Entrance on Immortality

- 1 O God unseen but not unknown! Thine eye is ever fixed on me; I dwell beneath thy secret throne, Encompassed by thy deity.
- 2 The moment comes when strength must fail, When, -health and hope and comfort flown, -I must go down into the vale And shade of death, with thee alone:
- 3 Alone with thee ; in that dread strife, Uphold me through mine agony, And gently be this dying life Exchanged for immortality.
- 4 Then, when th' unbodied spirit lands Where flesh and blood have never trod. And in the unveiled presence stands Of thee, my Savior and my God:
- 5 Be mine eternal portion this, Since thou wert always here with me, That I may view thy face in bliss, And be for evermore with thee.

464.

C. M.

HEBER.

Universal Warning of Death. 1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head Is equal warning given:

Beneath us lie the countless dead. Above us is the heaven!

2 Their names are graven on the stone, Their bones are in the clay; And ere another day is done, Ourselves may be as they.

- 3 Death rides on every passing breeze, He lurks in every flower; Each season has its own disease, Its peril every hour.
- 4 Our eyes have seen the rosy light Of youth's soft cheek decay, And fate descend in sudden night On manhood's middle day.
- 5 Our eyes have seen the steps of age Halt feebly towards the tomb; And yet shall earth our hearts engage, And dreams of days to come?
- 6 Turn, mortal! turn, thy danger know; Where'er thy foot can tread, The earth rings hollow from below, And warms thee of her dead!

465. L. M.

*WATTS.

Death is God's Messenger. Ps. 102.

- 1 Ir is the Lord our Savior's hand Weakens our strength amid the race; Disease and death, at his command, Arrest us, and cut short our days.
- 2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray, Nor let our sun go down at noon; Thy years are one eternal day, And must thy children die so soon?
- 3 Yet, in the midst of death and grief, This thought our sorrow shall assuage: 'Our Father and our Savior live; Christ is the same through every age.'
- 4 The starry curtains of the sky, Like garments, shall be laid saide; 368

But still thy throne stands firm on high, Thy church forever must abide.

5 Before thy face thy church shall live, And on thy throne thy children reign; This dying world shall they survive, And all the dead be raised again.

466.

C. M.

Doddridge.

God, our only Support in Death. Ps. 38.

1 My soul! the awful hour will come, Apace it hastens on, To bear this body to the tomb,

And thee to scenes unknown.

2 My heart, long laboring with its cares, Shall pant and sink away; And you, mine eyelids, soon shall close On the last glimmering ray.

3 Whence, in that hour, shall I derive
A cordial for my pain,
When, if earth's monarchs were my friends,
Those friends would weep in vain?

4 Great King of nature and of grace!
To thee my spirit flies,
And opens all its deep distress
Before thy pitying eyes.

5 All its desires to thee are known, And every secret fear; The meaning of each broken groan Is noticed by thine ear.

6 O fix me, by that mighty power Which to such love belongs, Where darkness veils the eyes no more, And sighs are changed to songs. 24

467.

L. M.

WATTE

Christ's Presence makes Death easy.

- 1 Why should we start and fear to die! What timorous worms we mortals are! Death is the gate of endless joy, And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife, Fright our approaching souls away; Still we shrink back again to life, Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O! if my Lord would come and meet, My soul should stretch her wings in haste, Fly fearless through death's iron gate, Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed Feel soft as downy pillows are, While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweetly there.

468.

C. M.

Anonymous

The happy Death.

1 LORD, must we die? O let us die Trusting in thee alone! Our living testimony given,

Then leave our dying one!

2 If we must die, O let us die
In peace with all mankind,
And change these fleeting joys below

For pleasures all refined.

3 If we must die, — as die we must, — Let some kind seruph come, And bear us on his finestilly wing To our celestial house!

370

BESURRECTION, AND ETERNITY. 469, 470.

4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top, May we but have a view! Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks, We'll boldly venture through.

469. L. M. Anonymous.

Deliverance from the Fear of Death.

- 1 O God of love! with cheering ray, Gild our expiring hour of day; Thy love, through each revolving year, Has wiped away affliction's tear.
- 2 Free us from death's terrific gloom, And all the fear which shrouds the tomb; Heighten our joys, support our head, Before we sink among the dead.
- 3 May death conclude our toils and tears!
 May death destroy our sins and fears!
 May death, through Jesus, be our friend!
 May death be life, when life shall end!
- 4 Crown our last moment with thy power—
 The latest in our latest hour;
 Till to the raptured heights we soar,
 Where fears and death are known no more.

470. 7s & 4s M. Mrs. Gilbert.

Support in Death implored.

1 When the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this mortal clay,
O my Father, soothe my fears,
Light me through the darksome way;
Break the shadows,
Usher in eternal day.

2 Starting from this dying state, Upward bid my soul aspire; Open thou the crystal gate, To thy praise attune my lyre; Dwell forever,

Dwell on each immortal wire.

3 From the sparkling turrets there On I'll trace my pilgrim way, Often bless thy guardian care, Fire by night and cloud by day; While my triumphs At my Leader's feet I lay.

471.

L. M MRS. BARBAULE

Death of the Righteous.

- 1 Sweet is the scene when virtue dies! When sinks a righteous soul to rest; How mildly beam the closing eyes, How gently heaves th' expiring breast!
- 2 So fades the summer cloud away, So sinks the gale when storms are o'er So gently shuts the eye of day, So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around, A calm which life nor death destroys; Nothing disturbs that peace profound Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears, Where lights and shades alternate dwell! How bright th' unchanging morn apper Farewell, inconstant world, farewell'
- 5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay Light from its load the spirit fine While heaven and earth combin 'How blessed the righteous wh

RESURRECTION, AND ETERNITY. 472, 473

472. C. M. WATES.

- 'Why mourn the Death of Friends?'
 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
- Or shake at death's alarms?
 Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
 To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too, As fast as time can move? Nor would we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb?
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
 And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all the saints he blessed, And softened every bed; Where should the dying members rest, But with their dying Head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascended high, And showed our feet the way: Up to the Lord our souls shall fly, At the great rising day.

Were this frail world our only rest, Living or dying, none were blest.

- 2 Beyond the flight of time, Beyond this vale of death, There surely is some blessed clime, Where life is not a breath, Nor life's affections but a fire Whose sparks fly upward to expire.
- 3 There is a world above,
 Where parting is unknown,—
 A whole eternity of love
 And blessedness alone;
 And faith beholds the dving here,
 Translated to that happier sphere.
- 4 Thus, star by star declines
 Till all are passed away,
 As morning high and higher shines
 To pure and perfect day.
 Nor sink those stars in empty night —
 They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

474.

C. M.

Doddridge.

Submission, on the Death of Friends.

- 1 Peace!—'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand That blasts our joys in death, Changes the visage once so dear, And gathers back the breath.
- Tis he, the potentate supreme
 Of all the worlds above, —
 Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
 Nor from their purpose move.
- Our covenant God and Father be, In Christ our bleeding Lord, 374

Whose grace can heal the bursting heart With one reviving word.

- 4 Fair garlands of immortal bliss
 He weaves for every brow:
 And shall rebellious passions rise,
 When he corrects us now?
- 5 Silent we own Jehovah's name, We kiss the scourging hand; And yield our comforts and our life. To thy supreme command.

475.

C. M.

*Doddridge.

Comfort, on the Loss of Children.

- 1 Yz mourning ones, whose streaming tears Flow o'er your children dead, — Say not, in transports of despair, That all your hopes are fied.
- 2 While, cleaving to that darling dust, In fond distress ye lie, Rise, and with joy and reverence view A heavenly parent nigh.
- 3 Though your young branches tom away, Like withered trunks ye stand, With fairer verdure shall ye bloom, Touched by th' Almighty's hand.
- 4 'I'll give the mourner,' saith the Lord, 'In my own house a place; No names of daughters and of sons Could yield so high a grace.
- 5 'Transient and vain is every hope A rising race can give; In endless benor and delight My children all shall live.'

We welcome, Lord, those rising tears And bless those wounds, which through our hearts

Prepare a way for thee.

Christ's Resurrection, a Pleage of ours.

1 WHEN I the holy grave survey
Where once my Savior deigned to lie, I see fulfilled what prophets say,

And all the power of death defy.

? This empty tomb shall now proclaim How weak the bands of conquered death; Sweet pledge, that all who trust his name, Shall rise, and share the conqueror's wreath!

3 Jesus, once numbered with the dead, Unseals his eyes, to sleep no more; And ever lives their cause to plead For whom the pains of death he bore.

4 Thy risen Lord, my soul, behold!

See the rich diadem he wears! Thou too shalt bear a harp of gold, To crown thy joy when he appears.

5 Though in the dust I lay my head, Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave My flesh forever with the dead, Nor lose thy children in the grave.

477.

*WA C. M. The Same.

1 BLESSED be the everlasting God, The Father of our Lord; Be his abounding mercy present, His majesty adored.

RESURRECTION, AND ETERNITY.

- 2 When from the dead he raised his Son, And called him to the sky, He gave our souls a lively hope That they should never die.
- That they should never die.

 3 What though our mortal frame require
 Our flesh to see the dust,
 Yet as the Lord our Savior rose,
 So all his followers must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine Reserved against that day; 'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled, And cannot waste away.
- 5 Saints by the power of God are kept Till the salvation come; We walk by faith, as strangers here, Till Christ shall call us home.

478.

C. M.

WATTS.

A Prospect of the Resurrection.

- 1 How long shall death the tyrant reign, And triumph o'er the just, While the rich blood of martyrs slain Lies mingled with the dust?
- 2 Lo, I behold the scattered shades, The dawn of heaven appears; The sweet immortal morning spreads Its blushes round the spheres.
- 3 1 hear the voice, 'Ye dead, arise!' And, lo! the graves obey; And waking saints, with joyful eyes, Salute th' expected day.
- 4 They leave the dust, and on the wing Rise to the midway air,

In shining garments meet their King And low adore him there.

- 5 O may our humble spirits stand Among them clothed in white! The meanest place at his right hand Is infinite delight.
- 6 How will our joy and wonder rise, When our returning King Shall bear us homeward through the On love's triumphant wing!

479.

L. M.

The Resurrection, Pa. 88.

D

- 1 SHALL man, O God of light and life Forever moulder in the grave? Canst thou forget thy glorious work. Thy promise, and thy power to save
- 2 In those dark, silent realms of night Shall peace and hope no more arise No future morning light the tomb, Nor day-star gild the darksome skie
- 3 Cease cease, ye vain desponding When Christ our Lord from darkness Death, the last foe, was captive led, And heaven with praise and wonder
- 4 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors Unfold to make his children way: They shall be clothed with endless li And shine in everlasting day.
- 5 The trump shall sound the dead sh From the cold tomb the slumberers Through heaven, with joy, their my And hail their Savior and their Ki

RESURRECTION, AND ETERNITY. 480

480. C. M. 81. Anon Spring, an Emblem of the Resurrection.

1 ALL nature dies, and lives again:
The flowers that paint the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's br
And boughs and blossoms yield,—
Resign the honors of their form
At winter's stormy blast,
And leave the naked, leafless plain
A desolated waste.

2 Yet, soon reviving, plants and flowers Anew shall deck the plain; The woods shall hear the voice of sprin And flourish green again. So, to the dreary grave consigned, Man sleeps in death's dark gloom, Until th' eternal morning wake

The slumbers of the tomb.

3 O may the grave become to me
The bed of peaceful rest,
Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blessed!
Cheered by this hope, with patient mins
I'll wait Heaven's high decree,
Till the appointed period come
When death shall set me free.

481. L. M. 61. W. R. The Same.

I Look through creation, and behold The wonders of Almighty power; Eternal wisdom's works unfold In every leaf, in every flower:

The glorious results.
When, decked in brighter robes— 4 How enn. In robes that angel hosts adorn, The soul. redeemed, shall burst its ! And in immortal glory bloom!

Irregular M. 482.

I would not live alway. I I WOULD not live alway: I ask no

Where storm after storm rises dark The few lurid mornings that dawn Are enough for life's woes, full 2 I would not live alway, thus fett Temptation without, and corrup

E'en the rapture of pardon is mit And the cup of thanksgiving wi 3 I would not live alway; no Since Jesus hathlain there, I There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God, Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode! Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains.

And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet, Their Savior and brethren transported to greet; While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the life of the soul.

483.

L. M. 81.

Bowning.

The Hope of another Life.

- 1 Ir all our hopes and all our fears
 Were prisoned in life's narrow bound;
 If,—travellers through this vale of tears,—
 We saw no better world beyond;
 O, who could check the rising sigh,
 What earthly thing could pleasure give?
 O, who could venture then to die?
 Or, who could venture then to live?
- 2 Were life a dark and desert moor, Where mist and clouds eternal spread Their gloomy veil behind, before, And tempests thunder overhead; Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom, And not a floweret smiles beneath,— Who could exist in such a tomb? Who, dwell in darkness and in death?
- 3 And such were life, without the ray
 Of our divine religion given;
 This this that makes our darkness day,—
 This this that makes our earth a heaven.



Surpas

1 How va Are thy Each morr Each ni

2 Thy goc Dawned Ere infant To form

3 But we designed Still brig When designed To realn

4 There ra Shall but And every Be drown

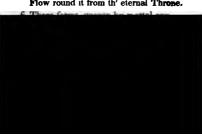
RESURRECTION, AND ETERNITY. 485, 486.

485. L.

L. M. Anonymous.

The World to come.

- 1 THERE is a world we have not seen, That wasting time can ne'er destroy, Where mortal footsteps hath not been, Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy.
- 2 That world to come! and O how blest!— Fairer than prophets ever told; And never did an angel-guest One half its blessedness unfold.
- 3 It is all holy and serene,— The land of glory and repose; And there, to dim the radiant scene, No tear of sorrow ever flows.
- 4 It is not fanned by summer gale;
 'Tis not refreshed by vernal showers;
 It never needs the moonbeam pale,
 For there are known no evening hours.
- 5 No, for this world is ever bright With a pure radiance all its own; The streams of uncreated light Flow round it from th' eternal Throne.



- 2 There sickness never comes; There grief no more complains; Health triumphs in immortal bloom, And purest pleasure reigns.
- 3 No strife nor envy there
 The sons of peace molest;
 But harmony and love sincere
 Fill every happy breast.
- 4 No cloud those regions know, Forever bright and fair; For sin, the source of mortal woe Can never enter there.
- 5 There night is never known, Nor sun's faint sickly ray; But glory from th' eternal throne Spreads everlasting day.
- 6 O may this prospect fire Our hearts with ardent love! And lively faith and strong desire Bear every thought above.

487. C. M.

WATES.

A Prospect of the heavenly Canaan.

- I THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides, And never-withering flowers; Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood, Stand dressed in living green: 384

So, to the Jews, old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.

- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink, To cross this narrow sea, And linger, shivering on the brink, And lear to launch away.
- 5 O, could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise, And see the Canaan that we love With unbeclouded eyes;
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

488.

L. M.

Mrs. Sterle.

The glorious World on High.

- 1 THERE is a glorious world on high, Resplendent with eternal day; Faith views the blissful prospect nigh, And God's own word reveals the way.
- 2 There shall the servants of the Lord With never-fading lustre shine; Surprising honor! large reward, Conferred on man by love divine!
- 3 The shining firmament shall fade, And sparkling stars resign their light; But these shall know no change nor shade, Forever fair, forever bright.
- 4 No fancied joy beyond the sky,
 No fair delusion is revealed;
 Tis God that speaks, who cannot he,
 And all his word must be fulfilled.
 25

- 5 And shall not these cold hearts of ours Be kindled at the glorious view? Come, Lord, awake our active powers, Our feeble, dying strength renew.
- 6 On wings of faith and strong desire O may our spirits daily rise; And reach at last the shining choir, In the bright mansions of the skies.

489. C. M. Doddridge.

Farewell to Life, in View of Heaven.

- 1 Yz golden lamps of heaven! farewell, With all your feeble light: Farewell, thou ever-changing moon, Pale empress of the night!
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day, In brighter flames arrayed! My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere, No more demands thine aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust Of my divine abode, The pavement of those heavenly courts Where I shall reign with God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light
 Shall there his beams display;
 Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
- With that unvaried day.

 5 No more the drops of piercing grief
 Shall swell into mine eyes;
 Nor the meridian sun decline,
 Amid those brighter skies.
- 6 There all the millions of our race
 Shall in one song unite;
 And each the bliss of all shall view
 With infinite delight.

386



RESURRECTION, AND ETERNITY. 490, 491.

490.

8s M.

ANONYMOUS.

Prospect of the heavenly Jerusalem.

- 1 AWAY with our sorrow and fear,
 We soon shall recover our home;
 The city of saints shall appear,
 The day of eternity come.
 From earth we shall quickly remove,
 And mount to our native abode,
 The house of our Father above,
 The palace of angels and God.
- 2 By faith we already behold
 That lovely Jerusalem here;
 Her walls are of jasper and gold,
 As crystal her buildings are clear:
 Immovably founded in grace,
 She stands, as she ever hath stood,
 And brightly her Builder displays,
 And flames with the glory of God.
- 3 No need of the sun in that day, Which never is followed by night, Where Christ doth his brightness display, A pure and a permanent light; The Lamb is their light and their sun;

- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene That rises to my sight! Sweet fields, arrayed in living green, And rivers of delight!
- 3 There generous fruits, that never fail,
 On trees immortal grow;
 There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales
 With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide-extended plains Shines one eternal day; There God, the sun, forever reigns, And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds or poisonous breath Can reach that healthful shore; Sickness and sorrow, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place, And be forever blest? When shall I see my Father's face, And in his bosom rest?

492. 7s & 6s M. Anonymous. Rising towards Heaven.

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Towards heaven, thy native place:
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course;
 Fire ascending seeks the sun,—
 Both speed them to their source:
 388

RESURRECTION, AND ETERNITY. 493

So a soul that's born of God Pants to view his glorious face, Upward tends to his abode, To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn, Press onward to the prize; Soon our Savior will return, Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know Happy entrance will be given, All our sorrows left below, And earth exchanged for heaven.

493. C. M. WATTS

Triumph in the Assurance of Heaven.

- WHEN I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage, And hellish darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come, And storms of sorrow fall; May I but safely reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all;
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul In seas of heavenly rest; And not a wave of trouble roll Across my peaceful breast.

389

The Bounties of Pro

- 1 FATHER of lights! Who kindlest up the Wide as he spreads His beams thy pow
- 2 Fountain of good! In copious drops, t Which o'er the hills Revives the grass,
- 3 Through the wide Yet thousands of C Though by thy da Affront thy law, re

- ... una in barren Seasons.
- For the love that crowns our days; Bounteous Source of every joy, Let thy praise our tongues employ:
- 2 For the blessings of the field, For the stores the gardens yield, For the vine's exalted juice, For the generous olive's use.
- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain, Yellow sheaves of ripened grain, Clouds that drop their fattening dews, Suns that temperate warmth diffuse;
- 4 All that spring, with bounteous hand, Scatters o'er the smiling land; All that liberal autumn pours From her rich, o'erflowing stores;—
- 5 These to thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our blessings flow; And for these our souls shall — Grateful yowe.

Rose quickening in thy Diesseu ray 2 And now they whiten hill and vale, And hang on every vine and tree, Whose pensile branches, bending 1 Seem bowed in thankfulness to the The earth, with all its purple isles, Is answering to thy genial smiles; And gales of perfume breathe alon And lift to thee their voiceless son 3 God of the seasons! thou hast ble: The land with sunlight and with sh And plenty o'er its bosom smiles To crown the sweet autumnal hour Praise - praise to thee! Our hear To view these blessings of thy har And on the incense-breath of love Ascend to their bright home above

497.

392

I GREAT God! at whose all-powers
At first arose this beauteous frame
By thee the seasons change, and
The changing seasons speak thy

L. M.

Autumnal Hymn.

An

- 2 Thy bounty bids the infant year From winter storms recovered rise; When thousand grateful scenes appear, Fresh opening to our wondering eyes.
- 3 O how delightful 'tis to see The earth in vernal beauty drest! While in each herb, and flower, and tree, Thy blooming glories shine confest!
- 4 Aloft, full beaming, reigns the sun, And light and genial heat conveys; And, while he leads the seasons on, From thee derives his quickening rays.
- 5 Around us, in the teeming field, Stands the rich grain, or purpled vine: At thy command they rise, to yield The strengthening bread, or cheering wine.
- 6 Indulgent God! from every part Thy plenteous blessings largely flow; We see — we taste — let every heart With grateful love and duty glow.

498.

C. M.

WATTS.

The Seasons of the Year. Ps. 147.

- 1 WITH songs and honors sounding loud, Address the Lord on high; Over the heavens he spreads his cloud, And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends his showers of blessings down To cheer the plains below; He makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn in valleys grow.
- 3 His steady counsels change the face
 Of the declining year;

He bids the sun cut short his race, And wintry days appear.

- 4 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow Descend and clothe the ground; The liquid streams forbear to flow, In icy fetters bound.
- 5 He sends his word, and melts the snow, The fields no longer mourn; He calls the warmer gales to blow, And bids the spring return.
- 6 The changing wind, the flying cloud, Obey his mighty word: With songs and honors sounding loud, Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

499.

L. M.

DODDDEDGE.

The Same.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of every joy! Well may thy praise our lips employ, While in thy temple we appear, To hail thee Sovereign of the year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll, Thy hand supports and guides the whole; By thee the sun is taught to rise, And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring, at thy command, Perfumes the air and paints the land; The summer suns with vigor shine To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours Through all our coasts redundant stores; And winters, softened by thy care, No more the face of borror wear.

- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days, Demand successive songs of praise; And be the grateful homage paid, With morning light and evening shade.
- 6 And O may our harmonious tongues
 In worlds above pursue the songs,
 And in those brighter courts adore,
 Where days and years revolve no more.

500. L. M. Mrs. Street.

God's Goodness crowns the Year.

- 1 The rising morn, the closing day Repeat thy praise with grateful voice; Both in their turns thy power display, And laden with thy gifts rejoice.
- 2 Earth's wide-extended, varying scenes, All smiling round, thy bounty show; From seas or clouds, full magazines, Thy rich, diffusive blessings flow.
- 3 Now earth receives the precious seed Which thy indulgent hand prepares; And nourishes the future bread, And answers all the sower's cares.
- 4 Thy sweet, refreshing showers attend, And through the ridges gently flow, Soft on the springing corn descend, And thy kind blessing makes it grow.
- 5 Thy goodness crowns the circling year; Thy paths drop fatness all around; E'en barren wilds thy praise declare, And echoing hills return the sound.
- 6 Here, spreading flocks adorn the plain; There, plenty every charm displays; Thy bounty clothes each lovely scene, And joyful nature shouts thy praise.

501. C. M.

WATTS.

The Same. Ps. 65.

1 'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand, God of eternal power! The sea grows calm at thy command And tempests cease to roar.

2 Thy morning light and evening shade Successive comforts bring; Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad, Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours, Heaven, earth and air are thine; When clouds distil in fruitful showers, The author is divine.

4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky, Borne by the winds around, With watery treasures well supply The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill, And ranks of corn appear; Thy ways abound with blessings still, Thy goodness crowns the year.

502. C. M.

DODDBIDGE.

Close of the Year.

1 Remark, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year;
How swift the weeks complete their rounds!
How short the months appear!

2 Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift-advancing year;
And study artful ways t increase
The speed of its career.
396

3 Waken, O God, my careless heart, Its great concern to see; That I may act the Christian part, And give the year to thee.

4 So shall their course more grateful roll, If future years arise; Or this shall bear my waiting soul To joys beyond the skies.

503.

S. M.

BEDDOME.

The Same.

My few revolving ve

1 My few revolving years, How swift they glide away How short the term of life appears, When past — but as a day!

 2 A dark and cloudy day, Clouded by grief and sin;
 A host of enemies without, Distressing fears within.

3 Lord, through another year
If thou permit my stay,
With diligence may I pursue
The true and living way.

504.

7s M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 TIME by moments steals away, First the hour, and then the day; Small the daily loss appears, Yet it soon amounts to years.

2 Thus another year is flown; Now it is no more our own,

397

If it brought or promised good, Than the years before the flood.

- 3 But may none of us forget
 It has left us much in debt;
 Who can tell the vast amount
 Placed to every one's account!
- 4 Favors, from the Lord received, Sins, that have his spirit grieved, Marked by an unerring hand, In his book recorded stand.
- 5 If we see another year, May thy blessing meet us here; Sun of righteousness, arise, Warm our hearts and bless our eyes.

505.

L. M.

Donnerda

New Year's Day.

- 1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand, By which, supported still, we stand; The opening year thy mercy shows; Let mercy crown it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad, Still we are guarded by our God; By his incessant bounty fed, By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own; The future, all to us unknown, We to thy guardian care commit, And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
 Be thou our joy, and thou our rest.;
 Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
 Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt these songs, And seal in silence mortal tongues, Our Helper, God, in whom we trust, In better worlds our souls shall boast.

506.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS

God's Favor to our Nation acknowledged.

- 1 GREAT God of nations! now to thee Our hymn of gratitude we raise; With humble heart, and bending knee, We offer thee our song of praise.
- 2 Thy name we bless, almighty God, For all the kindness thou hast shown To this fair land the pilgrims trod, This land we fondly call our own.
- 3 Here Freedom spreads her banner wide, And casts her soft and hallowed ray; Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide In safety through their dangerous way.
 - 4 We praise thee, that the gospel's light Through all our land its radiance sheds; Dispels the shades of error's night, And heavenly blessings round us spreads.
 - 5 Great God! preserve us in thy fear; In dangers still our guardian be; O spread thy truth's bright precepts here; Let all the people worship thee.

507.

L. M.

Roscoz.

God, the Sovereign of Nations.

1 GREAT God! beneath whose piercing eye
The earth's extended kingdoms lie;

Whose favoring smile upholds them all, Whose anger smites them, and they fall;—

- 2 We bow before thy heavenly throne; Thy power we see — thy greatness own; Yet, cherished by thy milder voice, Our bosoms tremble and rejoice.
- 3 Thy kindness to our fathers shown Their children's children long shall own; To thee, with grateful hearts, shall raise The tribute of exulting praise.
- 4 Led on by thine unerring aid, Secure the paths of life we tread; And, freely as the vital air, Thy first and noblest bounties share.
- 5 Great God, our guardian, guide, and friend! O still thy sheltering arm extend; Preserved by thee for ages past, For ages let thy kindness last!

508.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS

For a National Celebration.

- 1 O THOU, whose arm of power surrounds The vast creation's utmost bounds! This day a nation bends the knee In grateful reverence, Lord, to thee;—
- 2 For thou hast given it joy and rest; By thee its earliest years were blest; And in its most disastrous hour It leaned on thy almighty power.
- 3 The martial chiefs—the patriot few [true, Whose hands were strong, whose bearts were The noble birthright to be free Great God! we owe them all to thee.

4 And now another Israel stands Redeemed from bondage by thy hands, May all our hearts rejoice to know The source whence all our blessings flow.

509.

L. M.

*H. BALLOU.

The acceptable Fast.

- 1 This is the fast the Lord doth choose; Each heavy burden to undo, The bands of wickedness to loose, And bid the captive freely go.
- 2 Let every vile and sinful yoke Of servile bondage and of fear, By mercy, love and truth be broke; And from each eye wipe every tear.
- 3 Yes, to the hungry deal thy bread; Bring to thine house the outcast poor; There let the fainting soul be fed, Nor spurn the needy from thy door.
- 4 And when thou seest the naked, spare The raiment that his wants demand; Since all mankind thy kindred are, To all, thy charity expand.
- 5 Thus did the Savior of our race: Himself, the Bread of life, he gave; He clothed us with his righteousness, And broke the fetters from the slave.
- 6 He owned us brethren, nor did hide Himself from us, in all our woe; Be his example, then, our guide, And let our lives his goodness show.

510.

L. M.

Dyss.

Public Humiliation.

- 1 Great Framer of unnumbered worlds, And whom unnumbered worlds adore! Whose goodness all thy creatures share, While nature trembles at thy power,—
- 2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres, That wakes the wind, and lifts the sea; And man, who moves the lord of earth, Acts but the part assigned by thee.
- 3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid, To thee we raise the humble cry; Thine altar is the contrite heart, Thine incense a repentant sigh.
- 4 This day we deeply mourn our sins, Confess thy power, and bless thy rod; O let us know thy pardoning love, And find in thee a guardian God.

511.

C. M.

*TATE & BRADY.

Continuance of National Security implored. Ps. 4.

 O LORD, our fathers oft have told, In our attentive ears,
 Thy wonders in their days performed,

And in more ancient years.

2 "Twas not their courage, nor their sword,
To them salvation gave;
"Twas not their number nor their strength

'Twas not their number, nor their strength, That did their country save:

3 But thy right hand, thy powerful arm
Whose succor they implored:

Thy providence protected the Who thy great name ador

402

From whom salvation came; In God, our shield, we will rejoice, And ever bless thy name.

512. 8s & 7s M. ANONYM

- Pardon implored for National Sine. 1 GREAT Jehovah! God of national From thy temple in the skies Hear thy people's supplications, Now for their deliverance rise.
- 2 Though our sins, our hearts confounding, Long and loud upon thee call, Thou hast mercy more abounding, Jesus' blood can cleanse them all." 3 Let that love veil our transgression;
- Let that blood our guilt efface; S, ve thy people from oppression, Save from spoil thy holy place.
- Lo! with deep contrition

- 2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand, Thy dreadful power display; Yet mercy spares our guilty land, And still we live to pray.
- 3 How changed, alas! are truths divine, For error, guilt and shame! What impious numbers, bold in sin, Disgrace the Christian name!
- 4 O turn us turn us, mighty Lord!
 Convert us by thy grace;
 Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
 And see again thy face.
- 5 Then, should oppressing foes invade, We will not sink in fear; Secure of all-sufficient aid, When thou, O God, art near.

514. S. M. DRUMMON

'Is it such a Fast that I have chosen?'

- 1 'Is this a fast for me,'— Thus saith the Lord our God,
 - 'A day for man to vex his soul, And feel affliction's rod?
- 2 'Like bulrush low to bow His sorrow-stricken head, With sackcloth for his inner vest, And ashes round him spread;—
- 3 'Shall day like this have power To stay th' avenging hand, Efface transgression, or avert My judgments from the land?
- 4 'No is not this alone
 The sacred fast I choose,—
 404

Oppression's yoke to burst in twain, The bands of guilt unloose;—

5 'To nakedness and want Your food and raiment deal,— To dwell your kindred race among, And all their sufferings heal?

6 'Then like the morning ray Shall spring your health and light; Before you, righteousness shall shine; Behind, my glory bright!'

515. L. M. *MONTGOMERY

Laying Corner-Stone; or Dedication.

- 1 This stone to thee in faith we lay,— We build the temple, Lord, to thee; Thine eye be open, night and day, To guard this house from error free.
- 2 Here, when thy people seek thy face, And dying sinners pray to live, Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place, And when thou hearest, O forgive!
- 3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim The blessed gospel of thy Son, Still, by the power of his great name, Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 Hosanna!—to their heavenly King When children's voices raise that song, Hosanna!—let their angels sing, And heaven with earth the strain prolong.
- 5 But will indeed Jehovah deign
 Here to abide, no transient guest?
 Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
 And here thy holy spirit rest?

 ANS

516.

6 That glory never hence depart! Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone; Thy kingdom come to every heart,— In every bosom fix thy throne.

516. H. M. B. Francis.

Dedication of a House of Worship.

1 In sweet, exalted strains
The King of Glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days:
He with a nod the world controls,
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.

2 To earth he bends his throne,
His throne of grace divine;
Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories shine:
Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,
Is with his smiles and presence blest.

3 Then, King of Glory, come, And with thy favor crown This temple as thy dome, This people as thy own: Beneath this roof, O deign to show How God can dwell with men below!

4 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
All fragrant, to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around!

5 Here may th' attentive throng Imbibe thy truth and love, 406 And converts join the song
Of seraphim above,
And willing crowds surround thy board,
With sacred joy and sweet accord!

517.

7s M.

MONTGOMERY.

The Same.

- 1 LORD of hosts! to thee we raise Here a house of prayer and praise; Thou thy people's heart prepare Here to meet for praise and prayer.
- 2 Let the living here be fed With thy word, the heavenly bread; Here, in hope of glory blest, May the dead be laid to rest.
- 3 Here to thee a temple stand, While the sea shall gird the land; Here reveal thy mercy sure, While the sun and moon endure.
- 4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
 To the joyful sound reply;
 Hallelujah!—hence ascend
 Prayer and praise till time shall end.

518.

L. M.

PIERPONT.

The Same.

- 1 O now thine ear, Eternal One!
 On thee our heart adoring calls;
 To thee the followers of thy Son
 Have raised,—and now devote—these walls.
- 2 Here let thy holy days be kept;
 And be this place to worship given,

of the earth and sky, below!
is majesty
teraphs bow.
confined above;
knows no bound;
raying people meet,
rt always found.

le raised for thee;
people here;
King of saints, reside,
church appear.
walls, let holy peace,
and concord fwell;
the troubled conscience assumed spirit heal.

- 5 Here may salvation be proclaimed Through the Redeemer's word; Let sinners know the joyful sound, And own their Savior, Lord.
 - 6 Here may a numerous crowd arise, To bow before thy throne; Here may their songs salute the skies, To ages yet unborn.

520.

L. M.

*Cowper.

The Same.

- 1 Our God! where'er thy people meet, There they behold thy mercy-seat; Where'er they seek thee, thou art found, And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confined, Inhabitest the humble mind; Such ever bring thee where they come, And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Here may we prove the power of prayer To strengthen faith, and sweeten care; To teach our faint desires to rise,

521.

521.

H. M.

Dr. NICHOLA

The Same.

1 O THOU, our fathers' God!
Their children seek thy face,
To own thy guardian hand
Where they invoke thy grace,
Which lips unborn shall still prolong.

2 We hail thine altars, Lord, In every age thy care, — Those Zion-courts, more blest Than Israel's dwellings are; Where praise with praise more deeply flows, And heart with heart more warmly glows.

3 God of the Bethel stone!
Be this a Bethel too;
Here fill our souls with awe;
Here Jacob's dream renew,
Here ope the gate,—and here arise
Those visioned steps that reach the skies.

4 God of the burning bush,

Whose unconsuming flame

Revealed to Moses once

Thy presence and thy name, —

Here, blessed Lord, thy presence prove,

And fire our souls with saving love.

5 O thou, whose temple stood
The wonder of mankind,
Here all its types fulfil,
For Jesus' Church designed:
Here, oracle and mercy-seat
And sacrifice in Jesus meet.

6 Here fit our souls to rise Where all thy love inspires, 410 Where angels cast their crowns, And strike their golden lyres. Thus bless, O thou, most good, most great! The house of prayer we dedicate.

522.

L. M.

PIERPONT.

Ordination.

- 1 O THOU, who art above all height, Our God, our Father, and our Friend! Beneath thy throne of love and light Let thine adoring children bend.
- 2 We kneel in praise, that here is set A vine that by thy culture grew; We kneel in prayer that thou wouldst wet Its opening leaves with heavenly dew.
- 3 Since thy young servant now hath given Himself, his powers, his hopes, his youth, To the great cause of truth and heaven, Be thou his guide, O God of truth!
- 4 Here may his doctrines drop like rain, His speech like Hermon's dew distil, Till green fields smile, and golden grain, Ripe for the harvest, waits thy will.
- 5 And when he sinks in death by care, Or pain, or toil, or years oppressed — O God! remember thou our prayer, And take his spirit to thy rest.

523. C. M.

Anonymous.

The Apostles' Commission.

1 'Go preach the gospel,' Jesus cries,—
'To you this power is given;
Declare salvation's glorious prize
To all beneath the heaven.'

gospe, in my is received.

Meralds, in my grace received.

Jearly problems in the commission of the problems of a substation from the commission of the problems of a substation from the commission of the problems of the problems where you go, the broken from weeping eyes, the problems where you go, the the cear from weeping dove, the problems as serpents where you go, the the cear from the problems of the commission of the

Thus shall your doctrines be believed, And, by your labors, sinners live.

6 'All power is trusted in my hands, — I will protect you and defend; Whilst thus you follow my commands, I'm with you till the world shall end.'

525.

ANONYMOUS.

L. M. Ordination.

- 1 WITH heavenly power, O Lord! defend Him whom we now to thee commend; His person bless, his faith secure, And make him to the end endure.
- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace; Direct his feet in paths of peace; Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil, And help him to obey thy will.
- 3 Before him thy protection send; O love him, save him to the end! Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove Without the convoy of thy love.
- 4 Enlarge, inform, and fill his heart; In him thy mighty power exert; That thousands yet unborn may praise The wonders of redeeming grace.

526.

S. M.

GIBBONS.

Evangelists encouraged.

1 Yz messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey:
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

OCCASIONAL.

- 2 The master whom you serve Will needful strength hestow; Depending on his promised aid, With sacred courage go.
 - 3 Mountains shall sink to plains,

The cause is God's, and must prevail, In spite of all his foes.

4 Go, spread a Savior's fame; And tell his matchless grace To the most guilty and depraved Of Adam's numerous race.

5 We wish you, in his name, The most divine success; Assured that he who sends you forth Will your endeavors bless.

Doppi H. M.

At the Forming of a Church. 527.

1 GREAT Father of mankind, We bless that wondrous grace Which could for Gentiles find Within thy courts a place; How kind the care Our God displays, for us to raise A house of prayer!

2 Though once estranged afar, We now approach the throne; For Jesus brings us near, And makes our cause his own Strangers no more, To thee we come, and find And rest secure.

3 To thee our souls we join, And love thy sacred name; No more our own, but thine, -We triumph in thy claim; Our Father, King! Thy covenant grace our souls embrace,

Thy titles sing.

4 Here in thy house we feast On dainties all divine; And, while such sweets we taste, With joy our faces shine: Incense shall rise From flames of love, and God approve The sacrifice.

5 May all the nations throng To worship in thy house; And thou attend the song, And smile upon their vows, Indulgent still, Till earth conspire to join the choir On Zion's hill.

528.

L. M.

Anonymous.

The Same.

- 1 O God of Zion! from thy throne Look with an eye of pity down; Thy church now humbly makes her prayer; -Thy church, the object of thy care.
- 2 We need defence from all our foes. We need relief from all our woes; If earth and hell should yet assail, Let neither earth nor hell prevail.

which others bear, tations prove ove.

is now defend, adfast to the end, they still improve, church above.

L. M.

n of the Supper. ark, that doleful night,

f earth and hell arose in of God's delight, etrayed him to his foes;

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WATTL

Thy t And l 4 But 8/4

Such

Who a That W

2 Yes, we

Thou d Thy dy

Of long 3 Tis pl sefore the mournful scene began, sie took the bread, and blessed, and brake; What love through all his actions ran! What wondrous words of grace he spake!

- 3 'This is my body, broke for sin; Receive and eat the living food;' Then took the cup, and blessed the wine: 'Tis the new covenant in my blood.'
- 4 'Do this,' he cried, 'till time shall end, In memory of your dying Friend; Meet at my table, and record The love of your departed Lord.'
- 5 Jesus! thy feast we celebrate; We show thy death, we sing thy name, Till thou return, and we shall eat The marriage supper of the Lamb.

531. L. M. Anonymous.

- 1 'This do in memory of your Friend.'— Such was the Savior's last request, Who all the pangs of death endured, That we might live forever blessed.
- 2 Yes, we'll record thy matchless love, Thou dearest, tenderest, best of friends! Thy dying love the noblest praise Of long eternity transcends.
 - 3 'Tis pleasure more than earth can give, Thy goodness through these veils to see; Thy table food celestial yields, And happy they who sit with thee.
- 4 But O, what wast transporting joys
 Shall fill our breast, our tongues inspire,
 27

e him? do you feet iffection move? of which he demands, ach other love.

STERNETT.

pration of Christ's Doub. mmemorate the day ir dearest Lord was slain:

ar pious homage pay, bear on earth again.

bear on cars, open wide eat Redeemer, open wide ains of the paring sky, ins about in trumph ride, Apt cloud in rinmby us l the wind's swift pinions **\$7.** The wind's swift pinions **\$7.**

Joy au Péace

535.

The . 1 JESUS is

Where o And car To thru

2 He kn APL V come, King of kings, with thy bright train, Cherubs and seraphs, heavenly hosts; Assume thy right, enlarge thy reign As far as earth extends her coasts.

4 Come, Lord, and where thy cross once stood, There plant thy banner, fix thy throne; Subdue the rebels by thy word, And claim the nations for thy own.

534. 8s & 7s M. Anonymous. Desiring to imitate Christ.

- 1 From the table now retiring, Which for us the Lord hath spread, May our souls, refreshment finding, Grow in all things like our Head.
- 2 His example by beholding, May our lives his image bear; Him our Lord and Master calling, His commands may we revere.
- 3 Love to God and man displaying, Walking steadfast in his way,— Joy attend us in believing! Peace from God, through endless day!

535. L. M. WATTS.

The Memorial of our absent Lord.

- 1 JESUS is gone above the skies, Where our weak senses reach him not; And carnal objects court our eyes To thrust our Savior from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wandering hearts we have.
 Apt to forget his lovely face;
 And, to refresh our minds, he gave
 These kind memorials of his grace.

536, 537.

OCCASIONAL.

- 3 Let sinful sweets be all forgot, And earth grow less in our esteem; Christ and his love fill every thought, And faith and hope be fixed on him.
- 4 Whilst he is absent from our sight,
 'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
 That we may dwell in heavenly light,
 And live forever near his face.

536.

C. M.

Doddelber.

Room at the Lord's Table.

- 1 MILLIONS of souls, in glory now, Were fed and feasted here; And millions more, still on the way, Around the board appear.
- 2 Yet is his house and heart so large That millions more may come; Nor could the whole assembled world O'erfill the spacious room.
- 3 All things are ready; come away, Nor weak excuses frame; Crowd to your places at the feast, And bless the Founder's name.

537.

S. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Christ's Love our Example.

1 Jesus, the Friend of man,
Invites us to his board;
The welcome summons we obey,
And own our gracious Lord.

- 2 Here we survey that love Which spoke in every breath, Prompted each action of his life, And triumphed in his death.
- 3 Here let our powers unite
 His honored name to raise;
 Let grateful joy fill every mind,
 And every voice be praise.
- 4 One faith, one hope, one Lord, One God alone we know; Brethren we are; let every heart With kind affections glow.
- 5 Warmed with our Master's love, And thy unmeasured grace, Lord! let our thankful hearts expand, And all mankind embrace.

538.

S. M.

Dopperpar.

Invitations to the Table.

- 1 Our heavenly Father calls, And Christ invites us near; With both, our friendship shall be sweet, And our communion dear.
- 2 God pities all our griefs; He pardons every day; Almighty to protect our souls, And wise to guide our way.
- 3 Jesus, our living Head,
 We bless thy faithful care;
 Our Advocate before the throne,
 And our Forerunner there!

Here wan.
Till the communion Decom
In nobler scenes above.

539. C. M.

A Communion Hym

- 1 O Gop! accept the sacre Which we to thee have And let this hallowed sce To raise our souls to h
 - 2 Still let us hold, till life of the precepts of the Nor let our thoughtless, Forget what he has c
 - 3 His true disciples may From all corruption And humbly learn like Our powers, our wil
 - 4 And oft, along life's d To smooth our pas

- When we thy wondrous glories hear, And all thy sufferings trace, What sweetly awful scenes appear! What rich, unbounded grace!
- 3 How should our songs, like those above, With warm devotion rise! How should our souls, on wings of love, Mount upward to the skies!
- 4 Dear Savior, let thy glory shine, And fill thy dwellings here; Till life, and love, and joy divine, A heaven on earth appear.

541. C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Children received by Christ.

- 1 Behold what condescending love Jesus on earth displays! To babes and sucklings he extends The riches of his grace!
- 2 He still the ancient promise keeps, To our forefathers given; Young children in his arms he takes, And calls them heirs of heaven.
- 3 Forbid them not whom Jesus calls, Nor dare the claim resist, Since his own lips to us declare Of such will heaven consist.
- 4 With flowing tears, and thankful hearts,
 We give them up to thee;
 Receive them, Lord, into thine arms,
 Thine may they ever be.



3 Never, from thy pasture roving, Let them be the lion's prey; Let thy tenderness, so loving, Keep them all life's dangerous way;

4 Then within thy fold eternal
Let them find a resting place;
Feed them in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

544. S. M. ANONYMOUS

Christ calling Children to Himself.

1 THE Savior gently calls
Our children to his breast;
He folds them in his gracious arms;
Himself declares them blest.

2 'Let them approach,' he cries, 'Nor scorn their humble claim; The heirs of heaven are such as these,— For such as these I came.'

3 Gladly we bring them, Lord, Devoting them to thee; Imploring, that, as we are thine, Thine may our offspring be.

545. C. M. WATTS.

Children included in God's Covenant.

 How large the promise, how divine, To Abraham and his seed!
 I'll be a God to thee and thine, Supplying all their need.'

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The angel of the covenant proves
And seals the blessing sure.

Permanence of early rolls

1 WHILE yet the youthful spi The image of its God within And uneffaced that beauty So soon to be destroyed by 2 Then is the time for faith an

To take in charge their pres Teach the young eye to loo Teach the young knee to be

3 This work is ours - this che These youthful souls from s

To lead them in thy faith di And teach its triumph o'er t 4 The world will come with c And tempt too many a hear Still the seed sown in early

Will not be wholly cast awa 5 The infant prayer, the infan Within the darkened soul w

When age's weary eye is d And the grave's shadow ros 6 The infant hymn is heard a The infant prayer is breather Reclasping of a broken ch Lord, grant our hearts be so inclined, Thy work to seek, thy will to do; And while we teach the youthful mind, Our own be taught thy lessons too.

547. (

C. M. J. STRAPHAM

At a Contribution for Sunday School.

- 1 Blest is the man, whose heart expands At melting pity's call, And the rich blessings of whose hands Like heavenly manna fall.
- 2 Mercy, descending from above, In softest accents pleads; O may each tender bosom move, When mercy intercedes!
- 3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way To guide untutored youth, And lead the mind that went astray, To virtue and to truth.
- 4 Children our kind protection claim; And God will well approve When infants learn to lisp his name, And their Creator love.
- 5 Delightful work! young souls to win, And turn the rising race From the deceitful paths of sin, To seek redeeming grace.
- 6 Almighty God! thy influence shed To aid this good design; The honors of thy name be spress. And all the glory thine!

8s & 7s M.

R. STREETER.

Children's Presser. 1 God of mercy and of wisdom!

Hear thy children's lisping cry; Let thy presence, Lord, be with them, Teaching lessons from on high.

2 Here, beneath thy wing, we seat us,

Up to heaven for wisdom look; Lord, in mercy deign to meet us, Meet us in thy sacred book.

Siace thy truth doth gild its pages, May that truth, Lord, make us free; On the Rock of endless ages

Let our faith established be.

4 To our faith we'll add the graces, Virtue, knowledge, patience, love : When on earth we leave our places, Raise us all to seats above. ◆H. BAI

L. M.

At an Annual Convention. 1 DEAR Lord, behold thy servants here,

From various parts, together meet, To tell their labors through the year, And lay the harvest at thy feet. 2 In thy wide fields and vineyards, Lor

We've toiled and wrought with watchi Thy wheat hath flourished by thy wo Thy love consumed the choking tare

3 The reapers cry, Thy fields are with All ready to be gathered in. And barvests wave, in changes Far as the eye can trees the se

O grant us wisdom from above;
With prudent thought and humble pra
May we fulfil the works of love.

550.

L. M.

B. Fa

At an Association of Ministers.

- 1 Before thy throne, eternal King! Thy ministers their tribute bring,— Their tribute of united praise For heavenly news and peaceful days
- 2 We sing the conquests of thy sword, And publish loud thy healing word; While angels sound thy glorious name Thy saving grace our lips proclaim.
- 3 Thy various service we esteem
 Our sweet employ, our bliss supreme.
 And, while we feet

C. M.

Bonzs.

Alms bestowed in View of God's Mercy.

1 Bright source of everlasting love! To thee our souls we raise, And to thy sovereign bounty rear

A monument of praise.

2 Thy mercy gilds the paths of life With every cheering ray, And still restrains the rising tear, Or wipes that tear away.

3 When, sunk in guilt, our souls approached The borders of despair,

Thy grace, through Jesus' blood, proclaimed A free salvation near.

- 4 What shall we render, bounteous Lord! For all the grace we see? Alas! the goodness we can yield Extendeth not to thee.
- 5 To tents of woe, to beds of pain, We cheerfully repair; And, with the gift thy hand bestows. Relieve the mourners' care.
- 6 The widow's heart shall sing for joy; The orphan shall be glad; The hungering soul with joy we'll point To Christ, the living bread.

552.

C. M. J. Browse.

Charity and Instruction to the Poer. 1 O, How can they look up to heaven. And ask for mercy there,

Who never soothed the poor man's per Nor dried the orphan's tear ? 430

- Our Savior was the healing friend
 Of poverty and pain;
 And never did imploring wretch
 His garment touch in vain.
- 3 May we with humble effort take Example from above, And thence the active lesson learn Of charity and love.
- 4 But chiefly be the labor ours
 To shade the early plant;
 To guard from ignorance and guilt
 The infancy of want;
- 5 To graft the virtues, ere the bud The canker-worm has gnawed, And teach the rescued child to lisp Its gratitude to God.

C. M.

*Doddeidge

Charles a service of the service of

Charity to the Distressed.

- 1 FATHER of mercies! send thy grace, All powerful, from above, To form in our obedient souls The image of thy love.
- 2 O, may our sympathizing breasts That generous pleasure know, Kindly to share in others' joy, And weep for others' woe!
- 3 When the poor helpless sons of grief In low distress are laid, Soft be our hearts their pains to feel, And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus looked on dying man
 When throned above the skies;



C. M.

MERRICK.

Intemperance reformed.

- 1 Beneath God's terrors doomed to groun Behold the sensual band The fruits of folly reap, and own The justice of his hand.
- 2 Their head is sick, their fainting heart Each joy of life foregoes; And life itself, worn out with woe, Is hastening to its close.
- 3 But there is still a power to save,— A new and living way: His word reproves the fierce disease, And death resigns its prey.
- 4 O then may all adore his name Who thus his mercy prove; And all, from age to age, proclaim His saving power and love.

556.

L. M. Mrs. SIGOURNET

For a Temperance Anniversary.

- 1 We praise thee, if one rescued soul, While the past year prolonged its flight, Turned shuddering from the poisonous bowl, To health, and liberty, and light.
- 2 We praise thee, if one clouded home, Where broken hearts despairing pined, Beheld the sire and husband come Erect and in his perfect mind,
- 3 No more a weeping wife to mock,
 Till all her hopes in anguish end;
 No more the trembling child to shock,
 And sink the father in the fiend.
 28

4 Sull give us grace, almighty stand, Unwavering at our posts to stee bring Till grateful to thy shrine we have 667. The Iribute of a ransomed land; 5 Which from the pestilential chain Or foul intemperance gladly free, Shall spread an annal free from stain, To all the nations, and to thee. AIKIN. WHILE sounds of war are heard around, And death and ruin strew the ground, 557. To thee we look on thee we call, The Parent and the Lord of all! Thou, who hast stamped on human kind The image of a heaven-born mind, And in a father's wide embrace Hast cherished all the kindred race, 3 O see with what insaliate rage Thy sons their impious battles wage How spreads destruction like a fige And brothers shed their brothers' t 4 See guilty passions spring to birth Dee gunty Passions spring to our And deeds of hell deform the ear While righteousness and justice And love and pity droop forlor 5 Great God! whose powerful h The racing waves, the furious O bid the human tempest cea And hush the maddening wo With reverence may each h Hear and obey that high Thy Sod's Mest errant

C. M.

Anonymous.

At a Wedding.

1 Since Jesus freely did appear To grace a marriage feast,

- O Lord, we ask thy presence here, To make a wedding guest.
- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down, Who now have plighted hands; Their union with thy favor crown, And bless their nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow, Of all rich dowries best! Their substance bless, and peace bestow, To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite, That they, with Christian care, May make domestic burdens light, By taking mutual share.
- 5 As Isaac and Rebecca give A pattern chaste and kind, So may this married couple live And die in friendship joined.
- 6 On every soul assembled here O make thy face to shine; Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer Than richest food or wine.

559.

L. M.

PROUD.

The Same.

1 WITH cheerful voices rise and sing
The praises of our God and King;
For he alone can minds unite,
And bless with conjugal delight.





- 1 CLAY to clay, and dust to Let them mingle — for they Give to earth the earthly cl For the spirit 's fled to Goo
- For the spirit 's fled to Goc 2 Never more shall midnight' Darken round this mortal le Never more shall noonday'
- Search this mortal countent
 3 Deep the pit, and cold the l
 Where the spoils of death i
 Stiff the curtains, chill the l
 Of man's melancholy tomb
 - 4 Look aloft! The spirit's
 Death cannot the soul im-

'Tis in heaven that spirits dwell, Glorious, though invisible.

5 Thither let us turn our view; Peace is there, and comfort too; There shall those we love be found, Tracing joy's eternal round.

561.

L. M.

WATTS.

The Same.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in the dust.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes Can reach the peaceful sleeper here, While angels watch the soft repose.

So Jesus slept; — God's dying Son Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed; Rest here, blessed saint, till from his throne The morning break, and pierce the shade.

Break from his throne, illustrious morn! Attend, O earth! his sovereign word; Restore thy trust — a glorious form — Called to ascend and meet the Lord.

562. C. M.

Dopprings.

On the Death of a Pastor.

Now let our drooping hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grish
Which view a Savior nigh?

s song, 3 De ANONYMOUS. Mil ends. indulge ng sigh, I around,— indred die. uring thought passions blend; earts forget friend. in of ills, eart may fail;

et shall our hope in thee, our God,

Parent and husband, guard and guide,—
Thou art each tender name in one;
On thee we cast our every care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.

5 Our Father, God, to thee we look, Our rock, our portion, and our friend! And on thy covenant-love and truth Our sinking souls shall still depend.

564. C. M. Stenkett.

On the Death of Children.

1 Thy life I read, my dearest Lord,
With transport all divine:

- 1 Thy life I read, my dearest Lord,
 With transport all divine;
 Thine image trace in every word,—
 Thy love in every line.
- 2 'I take these little lambs,' said he, 'And lay them in my breast; Protection they shall find in me, In me be ever blest.
- 3 'Death may the bands of life unloose, But can't dissolve my love; Millions of infant souls compose The family above.
- 4 'Their feeble frames my power shall raise, And mould with heavenly skill; I'll give them tongues to sing my praise, And hands to do my will.'
- 5 His words the happy parents hear, And say, with joys divine, Dear Savior, all we have and are Shall be forever thine?

565, 566.

OCCASIONAL.

565.

L. M.

*Doppene

A Prayer et Parting.

- 1 Thy presence, ever-living God!
 Wide through all nature spreads abroad;
 Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep,
 In every place thy children keep.
- 2 While near each other we remain, Thou dost our lives and souls sustain; When separate, make us still to share Thy counsels and thy gracious care.
- 3 To thee we now commit our ways, And here implore thy heavenly grace; Still cause thy face on us to shine, And guard and guide us still as thine.
- 4 Give us within thy house to raise Again united songs of praise; Or, if that joy no more be known, O may we meet around thy throne.

566.

7s M.

H. K. WHITE

A Hymn at Parting.

- 1 Christians! brethren! ere we part, Every voice and every heart Join, and to our Father raise One last hymn of grateful praise.
- 2 Though we here should meet no more, Yet there is a brighter shore; There, released from toil and pain, There we all may meet again.
- 3 Now to him who reigns in heaven Be eternal glory given; Grateful for thy love divine, O may all our hearts be thine!

Makes every region p... The hoary, frozen hills it warms, And smooths the boisterous seas.

4 Though by the dreadful tempest tossed
High on the broken wave,

They know thou art not slow to hear, Nor impotent to save.

5 The storm is laid, the winds retire, Obedient to thy will; The sea, that roars at thy command, At thy command is still.

6 In midst of dangers, fears, and death, Thy goodness we'll adore; And praise thee for thy mercies past, And humbly hope for more.

568.

L. M. V
 The Mariner's Hymn. Ps. 107.

WATTS.

1 WOULD you behold the works of God, His wonders in the world abroad,—
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.

s spanned dout the skies; and, c and rise.
an del?
th thee lie
thy scale,
in thine eye.

- 5 Yet in thy Son, divinely great, We claim thy providential care, Boldly we stand before thy seat, — Our Advocate hath placed us there.
- 6 With him we are gone up on high, Since he is ours, and we are his; With him we reign above the sky, And walk upon the subject seas.

570. L. M. 61.

Anonymous.

The Same.

- 1 LORD of the sea! thy potent sway Old ocean's wildest waves obey; The gale that whistles through the shrouds, The storm that drives the frighted clouds, — If but thy whisper order peace, How soon their rude commotions cease!
- 2 Lord of the sea! the seaman keep From all the dangers of the deep! When high the white-capped billows rise, When tempests roar along the skies, When foes or shoals awaken fear,— O! in thy mercy be thou near!
- 3 Lord of the sea! when, safe from harm,
 The sailor rests in slumbers calm,
 May dreams of home his spirit cheer,—
 Dreams that shall never false appear;
 May thoughts of friends, and peace, and thee,
 His solid consolations be!
- 4 Lord of the sea!—a sea is life,
 Of care and sorrow, woe and strife!
 With watchful pains we steer along,
 To keep the right path, shun the wrong:
 God grant, that after every roam,
 We gain an everlasting home!

Who trade in floating ships. 2 At thy command the winds aris And swell the towering wave The men, astonished, mount the And sink in gaping graves. 3 Then to the Lord they raise the He hears their loud request. And orders silence through the And lays the floods to rest. 4 Sailors rejoice to lose their fear And see the storm allayed: Now to their eyes the port appe There let their vows be paid. 5 'Tis God that brings them safe Let stupid mortals know That waves are under his comm And all the winds that blow. 6 O that the sons of men would p The goodness of the Lord! And those that see thy wondron Thy wondrous love record.

OCCASIONS IN PRIVATE AND FAMILY DEVOTION.

572. L. M. Doddridge & Merrick.

Family Worship. Ps. 128.

- 1 Blest is the man who fears the Lord, And walks by his unerring word; Comfort and peace his days attend, And God will ever prove his friend.
- 2 To him who condescends to dwell With saints in their obscurest cell, Be our domestic altars raised, And daily let his name be praised.
- 3 To him may each assembled house Present their night and morning vows; Their servants and their rising race Be taught his precepts and his grace.
- 4 Then shall the charms of wedded love Still more delightful blessings prove; And parents' hearts shall overflow With joy that parents only know.
- 5 When nature droops, our aged eyes
 Shall see our children's children has;
 Till pleased and thankful we remove.
 And join the family above.



Such streams of As no increase of Nor honors can 3 All in their stati And each perfo In all the cares of

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And all the air

Morning or Evening Hymn.

- 1 Before the rosy dawn of day, To thee, my God, I'll sing; Awake, my soft and tuneful lyre, Awake, each charming string.
- 2 Awake, and let thy flowing strains Glide through the midnight air, While high, amidst the silent orbs, The silver moon rolls clear;
- 3 While all the ghttering, starry lamps Are lighted in the sky, And set their Maker's greatness forth To thy admiring eye.
- 4 Thou round the heavenly arch dost draw A vast and sable veil, Which all the beauties of the world From mortal eyes conceal.
- 5 Again, the sky with golden beams.
 Thy skilful hands adom;

OCCASIONS IN PRIVATE

And paint, with cheerful splendor gay, The fair ascending morn.

6 And, as the gloomy night returns, Thy constant goodness still my soul

With benefit pursues. 7 For this, I'll midnight vows to thee

With early incense bring; And, ere the rosy dawn of day, Thy lofty praises sing.

ARORYMOUS. C. M. 576.

Morning or Evening Hymn.

1 On thee, each morning, O my God! My waking thoughts attend; In whom are founded all my hopes, In whom my wishes end.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost, Thy boundless love surveys; And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares Her sacrifice of praise.

3 When evening slumbers press my eyes, With thy protection blest,

In peace and safety I commit My weary limbs to rest.

4 My spirit, in thy hand secure, Fears no approaching ill;

For, whether waking or asleep, Thou, Lord, art with me still.

5 Then will I daily to the world Thy wondrous acts proclaim; Whilst all with me shall praises sing And bless thy sacred name.

At morn, at noon, at night, I'll still
The growing work pursue;
And thee alone will praise, to whom
Eternal praise is due.

577.

C. M.

Doppmings.

Secret Devetion.

- 1 FATHER divine! thy piercing eye Looks through the shades of night; In deep retirement thou art nigh, With heart-discerning sight.
- 2 There shall that piercing eye survey My duteous homage, paid With every morning's dawning ray, And every evening's shade.
- 3 I'll leave behind each earthly care; To thee my soul shall soar; While grateful praise and fervent prayer Employ the silent hour.
- 4 So shall the sun in smiles arise; The day shall close in peace; So wilt thou train me for the skies, Where joy shall never cease.

578.

L. M.

*WATTE

Evening Hymn. Ps. 4.

- 1 Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far his power prolongs my days.; And every evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my home; 29

se bounteous care
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cene is o'er;
has of endless light.

AND FAMILY DEVOTION. 580, 581.

580.

7s M.

Bowning.

Hymn of Gratitude.

- 1 FATHER! thy paternal care
 Has my guardian been, my guide!
 Every hallowed wish and prayer
 Has thy hand of love supplied;
 Thine is every thought of bliss,
 Left by hours and days gone by,
 Every hope thy offspring is,
 Beaming from futurity.
- 2 Every san of splendid ray; Every moon that shines serene; Every morn that welcomes day; Every evening's twilight scene; Every hour which wisdom brings; Every incense at thy shrine;— These—and all life's holiest things, And its fairest,—all are thine.
- 3 And for all, my hymns shall rise
 Daily to thy gracious throne:
 Thither let my asking eyes
 Turn unwearied—righteous One!
 Through life's strange vicissitude
 There reposing all my care,
 Trusting still, through ill and good,
 Fixed and cheered and counselled there.

581.

C. M.

ADDISON.

Hymn of Gratitude.

1 O, now shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravished hear!
But thou canst road it there.

OCCASIONS IN PRIVATE

To all my weak complaints and cries

Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned To form themselves in prayer.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths, And through the pleasing snares of vice,

More to be feared than they. 4 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss Has made my cup run o'er; And in a kind and faithful friend,

Has doubled all my store. 5 When nature fails, and day and night

Divide thy works no more, My ever grateful heart, O Lord, Thy mercy shall adore.

6 Through all eternity, to thee A joyful song I'll raise; For O eternity's too short To utter all thy praise.

582.

8. M.

Sco.

In Sickness. 1 My Sovereign! to thy throne,

- With humble hope, I press; O bow thine ear, to hear the groan Of indigent distress.
 - 2 My life, bowed down with pain, Mourns its decaying bloom; Lord, clothe these bones with flesh M And spare me from the tomb.
 - 3 Without one murmuring word Thy chastening I receive; 452

But with submission ask, O Lord, A merciful reprieve.

4 Distressed and pained as now, Thy aid I once implored; Thy pity heard my earnest vow, Thy power my health restored.

5 My supplicating voice Unwearied I will raise: Say to thy servant's soul, 'Rejoice,' And fill my mouth with praise.

583.

C. M. *Doddridge.

On Recovery from Sickness.

- 1 Lord, in thy service I would spend The remnant of my days; Why was this fleeting breath renewed, But to renew thy praise?
- 2 Thy own almighty power and love Did this weak frame sustain, When life was hovering o'er the grave, And nature sunk with pain.
- 3 And when the pains of death were felt, Thou didst deliverance bring. And spare my pale and quivering lips Thy matchless grace to sing.
- 4 Into thy hands, my Savior God!
 I did my soul resign,
 In firm dependence on that truth
 Which made salvation mine.
- 5 From the dark borders of the grave, At thy command, I come; Nor would I urge a speedier flight To my celestal home.

ning sur

C. M.

ANONYM

The Widow's Prayer.

H, faint and sick, and worn aw poverty and woe, lowed feet are doomed to stray thorny paths below;

u, O Lord! my Savior still confidence and guide; w that perfect is thy will, nate er that will decide.

ow the soul that trusts in thee hou never will forsake; 454

And though a bruised reed I be, That reed thou wilt not break.

4 Then, keep me, Lord! where'er I go— Support me on my way, Though, worn with poverty and woe, My widowed footsteps stray!

5 To give my weakness strength, O God! Thy staff shall yet avail; And though thou chasten with thy rod, That staff shall never fail.

586.

L. M.

Anonymous

On the Death of a Child,

- 1 As the sweet flower which scents the morn, But withers in the rising day, Thus lovely seemed the infant's dawn! Thus swiftly fled his life away!
- 2 Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade, Death timely came with friendly care; The opening bud to heaven conveyed, And bade it bloom forever there.
- 3 Yet the sad hour that took the boy Perhaps has spared a heavier doom,— Snatched him from scenes of guilty joy, Or from the pangs of ills to come.
- 4 He died before his infant soul Had ever burned with wrong desire, Had ever spurned at Heaven's control, Or ever quenched its sacred fire.
- 5 He died to sin, he died to care,— But for a moment felt the rod, Then, rising on the viewless air, His happy spirit soared to God.

ðä¥

for more.

ere build my hopes,
his rod;
all the world to me,
life, my God!

MISCELLANEOUS.

588.

C. M.

WATTS.

Power of Sin broken at Death.

- 1 Our sins, alas! how strong they be!
 And, like a violent sea,
 They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
 And hurry us away.
- 2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!

 How loud the tempests roar!

 But death shall land our weary souls
 Safe on the heavenly shore.
- 3 There, to fulfil his sweet commands Our speedy feet shall move; No sin shall clog our winged zeal, Or cool our burning love.
- 4 There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
 The wonders of his grace;
 Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
 And smile in every face.
- 5 Forever his dear, sacred name Shall dwell upon our tongue; And Jesus and salvation be The close of every song.

TEA

ight ind past, my hopes, ild to me, — iod!

Power of Sin broken at Death.

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rine
neart of mine;
for my God,
e his loved abode.

.. M. *Enfield.

ity of Pride.

Id man, frail child of clay,
le to the shroud,

t of a day, tal man be proud?

ns just appear, no more are found; e his pride can rear, evel with the ground.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 By doubt perplexed, in error lost, With trembling step he seeks his way; How vain of wisdom's gift the boast! Of reason's lamp how faint the ray!
- 4 Follies and crimes, a countless sum, Are crowded in life's little span: How ill, alas! does pride become That erring, guilty creature, man!
- 5 God of our lives! Father divine! Give us a meek and lowly mind; In modest worth O let us shine, And peace in humble virtue find.

591. L. M. Beddom:

Inconstancy in Religion.

- 1 THE wandering star, and fleeting wind, Both represent th' unstable mind; The morning cloud, and early dew, Bring our inconstancy to view.
- 2 But cloud and wind, and dew and star, Faint and imperfect emblems are; Nor can there aught in nature be So fickle and so false as we.
- 3 Our outward walk, and inward frame, Scarce through a single hour the same; We vow, and straight our vows forget, And then these very vows repeat.
- 4 We sin forsake, to sin return;
 Are hot, are cold, now freeze, now burn;
 In deep distress, then raptures feel,
 We soar to heaven, then sink to hell.

Our folly sull whese hearts more When shall where grace, and fixed Fixed by the grace, and fixed

592.

L. M.
Despondency reproves

1 Why sinks my weak, despo Why heaves my heart the a Can sovereign goodness be Am I not sale if God is nig

2 He holds all nature in his h That gracious hand, on wh Doth life, and time, and de And has immortal joys to

3 'Tis he supports this faint'
On him alone my hopes r
The wondrous glories of
How wide they spread!

4 Infinite wisdom! bound Unchanging faithfulness

H. M.

Anonymous.

Complaining of Want of Faith.

1 O my distrustful beart, How small thy faith appears! But greater, Lord, thou art Than all my doubts and fears: Did Jesus once upon me shine! Then Jesus is forever mine.

2 Unchangeable his will, Though dark may be my frame; His loving heart is still Eternally the same: My soul through many changes goes;

His love no variation knows.

3 Thou, Lord, wilt carry on,
And perfectly perform,
The work thou hast begun
In me, a sinful worm:
Midst all my fears, and sin, and woe,

Thy spirit will not let me go.

4 The bowels of thy grace
At first did freely move;—
1 still shall see thy face,
And feel that God is love:
Myself into thy arms I cast;
Lord, save, O save my soul at last.

594. C. M. *FAWCETT.

The Sinner admonished to turn.

1 Sinners, the voice of God regard;
"Tis mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

S Wh) sin an traves is wo In pain you reap God

But be that turns to God

But be that turns to motion

Through his abounding will the god

But be that turns
Through his abounding
Through his abounding
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And learn his will
And learn his will

And learn 6 His love exceeds 1 He pardons like He will forgive y Through a Re

595. Wisdom's

- 'How long, ye fools, will you embrace Folly's deceiving charms?
- 4 'The race of men I love; In mercy I chastise; Severely faithful, I reprove; Hear, mortals, and be wise.
- 5 'My doors are open wide, My table spread within; Come then, ye simple, turn aside, And leave the paths of sin.
- 6 'My ways are ways of peace, My pleasures never cloy; The bliss I give will never cease, But lead to endless joy.'

596. C. M. *J. Newton.

State of the Wicked and Righteous compared.

- 1 As, parched in the barren sands Beneath a burning sky, The worthless bramble withering stands, And only grows to die;
- 2 Such is the sinner's awful case, Who makes the world his trust, And dares his confidence to place In vanity and dust.
- 3 A secret curse destroys his root, And dries his moisture up; He lives awhile, but bears no fruit, Then dies unblest by hope.
- 4 But happy he whose hopes depend
 Upon the Lord alone;
 The soul that trusts in such a finend
 Can ne'er be overthrown.
 463

ide.
n awake,
to plead;
confess
indeed.
souls support;

souls support; r display; ain shall strive thy way.

M. *WATN.

more just than God?'

ice of flesh and blood

ir Creator, God?

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be, or just than he?

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2 Yet, The The

The And S My All

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- 2 Behold, he puts his trust in none Of all the spirits round his throne; Their natures, when compared with his, Are neither holy, just, nor wise.
- 3 But how much meaner things are they Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay! Touched by the finger of thy power, We faint and vanish in an hour.
- 4 From night to day, from day to night, We die by thousands in thy sight; Buried in dust whole nations lie, Like a forgotten vanity.
- 5 Almighty Power, to thee we bow; How frail are we, how glorious thou! No more the sons of earth shall dare With an eternal God compare.

L. M.

S. THOMPSON.

Joy in Temporal and Spiritual Gifts.

- 1 The trifling joys this world can give, A thirsty soul can ne'er supply; A soul, which hopes, through grace, to live In realms of bliss beyond the sky.
- 2 Yet, O my God! I would not slight The smallest of thy gifts to me; The least doth give me some delight, And shows thy mercy rich and free.
- 3 My friends, my health, my daily food,— All blessings given here below,— Proclaim aloud that thou art good; Thy goodness all the world shall know.
- 4 But O, it is a greater joy,
 To feel my heart is reconciled;
 30

heir love.

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som shine;

y forgiving grace,

L. M.

SCOTT.

Absurdity and Arrogance of Persecution.

- 1 ABSURD and vain attempt! to bind With iron chains the freeborn mind; To force conviction, and reclaim The wandering, by destructive flame!
- 2 Bold arrogance, to snatch from heaven Dominion not to mortals given! O'er conscience to usurp the throne, Accountable to God alone.
- 3 Jesus, thy gentle law of love
 Does no such cruelties approve;
 Mild as thyself, thy doctrine wields
 No arms but what persuasion yields.
- 4 By proofs divine and reason strong, It draws the willing soul along; And conquests to thy church acquires, By eloquence which Heaven inspires.
- 5 O happy, who are thus compelled To the rich feast by Jesus held! May we this blessing know, and prize The light which liberty supplies.

602.

L. M.

SCOTT.

Uncharitable Judgment among Christians.

- 1 ALL-SEEING God! 'tis thine to know The springs whence wrong opinions flow; To judge, from principles within, When frailty errs, and when we sin.
- 2 Who among men, high Lord of all! Thy servants to his bar may call? Decide of heresy, and shake A brother o'er the flaming lake?

124

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 Who with another's eye can read? Or worship by another's creed?
 Revering thy command alone,
 We humbly seek and use our own.
 - 4 If wrong, forgive; accept, if right,
 Whilst faithful we obey our light; And, censuring none, are zealous still To follow, as to learn, thy will.
 - 5 When shall our happy eyes behold Thy people fashioned in thy mould? And charity our lineage prove Derived from thee, O God of love ?

C. M. 603.

- . Joy in Heaven over one Sinner that re 1 THERE's joy in heaven, and joy
 - When prodigals return, To see desponding souls rejoice, And haughty sinners mourn.
 - 2 . Come, saints, and hear what Go Is a reviving sound; O may it spread from sea to se O'er all the globe around!
 - 3 Often, O sovereign Lord, rene The wonders of this day; That Jesus here may see his! And Satan lose his prey.
 - 4 Great God, the work is all th Thine be the praises too; Let every hear and every Give thee the glory du 468

C. M.

Anonymous.

The Same.

- 1 WHEN some kind shepherd from his fold Has lost a straying sheep, Through vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves, And climbs the mountain's steep.
- 2 But O the joy! the transport sweet! When he the wanderer finds; Up in his arms he takes his charge, And to his shoulder binds.
- 3 Homeward he hastes, to tell his joys, And make his bliss complete; The neighbors hear the news, and all The joyful shepherd greet.
- 4 Yet how much greater is the joy
 When but one sinner turns;
 When the poor wretch, with broken heart,
 His sins and errors mourns!
- 5 Pleased with the news, the saints below In songs their tongues employ; Beyond the skies the tidings go, And heaven is filled with joy.
- 6 Well-pleased, the Father sees and hears The conscious sinner weep; Jesus receives him in his arms, And owns him for his sheep.
- 7 Nor angels can their joys contain, But kindle with new fire: A wandering sheep's returned, they sing, And strike the sounding lyre.

And thy comman. The Sur

2 Holy, inviolate thy fear, Enduring as thy throne Thy judgments - chaster Justice and truth alone

3 Let these, O God, my se And make thy servan Let these be gladuess I

The day-spring to m 4 By these may I be wa Who knows the gui

Lord, save me from I Cleanse me from s 5 So may the words n

The thoughts that O Lord, my strengt With thee accept

> (606. _sthe

- 3 Struck by that light, the human heart, A barren soil no more, Sends the sweet smell of grace abroad, Where serpents lurked before.
- 4 The soul, a dreary province once Of Satan's dark domain, Feels a new empire formed within, And owns a heavenly reign.
- 5 The glorious orb, whose golden beams. The fruitful year control, Since first, obedient to thy word, He started from the goal, —
- 6 Has cheered the nations with the joys
 His orient rays impart;
 But, Jesus, 'tis thy fight alone
 Can shine upon the heart.

C. M.

Cowper.

'A Fountain opened.'

- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; O may I there, though vile as he, Wash all my sins away!
- 3 Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood Shall never lose its power, Till all the ransomed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream.
 Thy flowing wounds supply,



MISCELLANEOUS.

609, 610.

609. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Martyrs in Glory.

1 How bright these glorious spirits shine! Whence all their white array? How came they to the blissful seats Of everlasting day?

2 Lo! these are they, from sufferings great, Who came to realms of light,

And in the blood of Christ have washed Those robes which shine so bright.

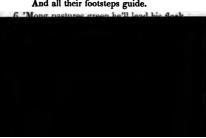
3 Now with triumphal palms they stand Before the throne on high, And serve the God they love, amidst

And serve the God they love, amid The glories of the sky.

4 Hunger and thirst are felt no more, Nor suns with scorching ray; God is their sun, whose cheering beams Diffuse eternal day.

5 The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne Shall o'er them still preside,

Feed them with nourishment divine, And all their footsteps guide.



And scatter Dicasing-

4 Close by its banks, in orde The blooming trees of life Their blossoms fragrant of And on their fruit the nati

5 Flow, wondrous stream!
Flow on to earth's remote
And bear us, on thy gent
To him who all thy virtu

611. C. N

1 THE little cloud incre
In heaven are sign:
We wait to feel the h
And all its moistur

2 A rill, a stream, a to
But pour a mighty
O! sweep the nation
Till all proclaim

thin the covert of thy grace, Lord, there is a hiding-place, 'here, unconcerned, we hear the sound, 'hough storm and tempest rage around.

When, wandering o'er the desert bare Of burning sands and sultry air, We've sought the cheerless region through, But found no stream to meet our view,—"Tis then the rivers of thy love, Descending from thy throne above, Supply our wants, and soothe our pain, And raise our fainting souls again.

3 When in a weary land we tire, And our exhausted powers expire, With toil, and care, and heat oppressed, Where shall our languid spirits rest? O, who could bear the blasting ray, And all the burden of the day, Did not a Rock in Zion stand, O'ershading all this weary land!

613. c

C. M.

WATTS

Preparation for Old Age. Ps. 71.

- 1 MY God! my everlasting hope! I live upon thy truth; Thy hands have borne my childhood up, And strengthened all my youth.
- 2 My frame was fashioned by thy power, With all these limbs of mine; And since my life's first dawning hour, I've been entirely thine.
- 3 Still has my life new wonders seen
 Repeated every year;
 Behold, my days that yet remain,
 I trust them to thy care.

WISCRLLANEOUS.

- 4 Cast me not off when strength declines, And shadows dim my eyes; And round me let thy glory shine Whene'er thy servant dies.
- 5 Then, in the history of my age, When men review my days. They'll read thy love in every page, In every line thy praise.

614.

614.

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Old Age anticipated.

- 1 When in the vale of lengthened years My feeble feet shall tread, And I survey the various scenes Through which I have been led, —
- 2 How many mercies will my life Before my view unfold! What countless dangers will be past, What tales of sorrow told!
- 3 But yet, my soul! if thou canst say, I've seen my God in all; In every blessing owned his hand. In every loss his call;—
- 4 If piety has marked my steps, And love my actions formed, And purity possessed my heart, And truth my lips adorned;—
- 5 If I an aged servant am Of Jesus and of God, I need not fear the closing scene, Nor dread th' appointed road. 476

6 This scene will all my labors end; This road conduct on high; With comfort I'll review the past, And triumph though I die.

615.

C. M.

MERRICK.

Dangers of Youth.

- PLACED on the verge of youth, my mind Life's opening scene surveyed;
 I viewed its ills of various kinds,
 Afflicted and afraid.
- 2 But chief my fear the dangers moved That Virtue's path enclose;
 My heart the wise pursuit approved, But O, what toils oppose!
- 3 For see, while yet her unknown ways With doubtful step I tread, A hostile world its terrors raise, Its snares delusive spread.
- 4 O how shall I, with heart prepared,
 Those terrors learn to meet?
 How from the thousand snares to guard
 My inexperienced feet?

616. C. M. AND NYMOUL. God's Word a sure Guide for Youth.

1 The morn of life, how fair and gay!
How cheering and how new!
What hopes illume each opening day,
And brighten every view!

2 Youth's ardent mind, with joy elate, Elastic and sincere,

Suspects no ills that may await, Nor yields a thought to fear.

3 But slippery is the path they tread In pleasure's dangerous way;
A thousand snares around them spread,

A thousand snares around them spread, And oft their feet betray.

4 How shall they, then, their course pursue Through life's uncertain road? What friendly hand will point their view To duty and to God?

5 In God's own word the way is sure, And clear to every eye;

And clear to every eye; It leads us in a path secure

To brighter worlds on high.

6 O be this word our constant guide, Our steadfast hope and trust! This ne'er can fail, though all beside Shall mingle with the dust.

617. s. m.

'How shall a Young Man cleanse his Way?' Ps. 119.

1 With humble heart and tongue, Great God! to thee we pray;

O make us learn whilst we are young, How we may cleanse our way. 478

4

2 Now, in our early days, Teach us thy will to know; O God, thy sanctifying grace

O God, thy sanctifying grace Betimes on us bestow.

3 Make us, unguarded youth,
The objects of thy care;
Help us to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

4 Our hearts, to folly prone, Renew by power divine; Unite them to thyself alone,

Unite them to thyself alone,
And make us wholly thine.

5 O let the word of grace

Our warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all our following days,
Our treasure and our joy.

6 To what thy laws impart,
Be all our souls inclined;
O let them dwell within our heart,
And sanctify our mind.

618.

C. M.

*WATTS.

Advantages of early Piety.

1 HAPPY is he whose early years Receive instruction well; Who hates the sinner's path, and fears The road that leads to hell.

2 Our youth, devoted to the Lord, Is pleasing in his eyes; A flower, when offered in the bud,

MISCELLANEOUS.

While sinners who grow old in sin, Are hardened in their crimes.

4 It saves us from a thousand fears.

To mind religion young ;
With joy it crowns succeeding years, And renders virtue strong.

5 To thee, almighty God! to thee

Our hearts we now resign; Twill please us to look back and see That our whole lives were thine.

6 We'll do thy work, we'll speak thy praise, Whilst we have life and breath; Thus we're prepared for longer days,

Or fit for early death.

ANONYMOUS C. M. Remember thy Creator. 619.

1 In life's gay morn, when sprightly youth

With generous ardor glows, And shines in all the fairest charms That beauty can disclose,

2 Deep on thy soul - before its powers Are yet by vice enslaved -

Be thy Creator's lofty name And character engraved.

3 For soon the shades of grief may clo The sunshine of thy days;

And cares and woes, an endless rou Encompass all thy ways.

4 Soon may thy heart the woes of agr In mournful grouns deplore And sadly muse on former k That now return no more. 480

True wisdom, early sought and gained, In age will give thee rest; O, then, improve the morn of life, To make its evening blest!

620.

C. M. 8l.

*HEBER.

'Forgive, and thou shalt be forgiven.'

1 O Gon! my sins are manifold, Against my life they cry, And all my guilty deeds foregone, Up to thy temple fly; Wilt thou release my trembling soul, That to despair is driven? 'Forgive!' a blessed voice replied, And thou shalt be forgiven!'

2 My foemen, Lord, are fierce and fell, They spurn me in their pride, They render evil for my good, My patience they deride; Arise, O King, and be the proud To righteous ruin driven! 'Forgive!' an awful answer came, 'As thou wouldst be forgiven!'

3 Seven times, O Lord, I pardoned them,
Seven times they sinned again;
They practise still to work me woe,
They triumph in my pain;
But let them dread my vengeance now,
To just resentment driven.
'Forgive!' the voice of thunder spain,
'Or be not thou forgiven.'
31

od of two from y awful sources us each, with awful sources onger stand ye idle bere! whose young cheeks are rosyd ruse mutus are arrows, witness and , fools, why stand ye idle been hat wait on life's declining year, The wait on the succimum year, Secure a blessing for your age, have!
And work your Maker's business have! And ye, whose looks of scanty grey Forelell your latest travail near,
How swiftly fades your worthle And stand ye yet so idle here ?? 5 O Thou, by all thy works adored, To whom the singer's soul is dear, Recall us to thy vineyard, Lord, And grant us grace to please the L. M. 1 Come, fellow-sinners, come aw Behold the fast-declining sun; The Same. 699. No longer in the market stay Tis time our labors were beg 2 O be not faithless in the Lor Whate'er is right we shall re If we but hearken to his w He will immortal presente

- 3 Lord, in thy vineyard we appear, To labor in the works of love; O may we be thy mercy's care, Nor from thy precepts ever rove.
- 4 And when thy laborers all come home, May each, with joy, thy goodness see; Nor fault what boundless grace has done, In setting man from bondage free.

L. M.

H. BALLOU, 20.

God appearing in terrible Judgments.

- 1 THE mighty God from Teman came The Holy One from Paran hill; His glory shone through heaven in flame, And all the earth his name did fill.
- 2 Before his feet, a baleful light, The pestilence went forth in wrath: — The nations sickened at the sight, And their hosts perished from its path.
- 3 He stood, and as his eye surveyed The quaking earth and heaving main, The hills bowed down, the mountains fled, The streams rolled backward through the plain;
- 4 Th' o'erflowing deep, by thunder riven, Came rushing where the land had been a The sun and moon stood still in heaven, And turned to sackcloth o'er the scene.
- 5 I saw, and terror struck me dumb;
 My joints dissolved, my senses froze;
 I saw the God of judgment counce
 To cheer his saints, and crush their

P. M.

The Fall of Israel.

1 FALLEN is thy throne, O Israel!
Silence is o'er thy plains;
Thy dwellings all lie desolate, —
Thy children weep in chains!
Where are the dews that fed thee
On Elim's barren shore? —
That fire from heaven, which led
Now lights thy path no more.

2 Lord, thou didst love Jerusalem, Once, she was all thine own; Her love thy fairest heritage, — Her power, thy glory's throne; Till evil came, and blighted Thy long-loved olive-tree, And Salem's shrines were lighted To other gods than thee.

3 Then sunk the star of Solyma;
Then passed her glory's ray,
Like heath, that in the wilderness
The wild wind whirls away.
Silent and waste her bowers,
Where once the mighty trod;
And sunk those guilty towers
Where Baal reigned as god.

625.

C. M.

Mon

Restoration of Israel.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trant,—
He calls thee from the dead.

484

MINUSELLA SECRES T The Fill of Service. 3 F is thy timme, O is o'er thy playing; love Jerasa

627. 7s & 6s M.

Missionary Hymn,

1 From Greenland's icy mountains
From India's coral strand, —
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain, —
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high —
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! — O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer. Renovator,
Returns in bliss to reign.

628. 8s, 7s, & 4s M.

1 O'nn the realms of pagan darkne
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindred of the people
Lost in sin's bewildering mana
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth.
486

Light of them that sit in darkness!
Rise and shine, — thy blessings bring;
Light to lighten all the Gentiles!
Rise with healing in thy wing!
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

- 3 May the heathen, now adoring
 Idol-gods of wood and stone,
 Come, and, worshipping before him,
 Serve the living God alone;
 Let thy glory
 Fill the earth—as floods, the sea.
- 4 Thou to whom all power is given,
 Speak the word;—at thy command,
 Let the company of preachers
 Spread thy name from land to land;
 Lord, be with them
 Alway to the end of time.

629.

S. M.

WATTS.

Shall we sin because Grace abounds?

- 1 SHALL we go on to sin, Because thy grace abounds? Or crucify the Lord again, And open all his wounds?
- 2 Forbid it, mighty God!
 Nor let it e'er be said,
 That we, whose sins are crucified,
 Should raise them from the dead.
- 3 We will be slaves no more, Since Christ has made us free, Has nailed our tyrants to his cross, And bought our liberty.

1 JESUS, the man.

A mourner all his days,—
His spirit once rejoiced alou
And turned his joy to pra

And turned his Joy

Father, I thank thy wond:
That hath revealed thy for men unlearned; and the Hath made thy gospel!

3 'The mysteries of redeen
Are hidden from the w
While pride and carnal 1
To swell and blind the

To swell and blind the

4 Thus doth the Lord of |

His great decrees full

And orders all his work
By his own sovereig

631. C. I

1 Behold that wise, il Which noblest free O may it all our sou And sanctify our

MISCELLANEOUS.

632, 633

632.

S. M.

WATTS.

Adoption, as Sons of God.

1 Behold, what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed

On sinners of a mortal race,

To call them sons of God!

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,

The Jewish world knew not their King God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear How great we must be made; But when we see our Savior here, We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
 I share a filial part,
 Send down thy Spirit like a dove
 To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie

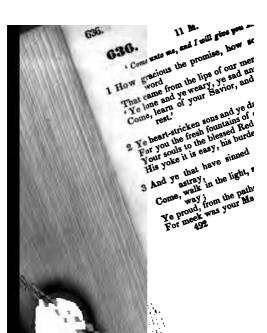
- And make their ton,
 And make their ton,
 But I'll not cease to be their Gou, 2 Their sun : Nor from my truth depart.
 - 3 My covenant I will ne'er revoke, But keep my grace in mind; And what eternal love hath spoke
 - Eternal truth shall bind.
 - 4 Once have I sworn (I need no And pledged my holiness, To seal the sacred promise sure
 - To David and his race. 5 The sun shall see his offspring And spread from sea to sea Long as he travels round the
 - To give the nations day. 6 Sure as the moon, that rules His kingdom shall endure,
 - Till the fixed laws of shade Shall be observed no mor

- 3 O happy souls! O glorious state Of overflowing grace; To dwell so near their Father's seat, And see his lovely face!
- 4 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne; Call me a child of thine, Send down the spirit of thy Son To form my heart divine.
- 5 There shed thy choicest love abroad, And make my comforts strong; Then shall I say, 'My Father God,' With an unwavering tongue.

635. L. M. BLACKLOCK.

Different Ends of the Virtuous and Vicious.

- 1 How blest the man—how more than blest Whose heart no guilty thoughts employ! God's endless sunshine fills his breast, And conscience whispers peace and joy.
- 2 Pure rectitude's unerring way His heaven-conducted steps pursue; While crowds in guilt and error stray, Unstained his soul, and bright his view.
- 3 By God's almighty arm sustained, True virtue soon or late shall rise; Enjoy her conquest, nobly gained, And share the triumph of the skies.
- 4 But fools, to sacred wisdom blind,
 Who vice's tempting call obey,
 A different fate shall quickly find,
 To every storm an easy prey.



DOXOLOGIES.

I. LONG METRE.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him, above, ye heavenly throng!
Praise God our Father, in your song!

II. LONG METRE.

BE thou, O God, exalted high!
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed!

III. Common Metre.

Now, blessing, honor, glory, power, By all in earth and heaven, To Him that sits upon the throne And to the Lamb be given.

IV. SHORT METRE.

To God the only wise,
The universal King,
Let all who dwell below the skies
Their noblest praises sing,

DOXOLOGIES.

V. HALLELUJAH METRE.

Now, to the God of heaven And earth and air and seas, Be all the glory given, Power, majesty, and praise: Wide as he reigns,

His name be sung by every tongue, In endless strains.

VI. SEVENS METRE.

PRAISE to God! immortal praise From the heavens, the earth, the seas! All in one vast chorus join, To extol the name divine!

VII. ELEVENS METRE.

COME, let us adore Him, come, bow at his feet; O give him the glory, the praise that is meet; Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise, And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

N. B. — Many Hymns, or parts of Hymns, will also answer for Doxologies: see particularly Hymns 57—50, and 64—67, and 69—78, &c. 494





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